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PSALMODY FOR THE CHURCH:

A COLLECTION OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ARRANGED FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP

IN THE CHURCHES AND CHAPELS THROUGHOUT THE

RECTORY OF BATH;

AND DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO THE

LORD BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.

*By Rev Geo East*  
“In PSALMS and HYMNS and SPIRITUAL SONGS, singing with grace in  
your hearts to the Lord.”

COL. iii. 16.

“Oh praise the Lord with HYMNS of joy!”

PSALM cxlvii. 1; New Version.

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THIRD THOUSAND.

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BATH:

PRINTED BY GEORGE WOOD;

AND TO BE HAD IN THE VESTRIES OF THE CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

1838.

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PRICE, TWO SHILLINGS, BOUND IN CLOTH.





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TO  
HIS RESPECTED DIOCESAN,  
THE  
RIGHT REV. GEORGE HENRY,  
LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS,  
THIS VOLUME  
OF  
PSALMODY FOR THE CHURCH  
IS,  
WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S KIND PERMISSION,  
DEDICATED,  
BY  
HIS FAITHFUL AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.



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## ERRATA.

Psalms iii., lxxv., cxviii. ver. 3, and cxxi. ver. 2, are, by mistake, also inserted amongst the Hymns.  
Page 28, Psalm xxxvi.—For *Part* 1, read *Part* 2.  
Page 102, Psalm cxlvi.—Insert *Ver.* 2.  
Page 103, Psalm cxlvi.—For *Ver.* 2, read *Ver* 3.  
Page 286, Hymn ccxlv.—Read 8. 7. 4.



# PSALMODY FOR THE CHURCH.

## AT THE OPENING OF DIVINE SERVICE.

### PSALM CXVII.

L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
Through ev'ry land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

### PSALM XXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 LET all the just to God with joy  
Their cheerful voices raise,  
For well the righteous it becomes  
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 For faithful is the word of God ;  
His works with truth abound :  
He justice loves ; and all the earth  
Is with his goodness crown'd.

### PSALM LIX.

P. M.

- 1 To Thee, our God and Friend,  
We wake our grateful tongues ;  
Still does thy pow'r defend,  
And claim our morning songs :  
Though many foes beset us round,  
Yet sweet repose in Thee we found.

2      OPENING OF DIVINE SERVICE.

- 2      Now, bless'd with morning light,  
            To Thee we give the day;  
            And, with renew'd delight,  
            Pursue our heav'nly way,  
Till Thou shalt call our souls above,  
Where all is praise and all is love.

PSALM CXXXII.

L. M.

- 1      GOD in his temple let us meet,  
            Low on our knees before Him fall;  
            Here He has fix'd his mercy-seat,  
            And here on his bless'd Name we'll call.
- 2      O come into thy resting-place,  
            Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord;  
            Come, with the treasures of thy grace,  
            And spread the triumphs of thy word.
- 3      With righteousness thy priests array,  
            And joyful may thy people be;  
            Let those who teach, and hear, and pray,—  
            Let all be holiness to Thee.

PSALM CXXXIV.

C. M.

- 1      BLESS God, ye servants that attend  
            Upon his solemn state;  
            That in his temple, night by night,  
            With humble rev'rence wait.
- 2      Within his house lift up your hands,  
            And bless his holy Name;  
            From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,  
            Who heav'n and earth didst frame.

# PSALMS.



## PSALM I.

C. M.

- 1 How bless'd is he who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk ;  
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits  
Where men profanely talk :
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God  
His business and delight ;  
Devoutly reads therein by day,  
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,  
With timely fruit does bend,  
He still shall flourish, and success  
All his designs attend.
- 4 For God approves the just man's ways,  
To happiness they tend ;  
But sinners, and the paths they tread,  
Shall both in ruin end.

## PSALM II.

C. M.

- 1 THE powers of earth and hell combine  
With Jesus war to wage :  
God smiles contempt on their design,  
And foils their impious rage.

- 2 Vain are the brutal pains they take  
Thy purpose to defeat :  
Their wrongs and insults only make  
Thine offering more complete.
- 3 The sting was torn from death by Thee,  
Its victory from the grave,  
When Thou didst rise, by God's decree,  
The world to rule and save.
- 4 Before his throne, ye nations, bow ;  
Oh kiss the Son of God ;  
Nor change his golden sceptre now  
Into an iron rod.

## PSALM III.

L. M.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,  
To Thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

## PSALM IV.

C. M.

- 1 O Lord, that art my righteous Judge,  
To my complaint give ear :  
Thou still redeem'st me from distress ;  
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
- 2 While worldly minds impatient grow  
More prosp'rous times to see,  
Still let the glories of thy face  
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
- 3 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,  
More lasting and more true,  
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine  
Successively renew.
- 4 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,  
And take my needful rest ;  
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,  
Of thy defence possess'd.

## PSALM V.—PART 1.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high ;  
To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
To Thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Oft to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
- 3 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness ;  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

- 4 The men that love and fear thy Name  
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;  
The mighty God shall compass them  
With favour, as a shield.

## PSALM V.—PART 2.

C. M.

- 1 ON Thee, O God of purity !  
I wait, for hallowing grace :  
None without holiness shall see  
The glories of thy face.
- 2 In souls unholy and unclean  
Thou never canst delight ;  
Nor shall they, if enslav'd by sin,  
Appear before thy sight.
- 3 But, as for me, with humble fear  
I will approach thy gate,  
Though most unworthy to draw near,  
Or in thy courts to wait.
- 4 I trust in thine unbounded grace,  
To all so freely given ;  
And worship in thine holy place,  
And lift my soul to heaven.
- 5 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,  
Nor suffer me to slide ;  
Point out thy path before my face :  
My God, be Thou my guide.

## PSALM VI.

C. M.

- 1 IN tender mercy, not in wrath,  
Rebuke us, gracious God ;  
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,  
We fall beneath thy rod.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt and Satan's yoke,  
Must we for ever mourn ?  
And wilt thou not at length, O God,  
In pitying love, return ?
- 3 O come with speed, ere life expire,  
And shew thy pow'r to save ;  
For who shall sing thy Name in death,  
Or praise Thee in the grave ?
- 4 Why should our souls distrust thy grace,  
Or yield to dark despair ?  
The Saviour comes to cheer our hearts,  
The Lord has heard our pray'r.

## PSALM VIII.

C. M.

- 1 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world how great art Thou !  
How glorious is thy Name !
- 2 In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,  
Nor fully reckon'd there ;  
And yet 'Thou mak'st the infant-tongue  
Thy boundless praise declare !
- 3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,  
Employs my wond'ring sight ;  
The moon, that nightly rules the sky  
With stars of feebler light ;

- 4 Lord ! what is man, that 'Thou should'st deign  
To bear him in thy mind ?  
Or condescend to visit him,  
In human flesh enshrined ?
- 5 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow, &c.

## PSALM IX.

C. M.

- 1 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord !  
I will my heart prepare ;  
To all the list'ning world thy works—  
'Thy wondrous works—declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul  
Exalted pleasure bring ;  
While to thy Name, O Thou most high !  
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 All those who have his goodness prov'd  
Will in his truth confide,  
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man  
Who on his help relied.
- 4 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,  
From Zion, his abode ;  
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world  
Confess no other God.

## PSALM X.

C. M.

- 1 O God, the help of all thy saints,  
Our hope in time of ill ;  
We 'll trust 'Thee, though thy face be hid,  
And seek thy presence still.



- 2 Why should the men of pride and sin  
Thy truth and power defy ;  
And boast, as if their evil way  
Were hidden from thine eye ?
- 3 Lord, Thou hast seen ; arise and save ;  
To Thee our cause we bring ;  
Reign Thou in righteousness and power,  
For Thou alone art King.
- 4 All our desires to Thee are known ;  
Thy help is ever near ;  
Oh ! first prepare our hearts to pray,  
And then accept our prayer.

## PSALM XIII.

C. M.

- 1 How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?  
Must I for ever mourn ?  
How long wilt Thou withdraw from me,  
Oh ! never to return ?
- 2 O hear, and to my longing eyes  
Restore thy wonted light ;  
And suddenly, or I shall sleep  
In everlasting night.
- 3 Since I have always plac'd my trust  
Beneath thy mercy's wing,  
Thy saving health will come, and then  
My heart with joy shall spring.
- 4 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,  
To Thee, my God, ascend ;  
Who to thy servant in distress  
Such bounty didst extend.

## PSALM XVI.—Ver. 1.

C. M.

- 1 My soul shall bless the gracious Lord,  
Whose precepts give me light,  
And private counsel still afford  
In sorrow's dismal night.
- 2 I strive each action to approve  
To his all-seeing eye;  
No danger shall my hopes remove,  
Because he still is nigh.
- 3 Therefore my heart all grief defies,  
My glory does rejoice;  
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,  
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
- 4 Thou shalt the paths of life display,  
Which to thy presence lead;  
Where pleasures dwell without allay,  
And joys that never fade.

## PSALM XVI.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH,—Wonderful his Name!  
My vast inheritance I claim,  
The eternal God himself bestows,  
And with his grace my cup o'erflows.
- 2 My portion God, I earth resign;  
I am the Lord's, the Lord is mine:  
Where'er his presence shines around,  
A paradise below is found.
- 3 And in his heaven, and near his seat,  
My soul's best heritage I wait;  
Where joy's full flood, a boundless store,  
At God's right hand flows evermore.

## PSALM XVII.

L. M.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O bless'd abode !  
I shall be near and like my God ;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

## PSALM XVIII.—N. V.

L. M.

- 1 No change of times shall ever shock  
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee ;  
For Thou hast always been a rock,  
A fortress, a defence to me.
- 2 Thou art my Saviour, Thou my God ;  
My trust is in thy mighty power ;  
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,  
The mighty rock on which we rest ;  
O'er highest heaven his Name be rais'd,  
Through earth his great salvation bless'd.

- 4 O God, to celebrate thy fame,  
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise;  
And nations, strangers to thy Name,  
Shall learn to sing their Maker's praise.

## PSALM XVIII.—O. V.

C. M.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,  
And bow'd the heavens most high;  
And underneath his feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim  
Full royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,  
Their fury to restrain;  
And He, as Sov'reign Lord and King,  
For evermore shall reign.
- 4 O God, my strength and fortitude!  
Of force I must love Thee;  
Thou art my castle and defence  
In my necessity.

## PSALM XIX.—N. V.

C. M.

- 1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
Which that alone can fill;  
The firmament and stars express  
Their great Creator's skill.

- 2 The dawn of each returning day  
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;  
And from the dark returns of night  
Divine instruction springs.
- 3 God's perfect law converts the soul,  
Reclaims from false desires ;  
With sacred wisdom his sure word  
The ignorant inspires.
- 4 The statutes of the Lord are just,  
And bring sincere delight ;  
His pure commands, in search of truth,  
Assist the feeblest sight.

## PSALM XIX.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;  
But, when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy Name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy power confess ;  
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the earth thy truth has run,  
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd  
Which see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 Great Sun of righteousness, arise !  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven ;—  
Lord, cleanse *our* sins, *our* souls renew,  
And make thy word *our* guide to heaven.

## PSALM XIX.—Ver. 3.

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise  
On all thy works we look ;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy Book.
- 2 Here are our choicest treasures hid,  
Here our best comfort lies ;  
Here our desires are satisfied,  
And hence our hopes arise.
- 3 Lord, make us understand thy Law,  
Shew what our faults have been ;  
And from thy Gospel let us draw  
The hope of pardon'd sin.

## PSALM XX.

L. M.

- 1 Now may the God of pow'r and grace  
Attend his people's humble cry !  
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,  
And brings deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The Name of Jacob's God defends  
Better than shields or brazen walls ;  
He, from his sanctuary, sends  
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

- 3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,  
And some of chariots make their boast ;  
Our surest expectations are  
From Thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- 4 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
Now let our hope be firm and strong ;  
Till thy salvation shall appear,  
And joy and triumph raise the song.

## PSALM XXII.

C. M.

- 1 ONCE did our suff'ring Saviour pray,  
With mighty cries and tears ;  
God heard him in that dreadful day,  
And chas'd away his fears.
- 2 Great was the vict'ry of his death ;  
Now He 's exalted high,  
And all the kindreds of the earth  
Shall worship or shall die.
- 3 Soon shall the glad converted world  
To him their homage pay ;  
And scatter'd nations, tribes, and tongues  
One sov'reign Lord obey.
- 4 Then shall a chosen, spotless race,  
Devoted to his Name,  
To their admiring heirs his truth  
And glorious acts proclaim.

## PSALM XXII.—N. V.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN shall the glad converted world  
    To God their homage pay,  
And scatter'd nations of the earth  
    One sov'reign Lord obey ?
- 2 'Tis his supreme prerogative  
    O'er subject kings to reign ;  
'Tis just that He should rule the world,  
    Who does the world sustain.
- 3 The rich, who are with plenty fed,  
    His bounty must confess :  
The sons of want, by Him reliev'd,  
    Their great Redeemer bless.
- 4 With humble worship to his throne  
    They all for aid resort ;  
That pow'r, which first their beings gave,  
    Can only them support.

## PSALM XXIII.—N. V.

C. M.

- 1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
    Vouchsafes to be my guide ;  
The Shepherd, by whose constant care  
    My wants are all supplied.
- 2 In tender grass He makes me feed,  
    And gently there repose ;  
Then leads me to cool shades, and where  
    Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,  
    And, to his endless praise,  
Instruct with humble zeal to walk  
    In his most righteous ways.



- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,  
From fear and danger free ;  
For there his aiding rod and staff  
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love  
Through all my life extend,  
That life to Him will I devote,  
And in his temple spend.

## PSALM XXIII.—O. V.

C. M.

- 1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord,  
Nothing therefore I need :  
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,  
He setteth me to feed.
- 2 He shall convert and glad my soul,  
And bring my mind in frame  
To walk in paths of righteousness,  
For his most holy Name.
- 3 Yea, though I walk the vale of death,  
Yet will I fear no ill ;  
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,  
And Thou art with me still.
- 4 Through all my life thy favour is  
So frankly shewn to me,  
That in thy house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

## PSALM XXIII.—Ver. 3.

C. M.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,  
Jehovah is his Name;  
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways;  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 Yea, when through death's dark vale I pass,  
Thy presence is my stay:  
Thy power and thy supporting grace  
Drive all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand in sight of all my foes  
Doth still my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days:  
O may thy house be my abode,  
And all my works be praise!

## PSALM XXIV.—N. V.

C. M.

- 1 ERECT your heads, eternal gates!  
Unfold, to entertain  
The King of glory!—See! He comes,  
With his celestial train!
- 2 Who is the King of glory? who?  
The Lord, for strength renown'd;  
In battle mighty, o'er his foes  
Eternal victor crown'd.

- 3 Erect your heads, ye gates ! unfold,  
     In state to entertain  
 The King of glory ! See,—He comes,  
     With all his shining train !
- 4 Who is this King of glory ? who ?  
     The Lord of hosts renown'd ;  
 Of glory He alone is king,  
     Who is with glory crown'd.

## PSALM XXIV.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;  
     Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
 The powers of hell are captive led,—  
     Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
     And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
     Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
     And wide unfold th' ethereal scene :  
 He claims these mansions as his right ;  
     Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 “ Who is the King of glory ? who ? ”  
     The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,—  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;  
     And JESUS is the conq'ror's name.
- 5 “ Who is the King of glory ? who ? ”  
     The Lord, of glorious power possess'd ;  
 The King of saints and angels too,  
     GOD OVER ALL, for ever bless'd.

## PSALM XXV.

S. M.

- 1     MINE eyes and my desire  
      Are ever with the Lord ;  
I love to plead his promises,  
      And rest upon his word.
- 2     When shall the sov'reign grace  
      Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dang'rous ways,  
      My wand'ring feet have trod ?
- 3     Thy mercies and thy love,  
      O Lord ! recal to mind,  
And graciously continue still,  
      As Thou wert ever, kind.
- 4     Let all my youthful sins  
      Be blotted out by Thee ;  
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,  
      In mercy think on me.
- 5     Oh ! keep my soul from death,  
      Nor put my hope to shame ;  
For I have fix'd my only trust  
      In my Redeemer's Name.
- 6     With humble faith I wait  
      To see thy face again :  
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,  
      He sought the Lord in vain.

## PSALM XXVI.

L. M.

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways ;  
      And try my reins, and try my heart :  
My faith upon thy promise stays,  
      Nor from thy law my feet depart.

- 2 I love thy habitation, Lord ;  
The temple where thy glories dwell :  
There do I hear thy holy word,  
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 3 Let not my soul be join'd at last  
With men of treach'ry and of blood,  
Since I my days on earth have pass'd  
Among the saints, and near my God.

## PSALM XXVII.—N. V.

C. M.

- 1 WHOM should I fear, since God to me  
Is saving health and light ?  
Since strongly he my life supports,  
What can my soul affright ?
- 2 Henceforth within his house to dwell  
I earnestly desire ;  
His wondrous beauty there to view,  
And of his will inquire.
- 3 For there may I with comfort rest,  
In times of deep distress ;  
And safe, as on a rock, abide  
In that secure recess.
- 4 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,  
Whene'er to Thee I cry ;  
In mercy my complaint receive,  
Nor my request deny.
- 5 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord ;  
My ways directly guide.  
Oh ! suffer not my treach'rous heart  
From thy bless'd will to slide.

## PSALM XXVII. PART 1.—Ver. 2. C. M.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights ;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights !
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
My dawning is begun :  
Thou art my soul's sweet morning star,  
And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss ;  
While Jesus shews his love is mine,  
And tells me I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word ;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To meet and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I break through ev'ry foe :  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Shall bear me conq'ror through.

## PSALM XXVII. PART 2.—Ver. 2. C. M.

- 1 TO-DAY God bids his people rest ;  
To-day He show'rs his grace :  
“ Seek ye my face,” the Lord hath said ;  
Lord, we will seek thy face.
- 2 Thee may we serve and please to-day ;  
Be this our one employ :  
No worldly cares, no vain delights,  
Disturb our hallow'd joy.

- 3 Among th' assembly of thy saints  
    May we be faithful found ;  
    Together join in humble prayer,  
    And in thy praise abound.
- 4 Let thy good Spirit help our souls,  
    With faith thy word to hear :  
    Be with us in thy temple, Lord,  
    And let us find Thee near.

## PSALM XXVIII.

P. M.

- 1 LORD, my strength, to Thee I pray ;  
    Turn not Thou thine ear away :  
    Gracious, to my vows attend,  
    While the humble knee I bend.
- 2 On thy long-expected aid  
    See, my hope for ever staid :  
    Thou my shield, my fortress art ;  
    Thou the refuge of my heart.
- 3 Grant me, Lord, thy love to share ;  
    Feed me with a shepherd's care :  
    Save thy people from distress,  
    And thy fold for ever bless.

## PSALM XXIX.

C. M.

- 1 ASCRIBE to God, ye sons of men,  
    Ascribe, with one accord,  
    All praise and honour, might and strength,  
    To Him, the living Lord.

- 2 Give glory to his holy Name,  
And honour Him alone ;  
Give worship to his majesty,  
And bow before his throne.
- 3 The Lord doth sit upon the floods,  
Their fury to restrain ;  
He reigns above, both Lord and King,  
And evermore shall reign.
- 4 The Lord shall give his people strength,  
And bid their sorrows cease ;  
The Lord shall bless his chosen race  
With everlasting peace.

## PSALM XXX.

C. M.

- 1 I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,  
Who didst thy pow'r employ  
To raise my drooping head, and check  
My foes' insulting joy.
- 2 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,  
With songs of praise repair ;  
With me commemorate his truth,  
And providential care.
- 3 His wrath has but a moment's reign ;  
His favour, no decay ;  
Your night of grief ere long shall end  
In joy's returning day.
- 4 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing  
Thy praise in grateful verse ;  
And, as thy favours endless are,  
Thy endless praise rehearse.



## PSALM XXXI.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, in thy great, thy glorious Name,  
I place my only trust ;  
Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame,  
Thou ever Good and Just !
- 2 Into thy hand, O gracious Lord,  
My spirit I resign ;  
O give me grace to trust thy word,  
For heav'nly truth is thine.
- 3 Bless'd be my God, for ever bless'd,  
Who bids my fears remove :  
The sacred walls that guard my rest  
Are everlasting love.
- 4 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,  
Let courage fill your heart ;  
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,  
And he will strength impart.

## PSALM XXXII.

L. M.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man, for ever bless'd,  
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,  
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities :  
He pleads no merit of reward ;  
And, not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free ;  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.

- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
That hides and cancels all his sins !  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Through his whole life appears and shines.

## PSALM XXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 WHATE'ER the mighty Lord decrees,  
Shall stand for ever sure ;  
The settled purpose of his heart  
To ages shall endure.
- 2 How happy then are they, to whom  
The Lord for God is known ;  
Whom He from all the world besides  
Has chosen for his own !
- 3 Our soul on God with patience waits,  
Our help and shield is he ;  
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,  
Because we trust in Thee.
- 4 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,  
Do Thou to us extend ;  
Since we for all we want or wish  
On Thee alone depend.

## PSALM XXXIV.

C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
 Till all that are distress'd  
 From my example comfort take,  
 And soothe their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,  
 With me exalt his Name;  
 When in distress to him I call'd,  
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 O make but trial of his love—  
 Experience will decide  
 How bless'd they are, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear;  
 Make you his service your delight,  
 Your wants shall be his care.

## PSALM XXXVI.—PART 1. L. M.

- 1 O LORD! thy mercy, my sure hope,  
 The highest orb of heaven transcends;  
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope  
 Beyond the spreading skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains;  
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;  
 Thy providence the world sustains;  
 The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,  
 How safely may thy children, Lord,  
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,  
 And find salvation in thy word!

- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,  
 To banquet on thy love's repast ;  
 And drink, as from a fountain-head,  
 Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With Thee the springs of life remain,  
 Thy presence is eternal day ;  
 Oh let thy saints thy favour gain !  
 To contrite hearts thy truth display.

PSALM XXXVI.—PART 1. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Sun of righteousness !  
 Display thy beams divine ;  
 And cause the glory of thy face  
 Upon my heart to shine.
- 2 Light, in thy light, oh may I see,  
 Thy grace and mercy prove ;  
 Receiv'd and comforted by Thee,  
 The God of pard'ning love.
- 3 Lift up thy countenance serene ;  
 Let thine adopted child  
 Behold, without a cloud between,  
 The Father reconcil'd.

PSALM XXXVII. C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
 The clouds, ye so much dread,  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.

- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour :  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

## PSALM XXXVIII.

L. M.

- 1 REBUKE us, Father ; but in love,  
Let all thy chast'ning mercies prove :  
With ev'ry stroke thy grace impart,  
And let them move, not break the heart.
- 2 Thy hand is heavy, but our sin  
Is heavier still our souls within :  
It whelms, it sinks us to the grave ;  
Arise, Redeemer, help and save !
- 3 Our hearts are open, Lord, to Thee ;  
Our inmost wish thine eye can see.  
Thou know'st our dangers, foes, and snares,  
And wilt not scorn our humble pray'rs.
- 4 In Thee we hope, on Thee we rest ;  
Oh give us what Thou seest best !  
Our Guide through ev'ry trial past,  
Oh lead us safely home at last !

## PSALM XXXIX.—N. V.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, let me know my term of days,  
How soon my life will end ;  
The num'rous train of ills disclose  
Which this frail state attend.
- 2 My life, Thou know'st, is but a span ;  
As nothing are my years :  
And ev'ry man, in best estate,  
But vanity appears.
- 3 Why should I, then, on worthless toys  
With anxious care attend ?  
On Thee alone my stedfast hope  
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

## PSALM XXXIX.—Ver. 2.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD ! turn not thy face away  
From them who prostrate lie,  
Lamenting sore their sinful lives  
With tears and bitter cry.
- 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide  
To all who mourn their sin ;  
Oh ! shut them not against us, Lord,  
But let us enter in.
- 3 Thou know'st, O Lord ! what things be past,  
And all the things that be ;  
Thou know'st, also, what is to come :  
Nothing is hid from Thee.
- 4 We come, Lord, to thy throne of grace,  
Where mercy does abound,  
Desiring mercy for our sin,  
To heal our sin's deep wound.

5 O Lord ! we need not to repeat  
What we do beg and crave ;  
For Thou dost know before we ask  
The thing which we would have.

6 Mercy, O Lord ! mercy we ask ;  
This is the total sum :  
For mercy, Lord, is all our pray'r ;  
O let thy mercy come !

## PSALM XL.

L. M.

1 I waited meekly for the Lord,  
Till He vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;  
Who did his gracious ear afford,  
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.

2 The wonders He for me has wrought  
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise ;  
And others, to his worship brought,  
To hopes of like salvation raise.

3 Who can the wondrous works recount  
Which thou, O God, for me hast wrought ?  
The treasures of thy love surmount  
The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

4 Thus needy though I am, and poor,  
Of me the Lord my God takes care :  
O Thou, who only canst restore,  
Now to my aid with speed repair !

## PSALM XLII.

C. M.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase;  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
O when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty Divine!
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Trust God, and He'll employ  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

## PSALM XLIII.

L. M.

- 1 LET me with light and truth be bless'd;  
Be these my guides, and lead the way,  
Till on thy holy hill I rest,  
And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise  
To God, who is my only joy;  
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,  
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why, then, cast down, my soul? and why  
So much oppress'd with anxious care?  
On God, thy God, for aid rely,  
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.



## PSALM XLIV.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD ! our fathers oft have told,  
In our attentive ears,  
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,  
And elder times than theirs.
- 2 As Thee their God our fathers own'd,  
Thou art our sov'reign King ;  
Oh therefore, as Thou didst to them,  
To us deliv'rance bring.
- 3 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste  
To our deliv'rance make ;  
Redeem us, Lord,—though not for ours,  
Yet for thy mercy's sake.

## PSALM XLV.

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my heart, with joy record  
The triumphs of thy glorious Lord ;  
My tongue, divinely guided, sing  
Messiah's praise,—th' eternal King.
- 2 Ride on and conquer, mighty Lord !  
Direct the arrows of thy word ;  
Thy foes subdue, thy conquests spread,  
Let mercy's triumph crown thy head.
- 3 Thy throne, O God, shall ever last,  
Ages to come, from ages past ;  
And all the willing nations bless  
The sceptre of thy righteousness.
- 4 Thou lovest truth, thou Holy One !  
Grace, mercy, peace, adorn thy throne ;  
And God, thy God, hath largely shed  
The oil of gladness o'er thy head.

## PSALM XLVI.

L. M.

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
E'er we can offer our complaints,  
Behold Him present with his aid !
- 2 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God ;  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.
- 3 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
That all our raging fear controls ;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 4 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,  
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

## PSALM XLVII.—N. V.

L. M.

- 1 O all ye people, clap your hands,  
And with triumphant voices sing ;  
No force the mighty pow'r withstands  
Of Christ, the universal King.
- 2 God is gone up, our Lord and King,  
With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound ;  
To Him repeated praises sing,  
And let the cheerful song go round.
- 3 Your utmost skill in praise be shewn,  
For Him who all the world commands ;  
Who sits upon his righteous throne,  
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

## PSALM XLVII.—Ver. 2.

C. M.

- 1 OH for a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sov'reign King !  
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;  
His heavenly guards around  
Attend him, rising through the sky,  
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains :  
Let all the earth his honour sing ;  
O'er all the earth He reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;  
Let knowledge lead the song ;  
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

## PSALM XLVIII.—N. V.

C. M.

- 1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,  
And greatly to be prais'd  
In Sion, on whose happy mount  
His sacred throne is rais'd.
- 2 In Sion, we have seen perform'd  
A work that was foretold ;  
In pledge that God, for times to come,  
His city will uphold.
- 3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound,  
Her daughters all be taught  
In songs his judgments to extol,  
Who this deliv'rance wrought.

- 4 This God is ours, and will be ours,  
 While we in Him confide;  
 Who, as He has preserv'd us now,  
 Till death will be our guide.

PSALM XLVIII.—Ver. 2. 8s. 7s.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him !  
 Praise Him, angels, in the height !  
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him !  
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light !
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken,—  
 Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;  
 Laws, that never shall be broken,  
 For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;  
 Never shall his promise fail :  
 God hath made his saints victorious ;  
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation !  
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim !  
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
 Laud and magnify his Name !

PSALM LI.—N. V.

S. M.

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
 As Thou wert ever kind ;  
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,  
 Thy wonted mercy find.

- 2 Wash off my foul offence,  
And cleanse me from my sin ;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.
- 3 In guilt each part was form'd  
Of all this sinful frame ;  
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born  
The heir of sin and shame.
- 4 Blot out my crying sins,  
Nor me in anger view ;  
Create in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.
- 5 Withdraw not Thou thy help,  
Nor cast me from thy sight ;  
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take  
His everlasting flight.

## PSALM LI.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive !  
Let a repenting sinner live :  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not the guilty trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace ;  
Oh ! wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace :  
Lord ! should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.

- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## PART 2.

- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean ;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death :  
The Law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 Great God ! create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true ;  
Oh ! make me wise, betimes to see  
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face ;  
My only refuge is thy grace :  
No outward forms can make me clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 Jesus, my God ! thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone !  
Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
No Jewish types can cleanse me so.
- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease :  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken bones rejoice.

## PART 3.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry ;  
Though all my crimes before 'Thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin ;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore ;  
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford ;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

## PART 4.

- 1 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring :  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die !
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace :  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

- 4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

## PSALM LIII.

L. M.

- 1 FROM heaven the mighty Lord look'd down,  
From heaven, his high-exalted throne,  
To see, throughout this world's abode,  
Who understand and seek their God.
- 2 From his appointed righteous way,  
All, all, alas ! have gone astray :  
The paths of peace they have not known ;  
And none is righteous, no, not one.
- 3 Guilty, deprav'd, condemn'd, and lost,  
Who before God hath aught to boast ?  
Arise, O Sion's King, arise,  
And bring salvation from the skies.
- 4 Then shall thy saints exulting sing,  
And each glad heart its tribute bring :  
Pardon and peace shall then be given,  
And earth resound with songs of heaven.

## PSALM LV.

C. M.

- 1 O'ERWHELM'D with sorrows and with fears,  
To Thee, my God, I'll pray :  
Thou, Lord, wilt save ; thine arm appears  
My everlasting stay.
- 2 My pray'r shall burst the ev'ning shade,  
And with the morning rise ;  
At noon my off'rings shall be paid,  
To God who hears my cries.



- 3 When strong temptations urg'd me round,  
 When sinking to despair,  
 In Him my soul deliv'rance found,  
 And lost its anxious care.
- 4 Still on the Lord thy burden roll,  
 Nor let a care remain ;  
 His arm shall bear thy fainting soul,  
 And all thy griefs sustain.

## PSALM LVII.

L. M.

- 1 O God, my heart is fix'd, is bent,  
 Its thankful tribute to present ;  
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise  
 To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 2 Awake, my heart ! awake, my voice !  
 And in harmonious hymns rejoice :  
 With morning's earliest dawn awake,  
 Your part in pray'r and praise to take.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
 To all the list'ning nations round :  
 Thy mercy to the heav'n ascends,  
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;  
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,  
 So let it be on earth display'd,  
 Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

## PSALM LVII.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 O happy day, that fix'd my choice,  
 Through grace, on Thee, my Saviour God !  
 Well may my grateful heart rejoice,  
 And tell thy goodness all abroad !

- 2 O happy bond, that seal'd my vows  
To Him who merits all my love !  
Here may I dwell within his house,  
Then to his heav'nly courts remove.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;  
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest :  
Freely with all things earthly part,  
With Christ to dwell, with Christ to feast.
- 4 May God, who heard the solemn vow,  
From day to day impart his grace,  
To work obedience in me now,  
And fit me to behold his face.

## PSALM LX.

C. M.

- 1 THROUGH foes and danger, sin and death,  
A pilgrim band we move,  
To Canaan's promis'd land, beneath  
The banner of thy love.
- 2 Almighty, Omnipresent grace  
Goes with us all the way ;  
And nothing can impede our race,  
With Christ to guide and stay.
- 3 The empire of the world is his ;  
By Him from Satan won :  
He speaks the word, and, lo ! it is ;  
He wills, and all is done.
- 4 Though we are weak, the Lord is strong ;  
On Him our hopes depend :  
We cannot dwell in darkness long,  
While bless'd with such a Friend.

## PSALM LXI.

S. M.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To Heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head !  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

## PSALM LXII.

L. M.

- 1 MY soul for help on God relies,  
From Him alone my safety flows ;  
My rock, my health, that strength supplies,  
To bear the shock of all my foes.
- 2 God does his saving health dispense,  
And flowing blessings daily send ;  
He is my fortress and defence,  
On Him my soul shall still depend.
- 3 In Him, ye people, always trust ;  
Before his throne pour out your hearts :  
For God, the merciful and just,  
His timely aid to us imparts.

## PSALM LXII.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul ! thy Maker's will ;  
Tumultuous passions, all be still ;  
Nor let a murmur'ing thought arise :  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 In heav'n, and earth, and air, and seas,  
He executes his firm decrees ;  
And by his saints it stands confess'd  
That what He does is ever best.
- 3 Wait, then, my soul ; submissive wait ;  
Prostrate before his awful seat :  
Beneath the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

## PSALM LXIII.

P. M.

- 1 O God, my gracious God, to Thee  
My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be ;  
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant :  
My fainting flesh implores thy grace  
Within this dry and barren place,  
Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 Oh ! to my longing eyes once more  
That view of glorious pow'r restore,  
Which thy majestic house displays !  
Because to me thy wondrous love  
Than life itself does dearer prove,  
My lips shall always speak thy praise.
- 3 My life, while I that life enjoy,  
In blessing God I will employ ;  
With lifted hands adore his Name :  
My soul's content shall be as great  
As theirs, who choicest dainties eat ;  
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

- 4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,  
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind ;  
And when I wake in dead of night :  
Because Thou still dost succour bring,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wing  
I rest with safety and delight.

## PSALM LXIV.

L. M.

- 1 O LORD ! unto my voice attend,  
While at thy throne in prayer I bend ;  
Preserve my life, when danger 's near,  
From ev'ry foe, from ev'ry fear.
- 2 Protect me from the secret snare,  
When sin and death their arts prepare ;  
From powers of earth and hell combin'd  
Let me in Thee a refuge find.
- 3 When Thou shalt bend thy dreadful bow,  
And dart thy wrath on ev'ry foe,  
The trembling world shall own thy rod,  
And speak thy wondrous works, O God !
- 4 But glory shall adorn the just,  
While in Jehovah's Name they trust ;  
And cheerful songs their joy proclaim,  
Who love his word, and fear his Name.

## PSALM LXV.

L. M.

- 1 FOR Thee, O God, our constant praise  
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat ;  
Our promis'd altars there we 'll raise,  
And all our grateful vows complete.

- 2 O Thou, who to my humble pray'r  
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,  
To Thee shall all mankind repair,  
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain  
To stop thy flowing mercy try;  
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,  
And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Bless'd is the man, who, near Thee plac'd,  
Within thy sacred dwelling lives!  
Whilst we at humbler distance taste  
The vast delights thy temple gives.

## PSALM LXV.—Ver. 2.

C. M.

- 1 God of my life, with grateful heart,  
My ev'ning song I raise;  
But, oh! thy thousand, thousand gifts  
Exceed my highest praise.
- 2 What shall I render for the care  
Which me this day has kept?  
A thankful heart, though no return,  
Thy grace will still accept.
- 3 The sins and follies, holy God!  
Which I this day have done,  
I would confess with grief; and pray  
For pardon through thy Son.
- 4 Much of my precious time I've lost,  
This sinful waste forgive;  
By one day nearer death—To Thee,  
Lord, teach me how to live.

## PSALM LXV.—Ver. 3.

L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL source of every joy !  
Praise shall our hearts and lips employ  
While in thy temple we appear,  
To bless Thee, sov'reign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;  
The day is taught by Thee to rise,  
The night by Thee to veil the skies.
- 3 The clouds, dispos'd at thy command,  
Their fatness drop through ev'ry land :  
Her various produce nature yields,  
And plenty smiles o'er all her fields.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise :  
Oh ! be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light, and ev'ning shade.
- 5 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;  
Till to those glorious realms we soar  
Where days and years revolve no more.

## PSALM LXVI.

C. M.

- 1 O all ye nations, bless our God,  
And loudly speak his praise,  
Who holds our souls in life, and still  
Directs our doubtful ways.
- 2 This God to us, whene'er we cry,  
His gracious ear does bend ;  
And to the voice of our request  
With constant love attend.

- 3 Then bless'd for ever be our God,  
Who never, when we pray,  
Withholds his mercy from our souls,  
Nor turns his face away.

## PSALM LXVII.

S. M.

- 1 To bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline ;  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine :
- 2 That so thy wondrous way  
May through the world be known ;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring nations join  
To celebrate thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious Name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,  
With joy and holy mirth,  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

## PSALM LXVII.—Ver. 2. 148th M.

- 1 RISE, gracious God ! and shine  
In all thy saving might ;  
And prosper each design  
To spread thy glorious light :  
Let healing streams of mercy flow,  
That all the earth thy truth may know.



- 2 Oh bring the nations near,  
That they may sing thy praise :  
Let all the people hear,  
And learn thy holy ways :  
Reign, mighty God ! assert thy cause,  
And govern by thy righteous laws.
- 3 Put forth thy glorious power :  
The nations then will see,  
And earth present her store,  
In converts born of Thee :  
God, our own God, his Church will bless,  
And earth shall yield her full increase.

## PSALM LXVIII.

L. M.

- 1 To Him your voice in anthems raise,  
Jehovah's awful Name He bears ;  
In Him rejoice, extol his praise,  
Who rides upon high rolling spheres.
- 2 His chariots numberless, his powers  
Are heav'nly hosts that wait his will ;  
His presence now fills Sion's towers,  
As once it honour'd Sion's hill.
- 3 Ascending high, in triumph Thou  
Captivity hast captive led ;  
And on thy people didst bestow  
The spoil of armies once their dread.
- 4 For benefits each day bestow'd,  
Be daily his great Name ador'd ;  
Who is our Saviour and our God,  
Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

## PSALM LXVIII.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 ARISE, great God ! and let thy grace  
Shed its glad beams on Israel's race ;  
Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,  
And call them to the promised land.
- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,  
Their trespass hide, their mercy seal ;  
O God of Israel, hear their prayer,  
And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove  
The vast suspension of thy love ;  
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn,  
And wilt Thou ne'er, appeas'd, return ?
- 4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,  
And wake to joy each grateful heart ;  
While Israel's rescued tribes, in Thee,  
Their bliss and full salvation see.

## PSALM LXIX.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER ! we sing thy wondrous grace,  
We bless the Saviour's Name ;  
He bought salvation for the poor,  
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,  
To Him their voices raise ;  
While lands and seas assist the sky,  
And join t' advance his praise.
- 3 Sion is thine, most holy God :  
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;  
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,  
For thine own Israel waits.

## PSALM LXXI.

C. M.

- 1 IN Thee I put my stedfast trust ;  
Defend me, Lord, from shame :  
Incline thine ear, and save my soul ;  
For righteous is thy Name.
- 2 Be Thou my strong abiding-place,  
To which I may resort ;  
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;  
Thou art my Rock and Fort.
- 3 While God vouchsafes me his support,  
I'll in his strength go on ;  
All other righteousness disclaim,  
And mention his alone.
- 4 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs  
Employ my cheerful voice ;  
My grateful soul, by Thee redeem'd,  
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

## PSALM LXXI.—Ver. 2.

C. M.

- 1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust ;  
Thy goodness I adore ;  
Still to my soul thy grace impart,  
That I may love Thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage, in thy strength,  
To see my Father God.

- 4 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs !  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

## PSALM LXXI.—Ver. 3.

C. M.

- 1 My God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth ;  
Thy hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated ev'ry year :  
Behold, my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise ;  
And round me let thy glory shine  
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 4 Let me thy power and truth proclaim,  
Supported still by Thee,  
And leave a savour of thy Name  
To those who follow me.

## PSALM LXXII.

C. M.

- 1 THE mem'ry of Messiah's Name  
Through endless years shall run ;  
His glorious fame shall shine as bright  
And lasting as the sun.
- 2 In Him the nations of the world  
Shall be completely bless'd ;  
And his unbounded kindness be  
By ev'ry tongue confess'd.

- 3 Let earth be with his glory fill'd ;  
For ever bless'd his Name ;  
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world  
Their glad assent proclaim.

## PSALM LXXII.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And princes throng to crown his head ;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns :  
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest ;  
And all the sons of want are bless'd.
- 5 Where He displays his healing pow'r,  
Death and the curse are known no more :  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

## PSALM LXXIII.

L. M.

- 1 THY presence doth my wants supply,  
And thy right-hand assistance give :  
Thou first shalt with thy counsels guide,  
And then to glory me receive.
- 2 Whom then in heav'n, but Thee alone,  
Have I, whose favour I require ?  
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,  
That I besides Thee can desire.
- 3 My trembling flesh and aching heart  
May often fail to succour me ;  
But God shall inward strength impart,  
And my eternal portion be.
- 4 Then, as for me, 'tis good and just  
That I should still to God repair ;  
In Him I always put my trust,  
And will his wondrous works declare.

## PSALM LXXIII.—Ver. 2.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD ! I would delight in Thee,  
And on thy care depend ;  
To Thee in ev'ry trouble flee,  
My best and only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same ;  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in thy Name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found  
But may be found in Thee :  
I must have all things, and abound,  
If God be God to me.

## PSALM LXXVII.

S. M.

- 1 To God I cried aloud,  
To God I pour'd my sighs ;  
From heav'n his gracious ear He bow'd,  
And listen'd to my cries.
- 2 Through all my mournful days,  
When troubles round me spread,  
I sought the Lord, I ask'd his grace,  
To Him for refuge fled.
- 3 Thy works, eternal God !  
Shall dwell upon my heart ;  
And while thy mercies I record,  
I'll bid my fears depart.
- 4 I'll think thy wonders o'er,  
Thy pow'r and love proclaim ;  
So shall my soul thy truth adore,  
And rest upon thy Name.

## PSALM LXXVII.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 God of my life, to Thee I call ;  
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall ;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint—  
Where but with Thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer ;  
But a prayer hearing, answering God  
Supports me under ev'ry load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;  
I have an advocate with Thee ;  
They whom the world caresses most  
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

## PSALM LXXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God perform'd of old ;  
Which in our early years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of power and grace ;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
To ev'ry rising race.
- 3 We will not hide them from our sons ;  
Our offspring shall be taught  
The praises of the Lord, whose strength  
Hath works of wonder wrought.
- 4 We'll teach them that in God alone  
Their hope securely stands ;  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practise his commands.



## PSALM LXXIX.

L. M.

- 1 O LORD, how long shall heathens hold  
The heritage that once was thine ?  
How long shall they invade thy fold ?  
How long pollute thy holy shrine ?
- 2 Behold the violence, the scorn,  
And all the wrongs thy people bear :  
Oppress'd, insulted, and forlorn,  
Shall they no more thy favour share ?
- 3 O let their sins be wash'd away ;  
For thy compassion, Lord, is great :  
For thy Name's sake, forbear to slay,  
And lift them from their low estate.
- 4 Let Israel's captive sons be free ;  
Restore them, and remove thy rod ;  
That all the earth thy hand may see,  
And, wond'ring, own Thee for their God.

## PSALM LXXX.

L. M.

- 1 O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,  
Our humble prayers vouchsafe to hear ;  
Thou, that on cherubim didst ride,  
Again in solemn state appear.
- 2 To Thee, O God of hosts, we pray ;  
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew :  
From heaven, thy throne, thy Church survey,  
And her sad state with pity view.
- 3 Behold the vineyard made by Thee,  
Which thy right hand did guard so long ;  
And keep that branch from danger free,  
Which for thyself Thou mad'st so strong.

- 4 Do Thou convert us, Lord ; do Thou  
 The brightness of thy face display ;  
 And all the ills we suffer now,  
 Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

## PSALM LXXXI.

C. M.

- 1 To God, our never-failing strength,  
 With loud applauses sing ;  
 And jointly make a cheerful noise  
 To Christ, our heav'nly King.
- 2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch  
 Your instruments of joy ;  
 Let notes of sweetest harmony  
 Your grateful skill employ.
- 3 To Jesus, on his own bless'd day,  
 Your joyful voices raise,  
 To celebrate th' appointed time,  
 The solemn day of praise.

## PSALM LXXXIV.

148th M.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples are !  
 To thine abode our hearts aspire,  
 With warm desire to meet our God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear,  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there !  
 They praise Thee still : thrice happy they  
 That love the way to Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength  
 'Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears :  
 To that bless'd seat, O God, our King,  
 Direct and bring our willing feet.

## PSALM LXXXIV.—Ver. 2. S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest  
 That saw the Lord arise ;  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
 And feasts his saints, to-day ;  
 And we by faith may see him here,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place  
 Where Thou my God art seen  
 Is better than ten thousand days  
 Spent in the joys of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this ;  
 And wait, to hail the brighter day  
 Of everlasting bliss.

## PSALM LXXXIV.—Ver. 3. C. M.

- 1 O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
 How lovely is the place  
 Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st  
 The brightness of thy face !

- 2 My longing soul faints with desire  
 To view thy bless'd abode ;  
 My panting heart and flesh cry out  
 For Thee, the living God.
- 3 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,  
 How highly bless'd are they  
 Who in thy temple always dwell,  
 And there thy praise display !
- 4 Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee  
 Their sure protection made ;  
 Who long to tread the sacred ways  
 That to thy dwelling lead !
- 5 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,  
 And still approach more near,  
 Till all on Sion's holy mount  
 Before their God appear.

## PSALM LXXXV.

L. M.

- 1 SALVATION is for ever nigh  
 The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;  
 And grace, descending from on high,  
 Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
 Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n ;  
 By his obedience, so complete,  
 Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

## PSALM LXXXV.—Ver. 2.

C. M.

- 1 AUTHOR of good, to Thee I turn ;  
 Thy ever-wakeful eye  
 Alone can all my wants discern,  
 Thy hand alone supply.

- 2 Oh let thy fear within me dwell,  
 Thy love my footsteps guide :  
 That love shall vainer loves expel ;  
 That fear, all fear besides.
- 3 Alas ! by error's force subdued,  
 Too oft my stubborn will  
 Most blindly shuns the latent good,  
 And grasps the specious ill.
- 4 Not what I wish, but what I want,  
 Oh let thy grace supply :  
 The good unask'd, in mercy grant ;  
 The ill, though ask'd, deny.

## PSALM LXXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 THOU, Lord, art good ; nor only good,  
 But prompt to pardon too :  
 Of plenteous mercy to all those  
 Who for thy mercy sue.
- 2 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God—  
 Praise Thee with heart sincere ;  
 And to thy everlasting Name  
 Eternal trophies rear.
- 3 Thy boundless mercies shewn to me  
 Transcend my pow'r to tell ;  
 For, Lord, Thou hast redeem'd my soul  
 From lowest depths of hell.
- 4 And Thou thy constant goodness didst  
 To my assistance bring—  
 Of patience, mercy, and of truth,  
 Thou everlasting spring !

## PSALM LXXXVII.

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- 1 GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,  
Zion, City of our God !  
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode :  
On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou art safe from all thy foes.
- 2 Here the stream of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Flows, to cheer thy sons and daughters,  
And all dread of want remove.  
None can faint where such a river  
Freely pours, their thirst t' assuage,  
Blessings, which, like God the giver,  
Never fail from age to age.
- 3 Saviour ! if in Zion's city  
Thou record our worthless name,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
We may well endure the shame.  
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show :  
Solid joy and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

## PSALM LXXXIX.

L. M.

- 1 THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song ;  
My song on them shall ever dwell :  
To ages yet unborn my tongue  
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

- 2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,  
 Thy mercy shall for ever last :  
 Thy truth, that does the heav'n's sustain,  
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.
- 3 For such stupendous truth and love  
 Both heav'n and earth just praises owe ;  
 By choirs of angels sung above,  
 And by assembled saints below.
- 4 With rev'rence and religious dread  
 His saints should to his temple press :  
 His fear through all their hearts should spread,  
 Who his almighty Name confess.

## PSALM LXXXIX.—Ver. 2. C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D are the souls that hear and know  
 The Gospel's joyful sound ;  
 Peace shall attend the path they go,  
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their faith shall bear their spirits up,  
 Through their Redeemer's Name ;  
 His righteousness exalts their hope,  
 Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 They glory in his cross alone ;  
 They conquer by his grace ;  
 And near the King's eternal throne  
 Will soon possess a place.
- 4 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
 Strength and salvation gives ;  
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
 Thy God for ever lives.

## PSALM XC.

C. M.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

## PSALM XCI.

C. M.

- 1 INCARNATE God ! the soul that knows  
Thy Name's mysterious pow'r  
May dwell in undisturb'd repose,  
Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Angels, unseen, around the saints  
Their guardian pinions spread,  
To cheer the spirit when it faints,  
And shield the sacred head.
- 3 Himself, the Lord of angels, keeps  
The souls that love his Name :  
Lo ! Israel's Shepherd never sleeps ;  
He always is the same.



- 4 Crosses and changes are their lot,  
     While yet they sojourn here ;  
 But, since their Saviour changes not,  
     What have the saints to fear ?

## PSALM XCII.

C. M.

- 1 How good and pleasant must it be  
     To thank the Lord most high ;  
 And with repeated hymns of praise  
     His Name to magnify !
- 2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn  
     His goodness to relate ;  
 And of his constant truth each night  
     The glad effects repeat !
- 3 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,  
     Thou mak'st my heart rejoice :  
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,  
     And shout with cheerful voice.

## PSALM XCII.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
     To praise thy Name, give thanks, and sing ;  
 To shew thy love by morning light,  
     And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
     No earthly cares shall vex my breast :  
 Oh may my heart in tune be found,  
     Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
     And bless his works, and bless his word :  
 His works of grace, how bright they shine !  
     How deep his counsels ! how divine !

- 4 And I shall share a glorious part  
When grace has purified my heart ;  
And ev'ry power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

## PSALM XCIII.

L. M.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,  
The Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,  
The world's foundation firmly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,  
Which shall no change nor period see :  
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,  
Art God from all eternity !
- 3 The floods, O Lord ! lift up their voice,  
And toss the troubled waves on high ;  
But God alone can still their noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 The testimonies of thy word,  
Faithful and sure, shall still remain ;  
And in thy house, Almighty Lord,  
Eternal holiness shall reign.

## PSALM XCIV.

C. M.

- 1 WHILE multitudes of mournful thoughts  
Within my bosom roll,  
Thy love, O Lord, forgives my faults,  
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 2 Bless'd is the man thy hands chastise,  
And to thy footstool draw :  
Thy scourges make thy children wise,  
When they forget thy law.

- 3 But Thou wilt ne'er cast off thy saints,  
 Nor thy sure promise break:  
 Oh pardon thine inheritance,  
 For thine own mercy's sake.

## PSALM XCV.

L. M.

- 1 O come, loud anthems let us sing,  
 Loud thanks, to our Almighty King;  
 For we our voices high should raise,  
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,  
 To thank Him for his favours past;  
 To Him address, in joyful songs,  
 The praise that to his Name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
 Is with unrivall'd glory great:  
 A King superior far to all  
 Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
- 4 Oh let us to his courts repair,  
 And bow with adoration there;  
 Down on our knees devoutly all  
 Before the Lord our Maker fall!

## PSALM XCV.—Ver. 2.

S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing;  
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
 The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;  
 He gave the seas their bound;  
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
 And his the solid ground.

- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;  
     Come, bow before the Lord ;  
 We are his work and not our own,  
     He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day obey his voice,  
     Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
 Come, as the people of his choice,  
     And own your gracious God.

## PSALM XCVI.

P. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord a new-made song ;  
 Let earth, in one assembled throng,  
     Her great Redeemer's praise resound.  
 Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,  
 From day to day his grace proclaim,  
     Who us has with salvation crown'd :  
 To heathen lands his love rehearse,  
 His wonders to the universe.
- 2 He comes to judge—He comes to save  
 From sin, and sorrow, and the grave,  
     The ransom'd tribes of men :  
 Let, therefore, heaven new joys confess,  
 And heavenly mirth let earth express,  
     And shout his Name again :  
 Let seas, and hills, and valleys sing  
 The advent of our God and King.

## PSALM XCVI.—Ver. 2.

C. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
     Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;  
 His new-discover'd grace demands  
     A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son ;  
His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Behold, He comes ! He comes, to bless  
The nations, as their God ;  
To shew the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.
- 4 But, when his voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near,  
How will the guilty nations dread  
To see their Judge appear !
- 5 Their guilt now let them all confess,  
The Saviour's Name adore ;  
His throne with prayer and praise address,  
And trust his saving power.

## PSALM XCVII.

L. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns, exalted high,  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;  
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
His dwelling is the mercy-seat,
- 2 Immortal light and joys unknown  
Are for his saints in darkness sown ;  
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And the bright harvest bless their eyes.
- 3 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord ;  
With grateful songs Jehovah bless,  
And praise Him in his holiness.

## PSALM XCVIII.

C. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord a new-made song,  
Who wondrous things hath done ;  
With his right hand, and holy arm,  
The conquest He hath won.
- 2 The Lord hath through th' astonish'd world  
Display'd his saving might ;  
And made his righteous acts appear  
In all the heathen's sight.
- 3 Of Israel's house his love and truth  
Have ever mindful been :  
Wide earth's remotest parts the power  
Of Israel's God have seen.
- 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants  
Their cheerful voices raise ;  
And all, with universal joy,  
Resound their Maker's praise.

## PSALM XCVIII.—Ver. 2.

C. M.

- 1 JOY to the world ! the Lord is come !  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,  
Let ev'ry creature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While seas and shores, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,  
With all her different tongues ;  
And spread the honour of his Name  
In melody and songs.

- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes, to make the blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 5 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

## PSALM C.—N. V.

L. M.

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth;  
And sing before Him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that He is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed—  
We, whom He chooses for his own;  
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Oh enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his Name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord supremely good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

## PSALM C.—O. V.

L. M.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell;  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,  
Without our aid He did us make ;  
We are his flock, He doth us feed,  
And for his sheep He doth us take.
- 3 Oh enter then his gates with praise !  
Approach with joy his courts unto ;  
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

## PSALM C.—Ver. 3.

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow, with sacred joy :  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity, thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
Till rolling years shall cease to move.



## PSALM CII.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN we pour out our souls in prayer,  
Do Thou, O Lord, attend ;  
To thine eternal throne of grace  
Let our sad cries ascend.
- 2 Hide not from us thy glorious face  
In times of deep distress ;  
But bow thine ear, and, when we call,  
Do Thou our grief redress.
- 3 Arise, O God ; on Sion look  
With an unclouded face ;  
For now th' appointed time is come,  
The promis'd day of grace.
- 4 Thou to the children of thy saints  
Shalt endless blessings give ;  
They in their fathers' God shall trust,  
And in thy presence live.

## PSALM CIII.

L. M.

- 1 MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,  
God's holy Name for ever bless ;  
Of all his favours mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,  
And after sickness makes thee sound ;  
From dangers He thy life retrieves,  
By Him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
And unexampled acts of grace ;  
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,  
His willing mercy flows apace.

- 4 God will not always harshly chide,  
But with his anger quickly part ;  
And loves his punishments to guide  
More by his love than our desert.
- 5 As high as heav'n its arch extends  
Above this little spot of clay,  
So much his boundless love transcends  
The small respects that we can pay.
- 6 As far as 'tis from east to west,  
So far has He our sins remov'd,  
Who, with a father's tender breast,  
Has such as fear Him always lov'd.
- 7 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless  
The mighty God : and thou, my heart,  
With grateful joy thy thanks express,  
And in this concert bear thy part.

## PSALM CIII.—Ver. 2.

S. M.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins ;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

- 4 The pity of the Lord,  
    To those that fear his Name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
    He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,  
    Or like the morning flower ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
    It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,  
    To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
    Thy words of promise sure.

## PSALM CIV.

L. M.

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his  
    Name. [might ;  
    With majesty cloth'd, with honour and  
O Lord, let our praises thy greatness proclaim,  
    Whose throne is in heaven, whose robe is  
    the light.
- 2 As curtains, the sky Thou spreadest out wide ;  
    Within the great deep thy chambers retire ;  
The clouds are thy chariots ; on winds Thou  
    dost ride ;  
    Thine angels are spirits ; thy ministers, fire.
- 3 How manifold, Lord, the works Thou hast  
    wrought !  
    In earth and in heaven thy glory we see :  
Thy wisdom and riches surpass all our thought—  
    Such wisdom as only belongeth to Thee !

- 4 By angels in heaven, of ev'ry degree,  
And saints upon earth, all praise be ad-  
dress'd  
(As it has been, now is, and always shall be)  
To God in Three Persons, one God ever  
bless'd.

## PSALM CV.

C. M.

- 1 O render thanks, and bless the Lord ;  
Invoke his sacred Name ;  
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,  
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,  
His wondrous works rehearse ;  
Make them the theme of your discourse,  
And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,  
Alone to be adored ;  
And let their heart o'erflow with joy,  
That humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength  
Devoutly still implore ;  
And, where He's ever present, seek  
His face for evermore.

## PSALM CVI.

L. M.

- 1 O render thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love ;  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

- 2 Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;  
When Thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy salvation visit me.
- 3 Oh then admit my soul to see  
Thy saints in full prosperity ;  
That I the joyful choir may join,  
And count thy people's triumph mine.
- 4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,  
His Name eternally confess'd ;  
Let all his saints, with full accord,  
Sing loud Amens.—Praise ye the Lord.

## PSALM CVII.

C. M.

- 1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide ;  
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And live in tainted air.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness we'll adore ;  
We'll praise Thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
Shall join our souls to Thee.

## PSALM CVIII.

C. M.

- 1 O God, my heart is fully bent  
To magnify thy Name ;  
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,  
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,  
Thy wonders I will tell ;  
And to those nations sing thy praise,  
That round about us dwell :
- 3 Because thy mercy's boundless height  
The highest heav'n transcends ;  
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds  
Thy faithful truth extends.
- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high  
Above the starry frame ;  
And let the world, with one consent,  
Confess thy glorious Name.

## PSALM CXI.

L. M.

- 1 OH praise the Lord ! our God to praise  
My soul her utmost powers shall raise :  
With private friends, and in the throng  
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
- 2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,  
His wondrous works, with ease are found  
By those who seek for them aright,  
And in the happy search delight.
- 3 His works are all of matchless fame,  
And universal glory claim :  
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,  
Shall to eternal ages last.

- 4 By precept He hath us enjoin'd  
To keep his wondrous works in mind ;  
And to posterity record,  
That "good and gracious is the Lord."

## PSALM CXII.

L. M.

- 1 THAT man is bless'd, who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law :  
In heav'nly peace his days shall end,  
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 The soul that's fill'd with holy light  
Shines brightest in affliction's night :  
Trusting in God, he need not fear  
Though evil tidings he may hear.
- 3 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
Fix'd on the Rock, he keeps his ground :  
The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

## PSALM CXIII.

P. M.

- 1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,  
The triumphs of his Name record ;  
His sacred Name for ever bless.  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams or setting rays,  
Due praise to his great Name address.
- 2 God through the world extends his sway :  
The regions of eternal day  
But shadows of his glory are ;  
With Him, whose majesty excels,  
Who made the heav'n in which He dwells,  
Let no created pow'r compare.

- 3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view,  
In highest heav'n, what angels do,  
Yet He to earth vouchsafes his care :  
He takes the needy from his cell,  
Advancing him in courts to dwell,  
Companion to the greatest there.

## PSALM CXV.

C. M.

- 1 NOT unto us, almighty Lord,  
But to thy sacred Name  
Be glory, for thy mercy's sake,  
Thy truth's eternal fame.
- 2 Oh let us make the Lord our trust ;  
He is our help and shield :  
Oh let us look to Him alone,  
Who only help can yield.
- 3 Let all who truly fear the Lord  
On Him, their strength, rely ;  
For who but He can well defend,  
And all their wants supply ?
- 4 For mercies past—how great the sum !—  
His sacred Name we bless ;  
And, trusting to his mercy still,  
To Him our prayers address.

## PSALM CXVI.

C. M.

- 1 MY soul with grateful thoughts of love  
Entirely is possess'd,  
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear  
The voice of my request.



- 2 Since He has now his ear inclin'd,  
 I never will despair ;  
 But still in all the straits of life  
 To Him address my pray'r.
- 3 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,  
 Resume thy wonted rest ;  
 For God has wondrously to thee  
 His bounteous love express'd.
- 4 Therefore my life's remaining years,  
 Which God to me shall lend,  
 Will I in praises to his Name,  
 And in his service spend.

## PSALM CXVI.—Ver. 2.

C. M.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God  
 For all his kindness shewn ?  
 My feet shall visit thine abode,  
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house  
 My offerings shall be paid ;  
 There shall my zeal perform the vows  
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all thy servants are !  
 How great thy grace to me !  
 My life, which Thou hast made thy care,  
 Lord, I devote to Thee.
- 4 Let me be thine, for ever thine ;  
 Let not my purpose move :  
 Thy hand hath loosed my bands of pain,  
 Oh bind me with thy love !

## PSALM CXVI.—Ver. 3.

C. M.

- 1 For mercies countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?
- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine  
What can I bring Him forth?  
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all He has bestow'd;  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask Him still for more.

## PSALM CXVI.—Ver. 4.

C. M.

- 1 I love the Lord; for he hath heard  
My supplicating voice:  
I love the Lord, and in his love  
Will evermore rejoice.
- 2 Now, O my soul! from all thy woes  
Return to God, thy Rest,  
Who graciously hath dealt with thee,  
And bountifully bless'd.
- 3 What shall I render to the Lord,  
Whose love is still the same?  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon his Name.

- 4 For all thy benefits, O Lord !  
     To Thee I pay my vows  
 Now, in the presence of thy saints,  
     Here in thy sacred house.

## PSALM CXVI.—Ver. 5.

C. M.

- 1 I love the Lord ; his gracious ear  
     Inclin'd and listen'd to my pray'r ;  
     He heard my supplicating voice,  
     And bade my fainting soul rejoice.
- 2 'Twas in the depth of my distress  
     I call'd upon the God of grace,  
     Whose pow'r can death and hell control,—  
     “ Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul.”
- 3 For ever gracious is the Lord,  
     For ever faithful is his word ;  
     By sweet experience now I prove  
     His mercy, his unchanging love.
- 4 For this, when future sorrows rise,  
     To Him will I direct my cries ;  
     For this, through all my future days,  
     Adore his Name and sing his praise.

## PSALM CXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 THIS day is God's ; let all the land  
     Exalt a cheerful voice :  
     Lord, we beseech Thee, save us now,  
     And make us still rejoice.
- 2 Then open wide the temple gates  
     To which the just repair,  
     That we may enter in, and praise  
     Our great Deliv'rer there.

- 3 That which the builders once refus'd  
Is now the corner-stone ;  
This is the wondrous work of God,  
The work of God alone.
- 4 With me, ye saints, give thanks to Him,  
Who still doth gracious prove ;  
And let the tribute of our praise  
Be endless as his love.

PSALM CXVIII.—Ver. 2. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone,  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise !
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear ;  
And saints adore the Name ;  
They trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 Though foolish builders, scribe or priest,  
Reject it with disdain,  
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,  
And foes shall rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise :  
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God !  
And wondrous in our eyes.
- 5 Lord ! grant thy grace to each of us,  
To build on Christ alone ;  
And in his Church, unto his praise,  
To be a lively stone.

## PSALM CXVIII.—Ver. 3. S. M.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune ;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love  
His chief Beloved chose,  
And bid Him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down  
To rebels, doom'd to die.
- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears ;  
Let helpless sorrows cease ;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offer'd peace.
- 5 Lord, we obey thy call ;  
We lay a humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy Name.

## PSALM CXIX.—PART 1. C. M.

- 1 How shall the young preserve their ways  
From all pollution free ?  
By making still their course of life  
With thy commands agree.
- 2 With hearty zeal for Thee I seek,  
To Thee for succour pray ;  
Oh suffer not my careless steps  
From thy right paths to stray !

- 3 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord ;  
Do Thou my life defend ;  
That I according to thy word  
My time to come may spend.
- 4 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,  
That so I may discern  
The wondrous things which they behold  
Who thy just precepts learn.

## PART 2.

C. M.

- 1 BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord,  
Behold thy servants stand,  
To ask the knowledge of thy word,  
The guidance of thy hand.
- 2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,  
Dwell richly in each heart ;  
That from the safe and narrow way  
We never may depart.
- 3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal ;  
Unfold its hidden store ;  
And teach us, as we read, to feel  
Its value more and more.
- 4 Help us to see a Saviour's love  
Shining in ev'ry page ;  
And let the thought of joys above  
Our inmost souls engage.
- 5 Thus, while thy word our footsteps guides,  
O may we safely go  
To those fair realms where love provides  
A final rest from woe.

## PART 3.

C. M.

- 1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust ;  
Lord, give me life divine !  
From vain desires and ev'ry lust  
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need thy Spirit's quick'ning grace  
To speed me in thy way,  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
Thy word, that I have rested on,  
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still ?  
And thou a faithful God ?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
To run the heav'nly road ?
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
And long to see thy face ?  
And yet how slow my spirits move,  
Without enliv'ning grace !
- 6 Then shall I love thy Gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r  
To draw me near the Lord.

## PART 4.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy Name ador'd  
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise,  
To cheer the fainting mind ;  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 O may these heav'nly pages be  
Our ever dear delight !  
And still new beauties may we see,  
And still increasing light !
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near !  
Teach us to love thy sacred word,  
And view a Saviour there !

## PART 5.

C. M.

- 1 THY word is to my feet a lamp,  
The way of truth to shew ;  
A watch-light, to point out the path  
In which I ought to go.
- 2 Thy testimonies I have made  
My heritage and choice ;  
For they, when other comforts fail,  
My drooping heart rejoice.
- 3 From those vain objects turn my eyes  
Which this false world displays ;  
But give me lively power and strength  
To keep thy righteous ways.



- 4 My hiding-place, my refuge-tower,  
And shield, art Thou, O Lord ;  
I firmly anchor all my hopes  
On thy unerring word.

## PART 6.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,  
To Thee I lift mine eyes ;  
Teach and instruct me by thy word,  
And make me truly wise.
- 2 Make me to know and understand  
Thy whole revealed will ;  
Fain would I learn to comprehend  
Thy love more clearly still.
- 3 Oh may thy word my thoughts engage  
In each perplexing case ;  
Help me to feed on every page,  
And grow in every grace !
- 4 Oh let it purify my heart,  
And guide me all my days !  
Thy wonders, Lord, to me impart,  
And Thou shalt have the praise.

## PSALM CXXI.

C. M.

- 1 To Sion's hill I lift my eyes,  
From thence expecting aid—  
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,  
Who heav'n and earth has made.
- 2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest ;  
Thy Guardian will not sleep :  
His watchful care, that Israel guards,  
Will thee from danger keep.

- 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,  
 Thou shalt securely rest  
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee  
 By day or night molest.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
 Thy God shall thee defend ;  
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage  
 Safe to thy journey's end.

## PSALM CXXI.—Ver. 2.

P. M.

- 1 THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us ;  
 Now we lay us down to rest :  
 Through the silent watches guard us ;  
 Let no foe our peace molest.  
 Jesus, now our Guardian be :  
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
 Dwelling in the midst of foes ;  
 Us and ours preserve from dangers :  
 In thine arms may we repose ;  
 And, when life's short day is past,  
 Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

## PSALM CXXII.

C. M.

- 1 O 'twas a joyful sound to hear  
 Our tribes devoutly say,  
 Arise, and to the temple haste,  
 To keep your festal day.
- 2 Oh pray we then for Salem's peace ;  
 For they shall prosp'rous be,  
 (Thou holy city of our God !)  
 Who bear true love to Thee.

- 3 May peace within thy sacred walls  
 A constant guest be found !  
 With plenty and prosperity  
 Thy palaces be crown'd !
- 4 But most of all I'll seek thy good,  
 And ever wish thee well,  
 For Sion and the temple's sake,  
 Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

## PSALM CXXV.

C. M.

- 1 Who place on Sion's God their trust,  
 Like Sion's rock shall stand ;  
 Like her, immovably be fix'd  
 By his Almighty hand.
- 2 Look, how the hills on every side  
 Jerusalem inclose :  
 So stands the Lord around his saints,  
 To guard them from their foes.
- 3 All those who walk in crooked paths  
 The Lord shall soon destroy ;  
 Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints  
 With lasting peace and joy.

## PSALM CXXVII.

L. M.

- 1 EXCEPT the Lord our labours bless,  
 In vain shall we desire success :  
 Except his power the gates maintain,  
 The watchman waketh but in vain.
- 2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,  
 Early to rise and late to sleep,  
 Unless thy presence, Lord, be nigh,  
 And providential care supply.

- 3 Teach us in all our cares to flee  
For guidance and for help to Thee :  
Thy guidance ask, whate'er we do ;  
And, in thy strength, our work pursue.
- 4 So we, thy sons, by mercy led,  
Through life's dark path shall safely tread ;  
And in thy blessing never cease  
To find prosperity and peace.

## PSALM CXXX.

S. M.

- 1 FROM lowest depths of woe  
To God I sent my cry ;  
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
And graciously reply.
- 2 Should'st Thou severely judge,  
Who can the trial bear ?  
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,  
And quite renounce thy fear.
- 3 My soul with patience waits  
For Thee, the living Lord :  
My hopes are on thy promise built,  
Thy never-failing word.
- 4 My longing eyes look out  
For thy enliv'ning ray,  
More duly than the morning watch  
To spy the dawning day.
- 5 Let Israel trust in God ;  
No bounds his mercy knows—  
The plenteous source and spring from whence  
Eternal succour flows :

- 6 Whose friendly streams to us  
 Supplies, in want, convey ;  
 A healing stream, a spring to cleanse,  
 And wash our guilt away.

## PSALM CXXXIII.

P. M.

- 1 How bless'd the sight, the joy how sweet,  
 When brothers join'd with brothers meet  
 In bands of mutual love !  
 Less sweet, the liquid fragrance shed  
 On Aaron's consecrated head  
 Ran trickling from above ;
- 2 And reach'd his beard, and reach'd his vest.  
 Less sweet, the dews on Hermon's breast,  
 Or Sion's hill, descend :  
 That hill has God with blessings crown'd ;  
 There promis'd grace, that knows no bound,  
 And life that knows no end. .

## PSALM CXXXV.

C. M.

- 1 OH praise the Lord with one consent,  
 And magnify his Name ;  
 Let all the servants of the Lord  
 His worthy praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise Him, all ye that in his house  
 Attend with constant care ;  
 With those that to his outmost courts  
 With humble zeal repair.
- 3 For this our truest interest is,  
 Glad hymns of praise to sing ;  
 And with loud songs to bless his Name,—  
 A most delightful thing.

## PSALM CXXXV.—Ver. 2.

7s.

- 1 YE, who in his courts are found,  
List'ning to the joyful sound,  
Lost and helpless as ye are,  
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the Gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,  
View his bloody sacrifice ;  
See, in Him, your sins forgiven,  
Pardon, holiness, and heaven :  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

## PSALM CXXXVI.

P. M.

- 1 To God, the mighty Lord,  
Your joyful thanks repeat ;  
To Him due praise afford,  
As good as He is great :  
For God does prove our constant Friend ;  
His boundless love shall never end.
- 2 By his Almighty hand  
Redemption's work was wrought ;  
And now, by his command,  
Our souls to heav'n are brought :  
For God does prove &c.
- 3 He, in our depth of woes,  
On us with favour thought ;  
And from our cruel foes  
To peace and safety brought :  
For God does prove &c.

- 4       He does the food supply  
          On which all creatures live :  
          To God, who reigns on high,  
          Eternal praises give !  
For God will prove our constant Friend ;  
His boundless love shall never end.

## PSALM CXXXVI.—Ver. 2.       L. M.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise :  
  Mercy and truth are all his ways ;  
  Wonders of grace to God belong,  
  Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 (He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
  And fix'd the starry lights on high :  
  Wonders of grace to God belong,  
  Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 3 He fills the sun with morning light,  
  He bids the moon direct the night :  
  His mercies ever shall endure,  
  When suns and moons shall shine no more.)
- 4 He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
  From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :  
  Wonders of grace to God belong,  
  Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 5 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
  And leads us to his heav'nly seat :  
  His mercies ever shall endure,  
  When this vain world shall be no more.

## PSALM CXXXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 WITH my whole heart, my God and King,  
Thy praise I will proclaim ;  
Before the world with joy I'll sing,  
And bless thy holy Name.
- 2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat ;  
And, with thy love inspir'd,  
The praises of thy truth repeat,  
O'er all thy works admir'd.
- 3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear  
When I to Thee did cry ;  
And, when my soul was press'd with fear,  
Didst inward strength supply.
- 4 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,  
Shall fix my happy state ;  
And, mindful of his favours past,  
Shall his own work complete.

## PSALM CXXXVIII.—Ver. 2. L. M.

- 1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue  
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cried when troubles rose ;  
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.



- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
 To save from sorrows or from sins ;  
 The work that wisdom undertakes,  
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

## PSALM CXXXIX.

L. M.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known  
 My rising up and lying down ;  
 My secret thoughts are known to Thee,  
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
 My public haunts and private ways ;  
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,  
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy power I stand ;  
 On every side I find thy hand ;  
 Oh skill, for human reach too high !  
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
- 4 Oh could I so perfidious be,  
 To think of once deserting Thee,  
 Where, Lord, could I thy Spirit shun ?  
 Or whither from thy presence run ?
- 5 To none, O Lord, to none but Thee,  
 Thy fugitive at last must flee ;  
 And, in thy pard'ning love's embrace,  
 Confess my guilt and hide my face.

## PSALM CXXXIX.—PART 2. L. M.

- 1 I'll praise Thee, from whose hands I came,  
 A work of such a curious frame ;  
 The wonders Thou in me hast shewn  
 My soul with grateful joy must own.

- 2 Let me acknowledge too, O God,  
That, since this maze of life I trod,  
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount  
The pow'r of numbers to recount.
- 3 Far sooner could I reckon o'er  
The sands upon the ocean's shore ;  
Each morn, revising what I've done,  
I find th' account but new begun.
- 4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,  
If mischief lurks in any part  
Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect way.

## PSALM CXLI.

L. M.

- 1 MY God, accept my early vows,  
Like morning incense in thine house ;  
And let my nightly worship rise  
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;  
Nor let my feet incline to tread  
The guilty paths where sinners lead.
- 3 Oh may the righteous, when I stray,  
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !  
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,  
I'll cry to Heav'n for their relief ;  
And by my warm petitions prove  
How much I prize their faithful love.

## PSALM CXLIII.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry  
Thy wonted favour lend ;  
In thine accustom'd truth and love  
A gracious answer send.
- 2 Bring not to thy tribunal, Lord,  
Thy servant to be tried ;  
For no man living, in thy sight,  
Can e'er be justified.
- 3 Now, for the sake of thy great Name,  
Revive my sinking heart ;  
And, for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Thy promis'd aid impart.
- 4 Thou art my God : thy righteous law  
Instruct me to obey ;  
And let thy Spirit guide me still,  
And keep me in thy way.

## PSALM CXLIV.

- 1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my shield ;  
He sends his Spirit with his word  
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care ;  
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,  
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine  
Shall my weak courage raise ;  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the praise.

## PSALM CXLV.

C. M.

- 1 THE Lord is good, fresh acts of grace  
His pity still supplies ;  
His anger moves with slowest pace,  
His willing mercy flies.
- 2 Thy love through earth extends its fame,  
To all thy works express'd :  
These shew thy praise ; whilst thy great Name  
Is by thy servants bless'd.
- 3 They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,  
Shall of thy kingdom speak ;  
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,  
Their lofty subject make.
- 4 The praise, that to thy love belongs,  
They shall with joy proclaim ;  
Thy truth, of all their grateful songs,  
Shall be the constant theme.

## PSALM CXLV.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 MY God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 Thou would'st like wretched man be made  
In ev'ry thing but sin,  
That we as like Thee might become  
As we unlike had been—
- 3 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,  
In ev'ry beauteous grace ;  
From glory thus to glory chang'd,  
As we behold thy face.

- 4 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul  
 The mem'ry of thy love ;  
 And thy dear Name shall still to me  
 A grateful odour prove.

## PSALM CXLV.—Ver. 3.

C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
 My God, my heav'nly King ;  
 Let age to age thy righteousness  
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
 His goodness to the skies ;  
 Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
 And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
 On Thee for daily food ;  
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
 And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
 How slow thine anger moves !  
 But soon He sends his pard'ning word  
 To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;  
 But saints, that taste thy richer grace,  
 Delight to bless thy Name.

## PSALM CXLVI.

C. M.

- 1 OH praise the Lord ! and thou, my soul,  
 For ever bless his Name :  
 His wondrous love, while life shall last,  
 My constant praise shall claim

- 2 How happy he who Jacob's God  
For his protector takes ;  
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord  
His constant refuge makes !
- 3 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,  
And all that they contain,  
Will never quit his stedfast truth,  
Nor make his promise vain.
- 4 The God that does in Zion dwell  
Is our eternal King ;  
From age to age his reign endures :  
Let all his praises sing !

## PSALM CXLVI.

113th M.

- 1 I 'LL praise my Maker while I 've breath ;  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God : He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train :  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;  
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow, and the fatherless,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

## PSALM CXLVI.—Ver. 2.

L. M.

- 1 THE praises of my God, my King,  
While I have life or breath to sing,  
Shall fill my heart, or tune my tongue,  
Till heav'n improve the blissful song.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes divine  
On Israel's guardian God recline ;  
Who can, with sacred transport, say,  
" This God is mine, my help, my stay."
- 3 The Lord shall reign for ever King,  
And age to age his glory sing :  
Thy God, O happy Sion, reigns ;  
Resound his praise in joyful strains !

## PSALM CXLVII.

- 1 OH praise the Lord with hymns of joy,  
And celebrate his fame ;  
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis  
To praise his holy Name.
- 2 He gathers his redeem'd, dispers'd  
And outcast wand'ers found ;  
He bindeth up the broken heart,  
And heals its ev'ry wound.

- 3 To God, the Lord, with grateful voice  
Your cheerful anthems raise ;  
To songs of triumph tune your hearts,  
And sing his glorious praise.

## PSALM CXLVIII.

148TH M.

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's Name ;  
In praise your songs employ  
Above the starry frame ;  
Your voices raise,—Ye Cherubim,  
And Seraphim,—To sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, the queen of night,  
Thou sun, the orb of day,  
Ye glittering stars of light,  
To Him your homage pay :  
His praise declare,—Ye heavens above,  
And clouds that move—In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy Name,  
By whose Almighty word  
They all from nothing came ;  
And all shall last—From changes free :—  
His firm decree—Stands ever fast.
- 4 His chosen saints to grace,  
He lifts to thrones on high ;  
And favours Israel's race,  
Who still to Him are nigh :  
Oh therefore raise—Your grateful voice,  
And still rejoice—The Lord to praise.



## PSALM CXLIX.

P. M.

- 1 OH praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,  
His praise in the great assembly to sing :  
In our great Creator let Israel rejoice ;  
And children of Sion be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great Name extol in the dance ;  
With timbrel and harp his praises express :  
Who always takes pleasure his saints to advance,  
And with his salvation the humble to bless.

## PSALM CL.

D. L. M.

- 1 OH praise the Lord in that bless'd place  
From whence his goodness largely flows ;  
Praise Him in heaven, where He his face  
Unveil'd in perfect glory shews :  
Praise Him for all the mighty acts  
Which He in our behalf hath done ;  
His kindness this return exacts,  
With which our praise should equal run.
- 2 To praise awake each tuneful string,  
Harmonious let the concert rise ;  
And to the solemn organ sing,  
That swells your rapture to the skies :  
Let all, that vital breath enjoy,  
The breath he does to them afford  
In just returns of praise employ ;—  
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord

## DOXOLOGIES; OR, GLORIA PATRI, &c.

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Common Measure, as Psalm 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

Short Measure, as Psalm 25.

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be ;  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
To all eternity.

Long Measure, as Psalm 100.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,  
Be glory ; as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Another Long Measure.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

As Psalm 136 and 148.

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, ever bless'd,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be address'd ;  
As heretofore—It was, is now,  
And shall be so—For evermore.

As Psalm 149.

By angels in heav'n of every degree,  
And saints upon earth, all praise be address'd  
To God in Three Persons, One God ever bless'd ;  
As it has been, now is, and always shall be.

## HYMNS.

### HYMN I.

8s.

- 1 A debtor to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing ;  
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,  
My person and off'ring to bring.  
The terrors of law and of God  
With me can have nothing to do ;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began  
The arm of his strength will complete ;  
His promise is Yea and Amen,  
And never was forfeited yet.  
Things future, nor things that are now,  
Not all things below nor above,  
Can make Him his promise forego,  
Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands  
Eternity will not erase ;  
Impress'd on his heart it remains  
In marks of indelible grace :  
Yes ! I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given ;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heav'n.

## HYMN II.

C. M.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray,  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.
- 2 Oh ! what a night was that, which wrapp'd  
The heathen world in gloom !  
Oh ! what a sun, which broke this day  
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
To bind our Lord in death :  
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,  
By his expiring breath.
- 4 This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;  
And gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue !
- 5 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join  
To hail this happy morn ;  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
On nations yet unborn.

## HYMN III.

C. M.

- 1 ALAS ! what hourly dangers rise !  
What snares beset my way !  
To Heaven oh let me lift mine eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray !
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing tears !  
My weak resistance, ah ! how vain !  
How strong my foes and fears !

- 3 O gracious God ! in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid :  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail ;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
Or lure my feet aside,  
My God, thy powerful aid impart,  
My Guardian and my Guide !
- 6 Oh ! keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee ;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and Thee.

## HYMN IV.

C. M.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for sins that I had done  
He groan'd upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man, the creature's sin.

- 4 So be my boastings silenc'd too,  
And humbled be my pride,  
When faith holds out before my view  
The Saviour crucified.
- 5 Though neither tears nor zeal can pay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Yet, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

## HYMN V.

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the great Emmanuel's Name!  
Ye angels, prostrate fall!  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call!  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 3 Ye saints, redeem'd of Adam's race,  
Ye ransom'd from the Fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 4 Ye realms of every tongue and name,  
Ye nations great and small,  
Your mighty Saviour's praise proclaim,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 5 Oh! that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

## HYMN VI.

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night ;  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There 's not a sin that we commit,  
Nor wicked word we say,  
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,  
Against the judgment-day.
- 3 Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie,  
Upward I dare not look ;  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book.
- 4 Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt,  
And let his blood wash out my stains,  
And answer for my guilt.
- 5 Oh ! put within my heart thy fear ;  
Grant me from sin to fly ;  
At all times to behold Thee near,  
And on thy grace rely.

## HYMN VII.

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend ;  
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.

- 3 Great God ! and why is Britain spar'd,  
Ungrateful as we are ?  
Oh ! make thy awful warnings heard,  
While mercy cries, " Forbear !"
- 4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise  
Through this apostate isle !  
What land so favour'd of the skies,  
And yet what land so vile ?
- 5 Oh ! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy all-powerful grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.
- 6 Then, should disease and foes invade,  
We shall not sink in fear ;  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
If God, our God, is near.

## HYMN VIII.

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground ;  
Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove ;  
But give it root in ev'ry heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy ;  
But let it yield a hundred-fold  
The fruits of peace and joy.



- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
Thy quick'ning grace bestow;  
That all, whose souls thy truth receive,  
Its saving power may know.

## HYMN IX.

C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound!  
That sav'd a wretch like me:  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believ'd!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come:  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me:  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes! when this flesh and heart shall fail  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

## HYMN X.

113th M.

- 1 AND art Thou, gracious Master, gone,  
A mansion to prepare for me ?  
Shall I behold Thee on thy throne,  
And there for ever dwell with Thee ?  
Then let the world approve or blame,  
I'll triumph in thy glorious Name.
- 2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,  
Or to escape its sharpest frown,  
Refuse to countenance thy cause,  
And make thy people's lot my own ;  
What shame would fill me in that day  
When Thou thy glory shalt display !
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile ?  
The terror of his anger what ?  
Like grass, he flourishes awhile ;  
But soon his place shall know him not :  
Through fear of such an one, shall I  
The Lord of heaven and earth deny ?
- 4 No ; let the world cast out my name,  
And vile account me if it will :  
If to confess the Lord be shame,  
I purpose to be viler still :  
For Thee, my God, I all resign,  
Content, if I can call Thee mine.

## HYMN XI.

C. M.

- 1 AND did the Holy and the Just,  
The Sov'reign of the skies,  
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
That guilty worms might rise ?

- 2 Yes; the Redeemer left his throne,  
His radiant throne on high,  
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)  
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 Jesus, my soul, adoring, bends  
To love, so full, so free;  
And may I hope that love extends  
Its saving power to me?
- 4 What glad returns can I impart  
For favours so divine?  
Oh! take my all—this worthless heart,  
And make it only thine.

## HYMN XII.

L. M.

- 1 AND do we hope to be with Him  
Who on the cross resign'd his breath;  
Who died a victim, to redeem  
His people from eternal death?
- 2 Then should the question oft recur,  
What do we more than others do?  
How do we shew that we prefer  
The things above to those below?
- 3 Where is that holy walk that suits  
The name and character we bear?  
And where are seen those heavenly fruits  
That shew we're not what once we were?
- 4 Allied to Him who bore the cross,  
And call'd The people of the Lord,  
The world to us should seem but loss,  
And worthless all it can afford.

- 5 As pilgrims on their journey home,  
    'Tis thus his people should be found,  
Who seek a city yet to come,  
    And cannot rest on earthly ground.
- 6 'Tis thus his people prove their birth ;  
    'Tis thus they glorify their Lord ;  
To others they resign the earth,  
    And hasten to their bright reward.

## HYMN XIII.

C. M.

- 1 AND dost Thou come, O blessed Lord ?  
    And dost Thou surely come ?  
And dost Thou surely quickly come ?  
    Then I'm almost at home.
- 2 What have I here ? my thoughts and joys  
    Are all before me gone ;  
My eager soul would follow them  
    To thine eternal throne.
- 3 What have I in this barren land,  
    If Jesus be not here ?  
My eyes will ne'er be bless'd, until  
    My Saviour does appear.

## HYMN XIV.

L. M.

- 1 AND dost Thou say, Ask what thou wilt ?  
    Lord, I would seize the golden hour ;  
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,  
    And freed from sin and Satan's power.

- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart ;  
More of thine image let me bear ;  
Erect thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,  
And from thy joy to draw my strength,  
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,  
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign ;  
Living or dying, rich or poor,  
All shall be well if Thou art mine.

## HYMN XV. Double s. m.

- 1 AND let our bodies part,  
To diff'rent scenes repair,  
Inseparably join'd in heart  
The friends of Jesus are :  
Jesus, the corner-stone,  
Did first our hearts unite,  
And still He keeps our spirits one  
Who walk with Him in white.
- 2 Oh ! let us still proceed  
In Jesu's work below ;  
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,  
To farther conquests go.  
The vineyard of the Lord  
Before his lab'ers lies ;  
And, through his grace, a rich reward  
Awaits them in the skies.

- 3 Oh ! let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find  
Where all our labours end—  
Where all our toil is o'er,  
Our suff'rings and our pain :  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.

## HYMN XVI.

C. M.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year  
Of thy short life is past :  
I cannot long continue here,  
The next may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,  
Nor will return again ;  
And swift my passing moments run—  
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care,  
Thy true condition learn ;  
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ?  
And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,  
Now fix thy hopes on heaven ;  
Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Now seek to yield thyself to God ;  
And on his power depend,  
For grace to guide thee in that road  
Which shall in glory end.

## HYMN XVII.

S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend,  
And must the dead arise,  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips  
Shall this dread sentence sound,  
And, through the guilty trembling throng,  
Spread black despair around—
- 3 “Depart from me, accurs’d,  
To everlasting flame,  
For rebel angels first prepar’d,  
Where mercy never came”?
- 4 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heav’n, before his face,  
Astonish’d shrink away?
- 5 But, ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark, from the Gospel’s gentle voice,  
What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of the cross,  
And find salvation there:
- 7 So shall that curse remove  
By which the Saviour bled,  
And the last awful day shall pour  
Its blessings on your head.

## HYMN XVIII.

L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another sabbath is begun :  
Return, my soul ; enjoy thy rest ;  
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 Oh ! that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies ;  
And draw from Heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away :  
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

## HYMN XIX.

C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat  
Where Jesus answers pray'r ;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.



4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place ;  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 O wond'rous love ! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious Name !

## HYMN XX.

148TH M.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears :  
Before the throne my Surety stands ;  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead :  
His blood aton'd for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear Anointed One ;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son :  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

- 4     My God is reconcil'd ;  
         His pard'ning voice I hear ;  
         He owns me for his child ;  
         I can no longer fear :  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And, Father ! Abba Father ! cry.

## HYMN XXI.

S. M.

- 1 A Saviour is my hope :  
   He bought me with his blood ;  
He rose, He reigns, and sends his help,  
   That I may live to God.
- 2 His charge to keep I have ;  
   My God to glorify ;  
To come to Him my soul to save,  
   And fit me for the sky :
- 3 Through grace, to serve mankind ;  
   My calling to fulfil ;  
To be renew'd in heart and mind ;  
   To do his holy will.
- 4 Arm me with jealous care,  
   As in thy sight to live ;  
And, oh ! thy servant, Lord, prepare  
   Account with joy to give.
- 5 Help me to watch and pray,  
   And on thyself rely ;  
Lord Jesus, be my life, my way,  
   And I shall never die.

## HYMN XXII.

7s.

- 1 As the sun's enliv'ning eye  
Shines on ev'ry place the same ;  
So the Lord is always nigh  
To the souls that love his Name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,  
He is with them by the way ;  
He is ever with them all,—  
Those who go, and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat  
Nothing can their souls confine ;  
Still in spirit they may meet,  
And in sweet communion join.
- 4 For a season call'd to part,  
Let us now our souls commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 5 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 6 In thy strength may we be strong ;  
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain ;  
May we, by thy grace, ere long  
Meet to praise thy Name again.

## HYMN XXIII.

L. M.

- 1 ASSEMBLED in thy presence, Lord,  
On this thy day of sacred rest,  
Teach us to feed upon thy word,  
And may thy love fill ev'ry breast.

- 2 With Thee we would begin the day,  
 And early seek thy glorious face ;  
 Oh grant thy blessing, Lord, we pray,  
 On all the precious means of grace !
- 3 When in thy courts our prayers ascend,  
 Hear Thou from heav'n thy dwelling-place,  
 And thence a gracious answer send,  
 And fill our hearts with joy and peace.
- 4 Oh may thy Spirit, gracious Lord,  
 Our hearts for heav'nly seed prepare !  
 That when thy servant sows the word  
 It may find root and flourish there.
- 5 Thus may we feel new strength supplied  
 To cheer us on our heav'nly way,  
 Rejoice in Jesus crucified,  
 And taste indeed a sabbath-day.

## HYMN XXIV.

L. M.

- 1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,  
 Toiling, I cry, Sweet Spirit, come !  
 Celestial breeze, no longer stay,  
 But swell my sails and speed my way !
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,  
 And loose my cable from below :  
 But I can only spread my sail ;  
 Thou, Thou must breathe th' auspicious gale !

## HYMN XXV.

S. M.

- 1 AT thy dear feet we bend,  
 O God of power and grace ;  
 And to thy blessing now commend  
 Our dear and infant race.

- 2 Oh let thy smiles approve  
This ordinance divine!  
And send thy Spirit from above,  
To make our children thine.
- 3 Oh what a boundless joy,  
Their happiness to see!  
Our warmest efforts we'll employ  
To train them up for Thee.

## HYMN XXVI.-

C. M.

- 1 AUTHOR and Finisher of faith,  
We praise Thee for the grace  
Bestow'd on those who, ages pass'd,  
Did thy great Name confess.
- 2 They taught and practis'd truths divine,  
And seal'd them with their blood;  
And so to us was handed down  
The Gospel of our God.
- 3 We bless Thee for that saving truth  
Thy saints of old have taught;  
We bless Thee for those holy works  
Thy grace within them wrought.
- 4 May we and all mankind believe  
Thy messages of love;  
Follow the steps of saints below,  
And dwell with them above.

## HYMN XXVII.

S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's Name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love ;  
Sing of his rising pow'r ;  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel the heart  
Ascending with the tongue :  
Let ev'ry meaner joy depart,  
And grace inspire the song.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day  
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear Him say,  
" Ye blessed children, come :"  
Soon will He call us hence away,  
And take his pilgrims home.
- 6 Soon shall th' enraptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim ;  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## HYMN XXVIII.

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me,—  
His lovingkindness oh how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the Fall,  
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all ;  
He sav'd me from my lost estate,—  
His lovingkindness oh how great !

- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell, my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,—  
His lovingkindness oh how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,—  
His lovingkindness oh how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;  
But, though I have Him oft forgot,  
His lovingkindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;  
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail :  
Oh may my last expiring breath  
His lovingkindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day ;  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
His lovingkindness in the skies.

## HYMN XXIX.

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off' dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time mispent, redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem :  
Improve thy talent with due care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noontide clear ;  
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels take thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 Awake, awake, ye heav'nly choir ;  
May your devotion mine inspire ;  
That I, like you, my age may spend ;  
Like you, may on my God attend.
- 6 May I, like you, in God delight ;  
Have all day long my God in sight ;  
Perform, like you, my Maker's will :  
Oh ! may I never more do ill.
- 7 Glory to God, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,  
I may of endless life partake.
- 8 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew :  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 9 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.



## HYMN XXX.

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;  
Let ev'ry trembling thought begone :  
Awake, and run the heav'nly race ;  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r  
Is ever new, and ever young,  
And firm endures while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

## HYMN XXXI.

148th M.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,  
And hail the sacred day ;  
In loftiest songs of praise  
Your joyful homage pay :  
Welcome the day that God hath bless'd,  
The type of heav'n's eternal rest.

- 2     On this auspicious morn  
      The Lord of life arose ;  
      He burst the bars of death,  
      And vanquish'd all our foes :  
And now He pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruit of all his love.
- 3     All hail, triumphant Lord !  
      Heav'n with hosannas rings ;  
      And earth in humbler strains  
      Thy praise responsive sings :  
“ Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign !”
- 4     Great King, gird on thy sword ;  
      Ascend thy conq'ring car ;  
      While justice, truth, and love,  
      Maintain thy glorious war :  
This day let sinners own thy sway,  
And rebels cast their arms away.

## HYMN XXXII.

L. M.

- 1 BE still, my heart ; these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;  
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?  
How canst thou want if He provide ?  
Or lose thy way with such a Guide ?
- 3 When first, before his mercy-seat,  
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,  
He gave thee warrant from that hour  
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And He refuse to hear thy call ?  
And has He not his promise pass'd,  
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 5 He who has help'd me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through,  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home, apace, to God ;  
'Then count thy present trials small,  
For heav'n will make amends for all.

## HYMN XXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, the heavenly theme ;  
Awake, my heart, and sing  
The gracious work and saving Name  
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound his praise abroad ;  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord  
To wretched dying men ;  
His hand hath writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines ;  
Nor can the powers of darkness rase  
Those everlasting lines.

- 5 Yes ! ev'ry word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 Jesus ! unchangeably the same,  
My confidence, my boast ;  
Thou wilt not put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

## HYMN XXXIV.

104th M.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief ; my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear :  
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform :  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;  
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.
- 4 Determin'd to save, He watch'd o'er my path,  
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death ;  
And can He have taught me to trust in his Name,  
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame ?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain ?—He told me no less :  
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive  
Which He drank quite up, that sinners might live :  
His way was much rougher and darker than mine ;  
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;  
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song !

## HYMN XXXV.

148th M.

- 1 BEHOLD, how good a thing  
It is to dwell in peace !  
How pleasing to our King  
The fruit of righteousness !  
When brethren all in one agree,  
How great the joys of unity !
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,  
True followers of the Lamb,  
The same in heart and mind,  
In thought and speech the same,  
And all in love together dwell,  
The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes place,  
The joys of heaven we prove ;  
This is the gospel grace,  
The unction from above :  
Thy Spirit on believers shed,  
Descending swift from Christ our Head !

- 4      Where unity is found,  
          The sweet anointing grace  
          Extends to all around,  
          And consecrates the place ;  
To ev'ry waiting soul it comes,  
And fills it with divine perfumes.

## HYMN XXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing gift of love  
          The Father hath bestow'd  
On us, the sinful sons of men,  
          To call us sons of God !
- 2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,  
          By this dark world unknown,—  
A world that knew not, when He came,  
          E'en God's eternal Son.
- 3 High is the rank we now possess ;  
          But higher we shall rise ;  
Though what we shall hereafter be  
          Is hid from mortal eyes.
- 4 Our souls, we know, when He appears,  
          Shall bear his image bright ;  
For all his glory, full disclos'd,  
          Shall open to our sight.
- 5 A hope so great, and so divine,  
          May trials well endure ;  
And purge the soul from sense and sin,  
          As Christ himself is pure.

## HYMN XXXVII.

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore  
Thy burdens on the tree ;  
And paid in blood the dreadful score,  
The ransom due for thee.
- 2 Look to Him till the sight endears  
The Saviour to thy heart ;  
His pierced feet bedew with tears,  
Nor from his cross depart.
- 3 Look to Him till his dying love  
Thy ev'ry thought control ;  
Its vast constraining influence prove  
O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 Look to Him, as the race you run,  
Your never-failing Friend ;  
Finish He will the work begun,  
And grace in glory end.

## HYMN XXXVIII.

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-atonig Lamb,  
With wonder, gratitude, and love :  
To take away our guilt and shame,  
See Him descending from above !
- 2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid ;  
He meekly bore the mighty load :  
Our ransom-price He fully paid,  
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, He dies ;  
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !  
To Him lift up your longing eyes,  
And hope for mercy in his Name.

- 4 Pardon, and peace, through Him abound ;  
He can the richest blessings give ;  
Salvation in his Name is found,  
He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee—  
Where else can helpless sinners go ?  
Thy boundless love shall set me free  
From all my wretchedness and woe.

## HYMN XXXIX.

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !  
The promise calls me near ;  
There Jesus shews a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides, for those who come to God,  
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Beyond our utmost wants  
His love and power can bless ;  
To praying souls he always grants  
More than they can express.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love ;  
I ask to serve Thee here below,  
And reign with Thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine ;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.



## HYMN XL.

L. M.

- 1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand ;  
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,  
O Lord ! to choose the better part ;  
To scorn the trifles of a day  
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then, should the wildest storms arise,  
And tempests mingle seas and skies,  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

## HYMN XLI.

S. M.

- 1 BESIDE the Gospel pool,  
Appointed for the poor,  
From day to day my helpless soul  
Hath waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I thought,  
Why should I longer lie ?  
Surely the mercy I have sought  
Is not for such as I.
- 3 But whither can I go ?  
There is no other pool  
Where streams of sov'reign mercy flow  
To make a sinner whole.

- 4 Still, then, from day to day,  
     I'll wait, and hope, and try;  
 Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,  
     Yet suffer him to die?
- 5 No: He is full of grace,  
     And never will permit  
 A soul that fain would see his face  
     To perish at his feet.

## HYMN XLII.

7s.

- 1 BLESS, O Lord, the op'ning year  
 To the souls assembled here:  
 Clothe thy word with pow'r divine;  
 Make us willing to be thine.
- 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,  
 Teach the harden'd soul to weep;  
 Let the blind have eyes to see—  
 See their sins, and look on Thee.
- 3 Where Thou hast thy work begun,  
 Give new strength the race to run;  
 Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,  
 Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 4 Bless us all, both old and young;  
 Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue:  
 Let our whole assembly prove  
 Tender mercy, pow'r, and love.

## HYMN XLIII.

L. M.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul! the God of grace;  
 His favours claim thy highest praise:  
 Why should the wonders He hath wrought  
 Be lost in silence, and forgot?

- 2 'Twas He, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 3 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread  
The starry heav'ns above our head,  
As his rich love exceeds our praise,—  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 4 Not half so far hath Nature plac'd  
The rising morning from the west,  
As his forgiving grace removes  
The many sins of those He loves.
- 5 Then, O my soul ! with joyful tongue  
Proclaim his mercies in thy song ;  
Let not the wonders He hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

## HYMN XLIV.

C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord ;  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead He rais'd his Son,  
And call'd Him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust ;  
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his followers must.

- 4 There's an inheritance divine  
 Reserv'd against that day ;  
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
 And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,  
 Till their salvation come ;  
 We walk by faith as pilgrims here,  
 Till Christ shall call us home.

## HYMN XLV.

L. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,  
 To whose celestial source we owe  
 Rivers of endless joy above,  
 And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,  
 Forth from whose wounded body rolls  
 A precious stream of vital blood,  
 Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise ;  
 Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,  
 Mak'st living springs of grace arise,  
 And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, we adore ;  
 That sea of life and love unknown,  
 Unfathom'd, and without a shore.

## HYMN XLVI.

C. M

- 1 BLESS'D be the God of peace and love,  
 Whose grace won't let us part ;  
 Our bodies may far off remove,  
 We still are one in heart.

- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,  
Where He appoints we go ;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And spread his praise below.
- 3 Oh ! may we ever walk in Him,  
And nothing know beside ;  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death, can part  
Those who, enjoying Jesu's grace,  
In Him are one in heart.
- 5 Soon will He wipe off ev'ry tear  
On Canaan's blissful shore,  
Where all who friends in Jesus are  
Shall meet to part no more.

## HYMN XLVII.

S. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love :  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent pray'rs :  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one ;  
Our comforts, and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,  
    It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
    And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
    Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
    And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
    And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
    Through all eternity.

## HYMN XLVIII.

C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the wisdom and the pow'r,  
    The justice and the grace,  
Which join'd in council to restore  
    And save our ruin'd race !
- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,  
    And from his glory fell ;  
And we, his children, thus were brought  
    To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord, who sent his Son  
    To take our flesh and blood ;  
He for our lives gave up his own,  
    To make our peace with God.
- 4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,  
    Which we have disobey'd ;  
He bore our sins upon the Cross,  
    And our full ransom paid.

- 5 Behold Him rising from the grave ;  
Behold Him rais'd on high :  
He pleads his merits there, to save  
Trangressors doom'd to die.

## HYMN XLIX.

C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D day of God, how calm, how bright  
A day of joy and praise ;  
The lab'rer's rest, the saint's delight,  
The first and best of days !
- 2 This day the Lord our Saviour rose  
Victorious from the dead ;  
And, as a conqueror, his foes  
In glorious triumph led.
- 3 This day believers doth enrich ;  
May grace rest on them all !  
It is their Pentecost, on which  
The Holy Ghost doth fall.
- 4 As the first-fruits an earnest prove  
Of all the sheaves behind,  
So they who do the sabbath love  
A happy week shall find.

## HYMN L.

7s.

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, heavenly Lamb,  
Thine, and only thine, I am ;  
Take me, body, spirit, soul ;  
Only Thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be ;  
Let me ever cleave to Thee ;  
Let me choose the better part ;  
Let me give Thee all my heart.

- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,  
Do not let me turn again—  
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,  
Stoop to creature happiness.
- 4 All my treasure is above,  
All my riches is thy love :  
Who thy depth of love can tell ?  
Infinite, unsearchable.

## HYMN LI.

148th M.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made ;  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad.  
The year &c.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atonement Lamb ;  
Redemption by his blood  
Through all the world proclaim.  
The year &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And bless'd in Jesus live.  
The year &c.



- 5     Ye who have sold for nought  
        Your heritage above,  
        Shall have it back unbought,  
        The gift of Jesu's love.  
The year &c.
- 6     The gospel trumpet hear,  
        The news of heavenly grace ;  
        And, sav'd from earth, appear  
        Before your Saviour's face.  
The year &c.

## HYMN   LII.

7s.

- 1   BRETHREN, let us join and bless  
    Christ, the Lord our Righteousness ;  
    Let our praise to Him be given,  
    High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2   Son of God, to Thee we bow :  
    Thou art Lord, and only Thou ;  
    Thou, the blessed Virgin's seed,  
    Glory of thy Church, and Head.
- 3   Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;  
    Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;  
    Worthy is thy Name of praise,  
    Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4   Thou hast the glad tidings brought  
    Of salvation by Thee wrought—  
    Wrought, to set thy people free ;  
    Wrought, to bring our souls to Thee.

- 5 May we follow and adore  
Thee, our Saviour, more and more;  
Guide and bless us with thy love,  
Till we join thy saints above.

## HYMN LIII.

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing :  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod :  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Foes are round us : but we stand  
On the borders of our land ;  
Jesus, God's exalted Son,  
Bids us, undismay'd, go on.
- 4 Let us sing ; for, safe and bless'd,  
We with Jesus soon shall rest ;  
There our home is now prepar'd,  
There our kingdom and reward.
- 5 Onward then we'll gladly press,  
Through this earthly wilderness ;  
Only, Lord, our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

## HYMN LIV.

7s.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,      *Hal.*  
Sons of men, and angels, say !  
Raise your songs and triumphs high ;  
Sing, ye heavens ; and, earth, reply !

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;  
 Fought the fight, the battle won :  
 Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er !  
 Lo ! he sets in blood no more !
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell :  
 Death in vain forbids his rise,  
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King !  
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?  
 Once he died, our souls to save,—  
 Where's thy victory, O Grave ?

## HYMN LV.

6-7s.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
 Christ, the true and only light,  
 Sun of righteousness, arise,  
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :  
 Day-spring from on high, be near !  
 Day-star, in my heart appear !
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
 Unaccompanied by Thee ;  
 Joyless is the day's return  
 Till thy mercy's beams I see—  
 Till they inward light impart,  
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,  
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
 Fill me, Radiancy divine !  
 Scatter all my unbelief :  
 More and more thyself display,  
 Shining to the perfect day.

## HYMN LVI.

8 and 7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN ! know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find, in ev'ry station,  
Something still to do or bear.
- 2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
Think what Father's smiles are thine,  
Think that Jesus died to win thee !  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory :  
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,  
Heav'n's eternal days before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
- 4 Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days ;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## HYMN LVII.

113th m.

- 1 CHRISTIANS ! the glorious hope we know,  
Which soothes the heart in ev'ry woe ;  
While heathen helpless, hopeless, lie,—  
No ray of glory meets their eye :  
Oh ! give to their desiring sight  
The hope that Jesus brought to light.
- 2 Christians ! ye taste the heavenly grace  
Which cheers believers in their race :  
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,  
See millions hast'ning to the tomb :  
To heathen lands that grace convey  
Which trains the soul for endless day.

- 3 Christians ! ye prize the Saviour's blood,  
In which the soul is cleans'd for God :  
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,  
Uncleans'd from sin, expos'd to hell :  
Oh ! strive that heathens soon may view  
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

## HYMN LVIII.

C. M.

- 1 CHRISTIANS ! think not heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain ;  
That the young mind at random floats,  
And cannot reach the strain.
- 2 Lov'd not the Lord of heav'n to talk  
With children in his sight ?  
To meet them in his daily walk,  
And to his arms invite ?
- 3 And now each little voice in turn  
Some glorious truth proclaims :  
What sages would have died to learn,  
Oh ! teach these little lambs.
- 4 Yet, teaching, add your fervent prayers,  
God's blessing to obtain,  
Since in Christ only, God declares,  
Our labour is not vain.

## HYMN LIX.

L. M.

- 1 COME, condescending Saviour, come,  
Almighty from the vanquish'd tomb ;  
Here thine assembled servants bless,  
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.

- 2 Oh ! come thyself, most gracious Lord,  
With all the joy thy smiles afford ;  
Reveal the lustre of thy face,  
And make us feel thy vital grace.
- 3 Enter our hearts, Redeemer bless'd !  
Enter, thou ever-honour'd Guest,  
Not for one transient hour alone,  
But there to fix thy lasting throne.
- 4 Enter, and make our hearts thy home ;  
And, when our life's last hour is come,  
Let us but die as in thy sight,  
And death shall vanish in delight.

## HYMN LX.

L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above :  
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way :  
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road  
Which we must take to dwell with God :  
Lead us to Christ—the living way :  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God—our final rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest :  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—  
Fulness of joy for ever there.

## HYMN LXI.

L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,  
Baptizer of our spirits Thou !  
The sacramental seal apply,  
And witness with the water now.
- 2 Pour forth thy energy divine,  
And sprinkle the atoning blood ;  
May Father, Son, and Spirit join  
To seal this child a child of God.

## PSALM LXII.

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,  
Proceeding from above,  
Both from the Father and the Son,  
The God of peace and love.
- 2 Visit our minds ; into our hearts  
Thy heavenly grace inspire,  
That truth and godliness we may  
Pursue with full desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter  
In grief and all distress ;  
The heavenly gift of God most high,—  
No tongue can it express :
- 4 The fountain and the living spring  
Of joy celestial ;  
The fire so bright, and love so sweet,  
The unction spiritual.
- 5 Thou in thy gifts art manifold ;  
By them Christ's Church doth stand :  
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st thy law,  
The finger of God's hand.

- 6 According to thy promise, Lord,  
Thou givest speech with grace ;  
That through thy help God's praises may  
Resound in ev'ry place.

## PART 2.

- 1 O ! Holy Ghost, into our minds  
Send down thy heavenly light :  
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,  
To serve God day and night.
- 2 Our weakness strengthen and confirm  
(For, Lord, Thou know'st us frail),  
That neither devil, world, nor flesh,  
Against us may prevail.
- 3 Put back our en'mies far from us,  
And help us to obtain  
Peace in our hearts with God and man,—  
The best, the truest gain.
- 4 And grant that Thou being, O Lord !  
Our leader and our guide,  
We may escape the snares of sin,  
And never from Thee slide.

## PART 3.

- 1 SUCH measures of thy powerful grace  
Grant, Lord, to us we pray,  
That Thou may'st be our Comforter  
At the last dreadful day.
- 2 Of strife and of dissension  
Dissolve, O Lord ! the bands,  
And knit the knot of peace and love  
Throughout all Christian lands.



- 3 Grant us the grace that we may know  
The Father of all might ;  
That we of his beloved Son  
May gain the blissful sight :
- 4 And that we may with perfect faith  
Ever acknowledge Thee,  
Spirit of Father, and of Son,  
One God in persons Three.
- 5 To God the Father be all praise,  
And to his blessed Son,  
And to the Holy Spirit of grace,  
Co-equal Three in One.
- 6 And pray we that our only Lord  
Would please his Spirit to send  
On all that shall profess his Name,  
From hence to the world's end.

## HYMN LXIII.

112th M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire :  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart ;  
Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love. .
- 2 Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight :  
Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of thy grace :  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of both to be but One;  
That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song :  
Praise to thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

## HYMN LXIV.

C. M.

- 1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,  
From death and sin set free :  
May ev'ry under-shepherd keep  
His eye intent on Thee.
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare  
To execute thy will—  
Compassion, patience, love, and care,  
And faithfulness, and skill.
- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,  
Their flocks to feed and teach ;  
And let them live, and let them feel,  
The sacred truths they preach.

## HYMN LXV.

L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God ;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy bless'd abode.
- 2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of heavenly fire ?  
Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame ;  
Teach me to burn with pure desire.

- 3 Impress upon my wan'dring heart  
The love that Christ for sinners bore ;  
And give a new, a contrite heart,  
A heart the Saviour to adore.
- 4 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now the Saviour see ;  
Oh ! soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

## HYMN LXVI.

S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,  
All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,  
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove ;  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 5 If Thou, celestial Dove,  
Thine influence withdraw,  
What easy victims soon we fall  
To conscience, wrath, and law !

- 6 No longer burns our love ;  
Our faith and patience fail ;  
Our sin revives ; and death and hell  
Our feeble souls assail.
- 7 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;  
Our minds from bondage free :  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

## HYMN LXVII.

113th M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,  
Eternal source of heavenly love,  
Our hearts attune, our tongues inspire,  
That we may emulate the choir  
That, without ceasing, hymn his praise,  
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Lo ! when we lay in guilt and sin,  
Deform'd without, defil'd within,  
From heaven He look'd with pitying eye,  
From heaven He came to bring us nigh,  
And, through the merit of his blood,  
To give us free access to God.
- 3 Hosannas, then, to Christ be rais'd !  
For ever be the Saviour prais'd !  
Be honour, power, and glory given,  
By all on earth, by all in heaven !  
For He is worthy to receive  
More praise than heaven and earth can give.

- 4 To Thee, thou bleeding Lamb, to Thee,  
For pardon, peace, and life, we flee;  
The shelter of thy cross we claim;  
Thy righteousness alone we name:  
Now at thy feet we suppliant fall,  
Our Lord, our Life, our All in All!

## HYMN LXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls—how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever be  
In this poor dying state—  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,  
With thine all-quick'ning powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## HYMN LXIX.

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,  
Comforter of us all ;  
Teach us to know thy word aright,  
That we may never fall.
- 2 Keep, Lord, our queen ; her council guide ;  
And give them will and might  
Thy gospel ever to maintain,  
And so put sin to flight.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, guide, assist,  
All preachers of thy word ;  
By them o'erthrow the powers of sin  
With this thy two-edg'd sword.
- 4 True faith in us, O Lord ! increase,  
And let love so abound  
That all at home may live in peace,  
And all about us round.
- 5 Convert men that are now thy foes,  
And bring them to thy light ;  
Till all shall in thy truth agree,  
And praise Thee day and night.

## HYMN LXX.

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us all unite to praise  
The Saviour of mankind ;  
Our thankful hearts, in solemn lays,  
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 O Lord, we cannot silent be ;  
By love we are constrain'd  
To offer our best thanks to Thee,  
Our Saviour and our Friend.

- 3 Should we through fear or shame refrain,  
The very stones would sing,  
And tell the universal reign  
Of our immortal King.
- 4 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness shew,  
And spread abroad thy fame;  
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,  
And bless thy wondrous Name.
- 5 Worship and honour, thanks and love,  
Be to our Saviour given,  
By men below, by saints above,  
By all in earth and heaven.

## HYMN LXXI.

- 1 COME, let us join, in sweet accord,  
In hymns around the throne;  
This is the day our risen Lord  
Has made and calls his own.
- 2 This is the day which God has bless'd,  
The dearest of the seven;  
The emblem of eternal rest,  
The foretaste sweet of heaven.

## HYMN LXXII.

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus:"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For He was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And, blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to raise thy glories high,  
And speak thy endless praise.
- 5 Let all creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## HYMN LXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above  
Who have obtain'd the prize ;  
And, on the wings of sacred love,  
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing  
With those to Jesus gone ;  
For all the servants of our King  
In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 Jesus, thy glorious Name we praise  
For grace already given ;  
Thy power our sleeping dust shall raise,  
And bring us safe to heaven.

## HYMN LXXIV.

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us seek the grace of God,  
And all, with one accord,  
In a perpetual cov'nant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.



- 2 Come, let us join ourselves to Him  
Who died, our souls to save ;  
Who died, that sinners, such as we,  
Eternal life might have.
- 3 And may we ever, through his grace,  
This cov'nant bear in mind ;  
No more forsake the Lord our God,  
Nor cast his word behind.
- 4 Oh ! let the days already past  
Suffice t'have spent in vain ;  
Let Satan's pow'r no more prevail,  
Nor in our members reign.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
May we by faith receive ;  
And henceforth die to all below,  
And to Thee only live.

## HYMN LXXV.

C. M.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,  
And discord, there shall cease ;  
And perfect joy, and love sincere,  
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,  
Shall mourn its power no more ;  
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.

- 4 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb  
Join in immortal songs,  
And endless honours to his Name  
Employ their grateful tongues.

## HYMN LXXVI.

7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not turn away.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King ;  
Large petitions with Thee bring ;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin :  
Oh ! remove this load of sin ;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

## HYMN LXXVII.

8. 8. 6.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
    Who still your bodies feel :  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears ;  
And look, beyond the vale of tears,  
    To yon celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
    The saints' secure abode ;  
On faith's strong eagle pinion rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
    Strong in the strength of God.
- 3 Who suffer with their Master here  
Shall soon before his face appear,  
    And by his side sit down :  
To patient faith the prize is sure ;  
And all that to the end endure  
    The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 See where the Lamb in glory stands,  
Encircled with his radiant bands,  
    And join th' angelic powers ;  
For all that height of glorious bliss  
Our everlasting portion is,  
    And all that heaven is ours.
- 5 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !  
It lifts the fainting spirit up,  
    It brings to life the dead :  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And our triumphant souls at last  
    Ascend to Christ our Head.

## HYMN LXXVIII.

L. M.

- 1 COME, sacred Spirit! from above,  
And fill the coldest heart with love :  
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,  
And let thy gracious power be known.
- 2 Oh let a holy flock await,  
Num'rous, around thy temple gate ;  
Each pressing on with zeal to be  
A living sacrifice to Thee !

## HYMN LXXIX.

L. M.

- 1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,  
O God! on all assembled here ;  
Behold us with a Father's love,  
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;  
May we thy true disciples be ;  
Speak to each heart the mighty word ;  
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."
- 3 Command thy blessing, in this hour,  
Spirit of truth, and fill this place  
With humbling and exalting power,  
With quick'ning and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,  
One true eternal God confess'd,  
May nought in life or death divide  
The saints in thy communion bless'd.
- 5 With Thee, and these, for ever bound,  
May all who here in prayer unite  
With harps and songs thy throne surround ;  
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

## HYMN LXXX.

L. M.

- 1 COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,  
In Him to have my lot and part,—  
To prove the virtue of that flood  
Which burst on Calvary from his heart;—
- 2 To feed by faith on Christ, my bread,  
His body broken on the tree,—  
To live in Him, my living Head,  
Who died and rose again for me;—
- 3 Be this my joy and comfort here ;  
This pledge of future glory mine :  
Jesus, in Spirit now appear,  
And break the bread, and pour the wine.
- 4 From thy dear hand may I receive  
The tokens of thy dying love ;  
And, while I feast on earth, believe  
That I shall feast with Thee above.
- 5 Ah ! then, though in the lowest place,  
Thee at thy table could I meet,  
And see Thee, know Thee, face to face,  
For such a moment death were sweet.
- 6 What, then, will their fruition be  
Who meet in heaven with one accord ?  
A moment ?—No :—eternity !  
They are for ever with the Lord.

## HYMN LXXXI.

C. M.

- 1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside  
No comeliness I see ;  
The one thing needful, gracious Lord,  
Is to be one with Thee.

- 2 The knowledge of thy dying love  
 Into my soul convey :  
 Thyself bestow ; for Thee alone,  
 My all in all, I pray.
- 3 Lov'd of my God, for Thee again  
 I'd burn with love sincere ;  
 Chosen of Thee, ere time began,  
 Help me to choose Thee here.
- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,  
 Oh ! teach me to resign :  
 I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss  
 If Thou, O God ! art mine.

## HYMN LXXXII.

8s. 7s.

- 1 COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,  
 Into ev'ry longing heart ;  
 Purchase of the Saviour's merit,  
 Now thy strength to us impart.
- 2 Keep us from the world unspotted,  
 From all earthly passions free,  
 Wholly to Thyself devoted,  
 Fix'd to live and die for Thee.
- 3 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,  
 Lord, we will not let Thee go,  
 Till we Israel's blessing share,  
 And thy grace Thou dost bestow.
- 4 Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,  
 Joy, and ardent love, impart :  
 Present, everlasting heaven,—  
 All Thou hast, and all Thou art.

## HYMN LXXXIII. Double 8s. 7s.

- 1 COME, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me, Lord, the rapt'rous measures  
Sung by flaming hosts above;  
Bid me tell the countless treasures  
Of my God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 Oh to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
Let that grace break ev'ry fetter  
That withholds my heart from Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love:  
Saviour, take my heart, and seal it;  
Seal it for thy courts above.

## HYMN LXXXIV.

8s. 7s.

- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free;  
From our fears and sins release us;  
Let us find our rest in Thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the saints Thou art ;  
Bless'd desire of ev'ry nation,  
Joy of ev'ry faithful heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver ;  
Born their Saviour and their King ;  
Born to reign in us for ever ;  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
By thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

## HYMN LXXXV.

7s.

- 1 COME, thou mighty King of kings,  
Rise with healing in thy wings ;  
Bare thine arm, and ride on high,  
Glorious in thy majesty.
- 2 North and south, and east and west,  
All are waiting to be bless'd ;  
Come and bless them, Prince of Peace ;  
Give their fetter'd souls release.
- 3 Thus shall earth's extended frame  
Swell the trophies of thy Name ;  
And redeemed souls confess  
" Jesus is our Righteousness."
- 4 Saviour, send thy Spirit down ;  
By his work thy pleasure crown :  
If He breathe not on the slain,  
All our efforts are in vain.



## HYMN LXXXVI.

L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,  
The Saviour offers heav'nly rest ;  
The kind, the gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
Oh ! come and spread your woes abroad ;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—  
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful hearts,  
The hope thy gracious word imparts :  
We come with trembling ; yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'rful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

## HYMN LXXXVII.

C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's Name,  
And joy to make it known ;  
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd  
With glories all divine ;  
And tell the wond'ring nations round  
How bright those glories shine.

- 3 Infinite pow'r and boundless grace  
     In Him unite their rays ;  
 You that have e'er beheld his face,  
     Can you forbear his praise ?
- 4 While in his earthly courts we view  
     The glories of our King,  
 We long to love as angels do,  
     And wish like them to sing.
- 5 Oh happy period ! glorious day !  
     When heav'n and earth shall raise  
 With all their pow'rs the raptur'd lay,  
     To celebrate thy praise.

## HYMN LXXXVIII.

148th M.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,  
     And feel his quick'ning pow'r,  
 Unite with one accord  
     His goodness to adore :  
 To heav'n and earth aloud proclaim  
 Your great Redeemer's glorious Name.
- 2 He left his throne above,  
     His glory laid aside,  
 Came down on wings of love,  
     And wept, and bled, and died.  
 The pangs He bore what tongue can tell,  
 To save our souls from Death and Hell ?
- 3 He burst the grave ; He rose,  
     Victorious, from the dead ;  
 And thence his vanquish'd foes  
     In glorious triumph led :  
 Up through the heav'ns the Conq'ror rode,  
 Triumphant, to the throne of God.

- 4      He soon again will come  
          (His chariot will not stay),  
          To take his children home  
          To realms of endless day :  
We there shall see Him face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

## HYMN LXXXIX.

S. M.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,  
    And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song, with sweet accord,  
    While we surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
    Be banish'd from this place ;  
Religion never was design'd  
    To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
    Who never knew our God ;  
But children of the heav'nly King  
    May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found  
    Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
    From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields  
    A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
    Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 There shall we see his face,  
    And never, never sin ;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
    Drink endless pleasures in.

- 7 Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

## HYMN XC.

L. M.

- 1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows ;  
Behold us waiting to be fed ;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And "satisfy her poor with bread."  
2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,  
Athirst and hungry, we are come ;  
Now, from the fulness of thy word,  
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

## HYMN XCI.

7s.

- 1 CROWNS of glory ever bright  
Rest upon the Victor's head !  
Crowns of glory are his right,—  
His who liveth and was dead.  
2 Jesus fought, and won the day ;  
Such a day was never fought ;  
Well his people now may say,  
See what God, our God, has wrought !  
3 He subdu'd the powers of hell,  
In the fight He stood alone ;  
All his foes before Him fell,  
By his single arm o'erthrown.  
4 They have fall'n, to rise no more ;  
Final is the foe's defeat ;  
Jesus triumph'd by his power,  
And his triumph is complete.

- 5 His the fight, the arduous toil ;  
His the honours of the day ;  
His the glory and the spoil ;  
Jesus bears them all away.
- 6 Now proclaim his deeds afar,  
Fill the world with his renown ;  
His alone the Victor's car,  
His the everlasting crown.

## HYMN XCII.

8. 7. 4.

- 1 DAY of judgment ! day of wonders !  
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round :  
How the summons will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine !  
Ye who long for his appearing  
Then shall say, " This God is mine :"  
Gracious Saviour, own us in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken,  
From his face prepare to flee :  
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,  
He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,  
See the kingdom I bestow !  
You, for ever, shall my love and glory know."

## HYMN XCIII.

112th M.

- 1 DEAR Friend of friendless sinners, hear,  
And magnify thy grace divine ;  
Pardon a worm that would draw near,  
That would his heart to Thee resign ;  
A worm, by self and sin oppress'd,  
That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.
- 2 With holy fear and reverent love,  
I long to lie beneath thy throne ;  
I long in Thee to live and move,  
And stay myself on Thee alone.  
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,  
To find in Thee the promis'd rest.
- 3 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,  
With all its wrathful fury, die :  
Come, my Redeemer ; dwell within,  
And turn my soul to things on high.  
Oh may my heart, by Thee possess'd,  
Enjoy, in Thee, my promis'd rest.

## HYMN XCIV.

C. M.

- 1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,  
On Thee, when sorrows rise,  
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 When hope revives, tho' press'd with fears,  
And I can say, " My God !"  
Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,  
And pour my woes abroad.

- 3 To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone can'st heal ;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 4 But, ah ! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call Thee mine ;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 5 Yet, gracious God, where can I flee ?  
Thou art my only trust ;  
And still my soul will cleave to Thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 6 Hast Thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
And shall I seek in vain ?  
And can the ear of sov'reign grace  
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 7 No : still the ear of sov'reign grace  
Attends the mourner's prayer ;  
Oh, may I ever find access  
To breathe my sorrows there !
- 8 Thy mercy-seat is open still,  
There let my soul retreat ;  
With humble hope attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

## HYMN XCV.

L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord !  
Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good ;  
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood ;  
Give every troubled soul release ;  
And bid us all depart in peace.

## HYMN XCVI.

L. M.

- 1 Do we not know that solemn word,  
That we are buried with the Lord,  
Baptiz'd into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin ?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death :  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign  
Over our ransom'd souls again :  
The hateful lusts we serv'd before  
Shall have dominion now no more.

## HYMN XCVII.

8s. 7s.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,  
From thy temple in the skies,  
Hear thy people's supplications,  
Now for their deliv'rance rise.
- 2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;  
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning ;  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all



- 4 Let that love veil our transgression ;  
Let that blood our guilt efface ;  
Save thy people from oppression ;  
Save from spoil thy holy place.

## HYMN XCVIII.

L. M.

- 1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,  
Of sin, of self, of all but Thee—  
Reserv'd for Christ that bled and died,  
Surrender'd to the Crucified.
- 2 Nothing save Jesus would I know—  
My friend, and my companion, Thou :  
Constrain my soul thy sway to own ;  
Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone.
- 3 Detach from sublunary joys  
One that would only hear thy voice,  
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,  
Nor glow but with celestial fire.
- 4 Larger communion let me prove  
With the bless'd object of my love ;  
But, oh ! for this no power have I,  
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

## HYMN XCIX.

C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power  
Are burst the bands of death,  
Be this for us a favour'd hour ;  
Oh give us living faith !
- 2 'Tis thine to cheer us when distress'd,  
'To raise us when we fall,  
'To calm the doubting troubled breast,  
And aid when sinners call.

- 3 'Tis thine to bring God's sacred word,  
And write it on our heart ;  
There its reviving truths record,  
And there its peace impart.
- 4 Almighty Spirit ! visit thus  
Our hearts, and guide our ways ;  
Pour down thy quick'ning grace on us,  
And tune our lips to praise.

## HYMN C.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !  
How high thy wonders rise !  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill ;  
And, on the wings of ev'ry hour,  
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But, Father, in thy great design  
To save rebellious worms,  
We see both truth and mercy shine  
In their divinest forms :
- 4 And thus the glories of the Lamb  
Fill heaven and earth with praise ;  
Archangels learn Emmanuel's Name,  
And celebrate his grace.
- 5 Oh ! may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song—  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

## HYMN CI.

7s.

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,  
Glorify thyself in me;  
Meekly beaming in my face  
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,  
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,  
Fix my thoughts on things above,  
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd  
To thy will (thy will be done!),  
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind  
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,  
May I tread the path He trod,  
Bear with Him on earth my cross,  
Rise with Him to Thee, my God!

## HYMN CII.

- 1 FATHER of Heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son! incarnate Word!  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath  
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us thy quick'ning power extend.

- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !  
 Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

## HYMN CIII.

L. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
 Attentive to our earnest prayer :  
 We pray for those who plead for Thee ;  
 Successful servants may they be.
- 2 Clothe Thou with energy divine  
 Their words, and let those words be thine ;  
 To them thy secret truth reveal,  
 Dispel their fears, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the heavenly seed ;  
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
 Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
 And thy pure gospel to maintain.
- 4 Let list'ning multitudes around  
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;  
 In humble strains thy grace implore,  
 And feel thy Spirit's living power.
- 5 Let sinners break their cruel chains,  
 Distressed souls forget their pains ;  
 Let light through distant realms be spread,  
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

## HYMN CIV.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, let our songs  
 With Thee acceptance find ;  
 Thy lovingkindness we confess  
 To us and all mankind.

- 2 Thanks for creation are thy due,  
For life preserv'd by Thee,  
And all the blessings life affords,  
So great and yet so free ;—
- 3 Thanks for redemption, above all,  
To us in Jesus given ;—  
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,  
And for the hope of heaven.
- 4 Oh ! let a sense of this thy grace  
Our best affections move,  
That, while our lips thy praise proclaim,  
Our hearts may feel thy love.

## HYMN CV.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace  
All-powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh ! may our sympathising breast  
That gen'rous pleasure know,  
Freely to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,  
Enthron'd above the skies ;  
And, when He saw their lost estate,  
Felt his compassion rise.

- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,  
On wings of mercy flew,  
We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd,  
Should love each other too.

## HYMN CVI.

P. M.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One !  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done !  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I  
Can thy glory, Lord, promote,  
All my actions sanctify,  
Every word and every thought :  
Claim me for thy service, claim  
All I have, and all I am !
- 3 Claim and take my utmost powers,  
Take my memory, mind, and will ;  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel ;  
All I think, and speak, and do ;  
Take my heart, and make it new.

## HYMN CVII.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,  
On Thee my hope depends,  
Convinc'd that every perfect gift  
From Thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom too ;  
Without the Spirit of thy Son  
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one gracious word,  
One holy thought conceive,  
Unless, in answer to our Lord,  
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought ;  
Our good is all divine ;  
The praise of ev'ry holy thought  
And righteous word is thine.
- 5 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on Thee to call ;  
In Thee, our God, we move and live,  
Thou art our All in All.

## HYMN CVIII.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sov'reign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise :—
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From ev'ry murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

## HYMN CIX.

C. M.

- 1 FAITH adds new joy to earthly bliss,  
And saves us from its snares ;  
Fresh aid in every duty brings,  
And softens all our cares.
- 2 Faith mortifies the love of sin,  
Kindles the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heavenly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power  
The healing balm to give,  
Which e'en the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Faith draws aside the veil of heaven,  
Where unknown glories reign ;  
And bids us seek our portion there ;  
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 Faith holds to view the promise, seal'd  
With the Redeemer's blood ;  
And helps our feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken may we rest,  
Till this vile body dies ;  
And then, on Faith's triumphant wings,  
To endless glory rise.

## HYMN CX.

S. M.

- 1 FAITH is a precious grace,  
Where'er it is bestow'd ;  
It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of God.



- 2 Jesus it owns as King,  
And all-atoning Priest ;  
It claims no merit of its own,  
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To Him it leads the soul,  
When fill'd with deep distress,  
Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 All through the wilderness,  
It is our strength and stay ;  
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,  
If faith direct our way.
- 5 Lord, 'tis thy work alone,  
And that divinely free ;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,  
To work this faith in me.

## HYMN CXI.

C. M.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise ;  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair, distant land ! could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,  
And grief no more complains ;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns.

- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
Realms ever bright and fair ;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
- 5 There all the millions of his saints  
Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall view  
With infinite delight.
- 6 Nor needed is the shining moon,  
Nor e'en the sun's bright ray ;  
For glory, from the sacred throne,  
Spreads everlasting day.

## HYMN CXII.

P. M.

- 1 FOR ever to behold Him shine,  
For evermore to call Him mine,  
And see Him still before me ;  
For ever on his face to gaze,  
And meet his full assembled rays,  
While all the Father He displays  
To all the saints in glory !
- 2 Not all things else are half so dear  
As his delightful presence here—  
What must it be in heaven !  
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,  
As now I journey day by day,  
“ Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,  
Thy sins are all forgiven.”

- 3 But how must his celestial voice  
Make my enraptur'd heart rejoice  
    When I in glory hear Him !  
While I before the heavenly gate  
For everlasting entrance wait,  
And Jesus on his throne of state  
    Invites me to come near Him !
- 4 " Come in, thou blessed, sit by me ;  
With my own life I ransom'd thee ;  
    Come, taste my perfect favour :  
Come in, thou happy spirit, come ;  
Thou now shalt dwell with me at home ;  
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,  
    For he must stay for ever."

## HYMN CXIII.

S. M.

- 1 FORBID it, Lord, that we,  
    Who from thy hand receive  
The Spirit's power to make us free,  
    Should e'er that Spirit grieve.
- 2 Oh keep our faith alive !  
    Help us to watch and pray ;  
Lest by our carelessness we drive  
    The sacred Guest away.
- 3 How can we bear to lose  
    Our best and kindest Friend,  
Life, health, and happiness refuse,  
    And joys that never end !

- 4 Are Satan's chains so light,  
So easy to be borne,  
That we thy tender love should slight,  
Thy glorious freedom scorn ?
- 5 Lord, make us wholly thine ;  
And in our hearts of stone  
Let grace with purer lustre shine,  
To mark us for thine own.

## HYMN CXIV.

C. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich thy bounties are !  
The changing seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;  
The plants in beauty grew :  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And soft, refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above  
Matur'd the swelling grain ;  
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;  
Thy hand all nature hails :  
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter, fails.

## HYMN CXV.

C. M.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,  
    To shed its quickening beams ;  
And yet how slow devotion burns,  
    How languid are its flames.
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,  
    Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;  
We would be like thy saints above,  
    And praise Thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
    And fit us to ascend,  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
    Where sabbaths never end :
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
    With heav'nly lustre shine ;  
Before the throne of God appear,  
    And feast on love divine.

## HYMN CXVI. Double 7s. 6s.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
    From India's coral strands,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
    Roll down their golden sands,  
From many an ancient river,  
    From many a palmy plain,  
They call us, to deliver  
    Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile !  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, oh salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll ;  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spread from Pole to Pole ;  
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss return to reign.

## HYMN CXVII.

L. M.

- 1 FROM my own works at last I cease,  
For God alone can give me peace ;  
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,  
Of my own strength I must despair.

- 2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,  
I see my sins, but cannot feel  
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show  
My unbelief, the source of woe.
- 3 'Tis thine alone to change the heart ;  
Thou only canst good gifts impart ;  
I therefore will my heart resign  
To Thee ; oh cleanse, and seal it thine !
- 4 With humble faith on Thee I call,  
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All ;  
I wait the moving of the pool ;  
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,  
Make my infected nature pure ;  
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,  
And give thyself unto my heart.

## HYMN CXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 FROM the first dawn of infant life  
Thy goodness we have shar'd ;  
And still we live to sing thy praise,  
By sov'reign mercy spar'd.
- 2 To seek thy grace, to do thy will,  
O Lord ! our hearts incline ;  
And o'er the paths of future life  
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught to read the word of truth,  
May we the word receive ;  
And, when we hear of Jesu's name,  
In that bless'd Name believe.

- 4 Let not our feet incline to tread  
Sin's broad destructive road,  
But trace those holy paths which lead  
To glory and to God.

## HYMN CXIX.

C. M.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears :  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 It was by grace their vict'ries came ;  
They with united breath  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumphs to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the way our Saviour trod ;  
His Spirit fill'd their breast ;  
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,  
They reach'd the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader let us praise,  
For his own pattern given ;  
And, with the cloud of witnesses,  
We'll walk the path to heaven.

## HYMN CXX.

L. M.

- 1 GIVE peace in these our days, O Lord !  
Times of great peril are at hand ;  
Thine enemies, with one accord,  
Christ's name blaspheme in ev'ry land.



- 2 Give us that peace that we do lack  
Through unbelief and evil life;  
Thy word to give Thou dost not slack,  
Which we unkindly use for strife.
- 3 Give peace, O Lord ! thy Spirit send ;  
With grief, and with repentance true,  
Pierce Thou our hearts, our lives amend,  
And by true faith in Christ renew.
- 4 Give peace, and grant that fear and dread  
(Through thy sweetmercy, Lord, and grace)  
May fly, and truth lift up her head,  
And dwell and shine in ev'ry place.

## HYMN CXXI.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 GLORY, glory everlasting,  
Be to Him who bore the cross ;  
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting  
Death, the death deserv'd by us.  
Sound his glory, while the soul with transport  
glows.
- 2 Jesu's love is love unbounded,  
Without measure, without end ;  
Human thought is here confounded,  
'Tis too vast to comprehend :  
Praise the Saviour ; magnify the sinner's Friend.
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story  
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
Sing we, " Everlasting glory  
Be to God and to the Lamb !"  
Saints and angels, give ye glory to his Name.

## HYMN CXXII.

P. M.

- 1 "GLORY to God on high!"  
Let earth and skies reply,  
    "Praise ye his Name!"  
His love and grace adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore;  
Sing aloud evermore,  
    "Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,  
Bore sin's tremendous load;  
    Praise ye his Name:  
Tell what his arm hath done;  
What spoils from death He won:  
Sing his great Name alone;  
    "Worthy the Lamb."
- 3 Join, all ye ransom'd race,  
Our Lord and God to bless;  
    Praise ye his Name:  
In Him we will rejoice,  
And make a cheerful noise;  
Shouting, with heart and voice,  
    "Worthy the Lamb."
- 4 Let all the hosts above  
Join in one song of love,  
    Praising his Name.  
To Him ascribed be  
Honour and majesty,  
Through all eternity:  
    "Worthy the Lamb."

## HYMN CXXIII.

7s.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give—  
God in whom we move and live :  
Children's pray'rs He deigns to hear ;  
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring—  
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King :  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost ;  
He reclaims the sinner lost :  
Children's minds may He inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity ;  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that " God is love."

## HYMN CXXIV.

L. M.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, oh keep me ! King of kings,  
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

- 4 Oh ! may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—  
Sleep which may me more vig'rous make  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Lord, let my soul for ever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care :  
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,  
To see thy face and sing thy love.  
Praise God &c.

## HYMN CXXV.

6, 7s.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r ;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour :  
Turn not from his griefs away ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;  
View the Lord of life arraign'd :  
Oh the wormwood and the gall !  
Oh the pangs his soul sustain'd !  
Shun not suff'ring, shame, nor loss ;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, adoring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete :  
" It is finish'd !" hear the cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb  
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;  
 All is solitude and gloom ;  
 Who hath taken Him away ?  
 Christ is ris'n ! He meets our eyes !  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

## HYMN CXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, with grateful heart  
 My ev'ning song I raise ;  
 But, oh ! thy thousand thousand gifts  
 Exceed my highest praise.
- 2 What shall I render for the care  
 Which me this day has kept ?  
 A thankful heart, though no return,  
 Thy grace will still accept.
- 3 The sins and follies, holy God,  
 Which I this day have done,  
 I would confess with grief, and pray  
 For pardon through thy Son.
- 4 Much of my precious time I've lost ;  
 This sinful waste forgive :  
 By one day nearer death—to Thee,  
 Lord, teach me now to live.

## HYMN CXXVII. Double 7s. 6s.

- 1 GOD of my salvation, hear,  
 And help me to believe ;  
 Simply do I now draw near,  
 Thy blessing to receive.  
 Full of sin, alas ! I am,  
 But to thy cross for refuge flee :  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

- 2 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
To Thee I lift mine eye ;  
Balm of all my grief and pain,  
Thy grace is always nigh :  
Now, as yesterday, the same  
Thou art, and wilt for ever be.  
Friend &c.
- 3 Nothing, Lord, have I to pay,  
Nor can thy grace procure ;  
Yet empty send me not away,  
For I, Thou know'st, am poor :  
Dust and ashes is my name,  
My all is sin and misery.  
Friend &c.
- 4 No good word, or work, or thought,  
Bring I to buy thy grace ;  
Pardon I accept unbought :  
Thy promise I embrace,  
Coming, as at first I came,  
To take, and not bestow on Thee.  
Friend &c.

## HYMN CXXVIII.

7s.

- 1 GOD's own promise standeth sure,  
Saints shall to the end endure ;  
Safely will the Shepherd keep  
Those He purchas'd for his sheep.
- 2 Known to Him before the sun  
First began his course to run ;  
Chosen, called from above,  
Objects of eternal love.

- 3 Put thy seal upon each heart ;  
Thy blessed image, Lord, impart ;  
All thyself in us reveal,—  
We the clay, and Thou the seal.
- 4 Ev'ry evil, Lord, subdue ;  
By thy grace our souls renew ;  
Then, from base affections free,  
Dead to sin, we 'll live to Thee.

## HYMN CXXIX.

C. M.

- 1 Good is the Lord, our heavenly King,  
Who makes the earth his care,  
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,  
And bids the grain appear.
- 2 Good is the Lord : it is his love  
Which makes the earth to yield ;  
His clouds drop fatness from above ;  
He whitens ev'ry field.
- 3 Good is the Lord : his lib'ral hand  
Is daily open'd wide,  
To scatter plenty through the land,  
That all may be supplied.
- 4 Good is the Lord : He gives us bread ;  
He gives his people more :  
By Him their souls with grace are fed,  
A boundless, richer store.

## HYMN CXXX.

S. M.

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a joyful sound,  
Harmonious to the ear ;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days :  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

## HYMN CXXXI.

7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,  
My request vouchsafe to hear ;  
Burden'd with my sins, I cry,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain ;  
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain ;  
These can never satisfy ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what Thou wilt,  
Only ease me of my guilt :  
Suppliant at thy feet I lie ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,  
In my flesh is nought but sin ;  
For thy mercy I apply ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.



- 5 Thou hast promis'd to forgive  
All who in thy Son believe ;  
On thy promise I rely ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Father, Thou hast given thy Son ;  
He was bruised for my sin ;  
To that refuge now I fly :  
Christ is mine ! I shall not die.

## HYMN CXXXII.

7s.

- 1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,  
While Jehovah's praise we sing ;  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Be thy glorious Name ador'd.
- 2 Though unworthy of thine ear,  
Still our hallelujahs hear :  
Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When with saints above we sing.
- 3 Lead us to that blissful state  
Where Thou reign'st supremely great ;  
Look with pity from thy throne ;  
Send thy Holy Spirit down.
- 4 While on earth ordain'd to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in the way ;  
Till we come to reign with Thee,  
And thy glorious greatness see.
- 5 Then, in joyful songs of praise,  
We'll our grateful voices raise ;  
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

## HYMN CXXXIII.

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, let children to thy throne  
Look up, and trust in Thee alone ;  
To Thee our health, our lives belong :  
Oh ! may we learn thy truth while young.
- 2 Teach us the knowledge of thy Son ;  
He shews the road which we must run :  
It is a thorny path, and yet  
It will not hurt our tender feet.
- 3 Jesus and all his saints have trod,  
Unhurt, that narrow, rugged road ;  
And we, if Jesus be our guide,  
Shall have our ev'ry want supplied.
- 4 He dwells in heaven, and yet below  
He sees and knows what children do ;  
And, when in his dear Name they meet,  
He sits upon his mercy-seat.
- 5 Oh may his Spirit now approve  
This work of duty and of love !  
Oh may his Spirit make us still  
Desire and learn to do his will !

## HYMN CXXXIV.

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of Abraham, hear our pray'r ;  
Let Abraham's seed thy mercy share :  
Oh ! may they now at length return,  
And look on Him they pierc'd, and mourn.
- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old ;  
Bring home the wand'ers to thy fold ;  
Remember too thy promis'd word,  
" Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

- 3 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,  
And write it in their inward parts :  
The veil of darkness rend in two,  
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 4 Oh ! haste the day, foretold so long,  
When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng)  
One house shall seek, one pray'r shall pour,  
And one Redeemer shall adore.

## HYMN CXXXV.

112th M.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways  
Display thine attributes divine ;  
But the fair glories of thy grace  
Beyond thine other wonders shine :  
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare ;  
This is thine own prerogative,  
And in the honour none shall share :  
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 3 Pardon—from an offended God !  
Pardon—for sins of deepest die !  
Pardon—bestow'd through Jesu's blood !  
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh !  
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

## HYMN CXXXVI.

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, to Thee my voice I raise,  
To Thee my youngest hours belong ;  
I would begin my life with praise,  
Till growing years improve the song.
- 2 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe  
That I was born on British ground,  
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,  
And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 How do I pity those that dwell  
Where ignorance and darkness reigns :  
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell—  
Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 4 Thy glorious promises, O Lord !  
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;  
While all the preachers of thy word  
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

## HYMN CXXXVII.

P. M.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
Behold the Judge of man appear,  
On clouds of glory seated !  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead, which they contain'd before :  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding :  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepar'd to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing ;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :  
The day of grace is past and gone :  
'Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepar'd to meet Him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
Behold the Judge of man appear,  
On clouds of glory seated !  
Low at his cross, I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

## HYMN CXXXVIII.

8s. 7s.

- 1 GREAT High Priest, we see Thee stooping,  
With our names upon thy breast ;  
In the garden groaning, drooping,  
To the ground with horrors press'd.  
Wond'ring angels stood confounded,  
To behold their Maker thus ;  
And can we remain unwounded,  
When we know 'twas all for us ?

- 2 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus !  
Can relieve us from our smart ;  
Nothing else from guilt release us,  
Nothing else can melt the heart :  
Law and terrors do but harden  
All the while they work alone ;  
But the sense of blood-bought pardon  
Can dissolve a heart of stone.
- 3 Jesus, all our consolations  
Flow from Thee, the sov'reign good ;  
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,  
All are purchas'd by thy blood :  
From thy fulness we receive them ;  
We have nothing of our own ;  
Freely Thou delight'st to give them  
To the needy who have none.

## HYMN CXXXIX.

C. M.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear ;  
Thy presence now display ;  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Shew us some token of thy love,  
Our feeble hope to raise ;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord, dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,  
The contrite heart, bestow ;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith address our prayers ;  
And in the presence of the Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may thy gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by grace divine,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
And bend their wills to thine.

## HYMN CXL.

C. M.

- 1 GREAT Sov'reign, let our ev'ning songs  
Like holy incense rise :  
Assist the off'rings of our tongues  
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day  
Thy hand was still our guard ;  
And still, to drive our wants away,  
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass us around ;  
But, ah ! how few returns of love  
Hath our Redeemer found !
- 4 What have we done for Him who died  
To save our sinful souls ?  
Alas ! our sins are multiplied,  
Fast as each minute rolls.

- 5 Yet, with these guilty hearts of ours,  
     Lord, to thy cross we flee ;  
 And yield them up, with all their powers,  
     To be renew'd by Thee.

## HYMN CXLI.

7s.

- 1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet ;  
 Christian fellowship, how sweet !  
 When (their theme of praise the same)  
 They exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,  
 Such as did the Father move :  
 He beheld the world undone,  
 Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love,—  
 How he left the realms above,  
 Took our nature and our place,  
 Liv'd and died, to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love :  
 With our stubborn hearts He strove,  
 Chas'd the mists of sin away,  
 Turn'd our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,  
 When the saints in glory meet ;  
 Where the theme is still the same,  
 Where they praise Jehovah's name.

## HYMN CXLII.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah !  
     Pilgrims, through this barren land ;  
 We are weak, but Thou are mighty,  
     Hold us with thy powerful hand :  
 Bread of heaven, feed us till we want no more.



- 2     Open Thou the living fountain,  
         Whence the healing waters flow ;  
     Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
         Lead us all our journey through :  
Strong Deliv'rer, be Thou still our strength  
         and shield.
- 3     When we tread the verge of Jordan,  
         Bid our anxious fears subside ;  
     Bear us through the swelling torrent,  
         Land us safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises we will ever give to Thee.

## HYMN CXLIII.

7s.

- 1   HAIL the day that sees Him rise,  
     Glorious, to his native skies !  
     Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
     Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2   There the glorious triumph waits ;  
     Lift your heads, eternal gates !  
     Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin ;  
     Take the King of glory in.
- 3   See, the heaven its Lord receives !  
     Yet he loves the earth he leaves ;  
     Though returning to his throne,  
     Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4   Still for us He intercedes ;  
     His prevailing death He pleads ;  
     Near himself prepares our place,  
     Harbinger of human race.

- 5 What ! though parted from our sight  
Far above yon azure height ;  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Seeking Thee above the skies.

HYMN CXLIV. Double 8, 7.

- 1 HAIL, thou once-despised Jesus !  
Hail, thou Galilean King !  
Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame !  
By thy merits we find favour ;  
Life is given through thy Name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb ! by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid ;  
By Almighty Love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made :  
All thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of thy blood ;  
Open'd is the gate of heaven ;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,  
There for ever to abide ;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side.  
There for sinners Thou art pleading ;  
There Thou dost our place prepare ;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give :  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest, lays ;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

## HYMN CXLV.

8s. 7s.

- 1 HAIL ! thou source of ev'ry blessing,  
 Sov'reign Father of mankind ;  
 Gentiles now, thy grace possessing,  
 In thy courts admission find :  
 Grateful now we fall before Thee,  
 In thy Church obtain a place ;  
 Now by faith behold thy glory,  
 Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.
- 2 Once far off, but now invited,  
 We approach thy sacred throne ;  
 In thy covenant united,  
 Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one.  
 Now reveal'd to eastern sages,  
 See the star of mercy shine !  
 Myst'ry hid in former ages,  
 Myst'ry great of love divine.
- 3 Hail ! thou all-inviting Saviour ;  
 Gentiles now their off'rings bring :  
 In thy temple seek thy favour,—  
 Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.

May we, body, soul, and spirit,  
 Live devoted to thy praise,  
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,  
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

## HYMN CXLVI.

C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the child whose tender years  
 Receive instruction well;  
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,  
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes;  
 A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,  
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares  
 To mind religion young;  
 Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,  
 And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee  
 Our childhood we resign;  
 'Twill please us to look back and see  
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
 Employ our youngest breath:  
 Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,  
 Or fit for early death.

## HYMN CXLVII.

C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
 Where love inspires the breast!  
 Love is the brightest of the train,  
 And perfects all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear :  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 4 When join'd to that harmonious throng  
That fills the choirs above,  
Then shall we tune our golden harps,  
And ev'ry note be love.

## HYMN CXLVIII.

7s.

- 1 HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord ;  
'Tis thy Saviour ; hear his word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :  
“ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 “ I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 “ Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be ;  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 “ Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint:  
Yet I love Thee, and adore;  
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

## HYMN CXLIX.

C. M.

- 1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promis'd long:  
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye long clos'd in night  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And, with the riches of his grace,  
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved Name.

## HYMN CL.

8. 7. 4.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy  
    Sounds aloud from Calvary ;  
    See ! it rends the rocks asunder,  
    Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.  
“ It is finish'd ! ” Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 “ It is finish'd.” Oh what pleasure  
    Do the wondrous words afford !  
    Heavenly blessings without measure  
    Flow to us through Christ the Lord.  
“ It is finish'd ! ” Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows  
    Of the ceremonial law,  
    Finish'd what our God had promis'd :  
    Death and hell no more need awe.  
“ It is finish'd ! ” Saints, from hence your comfort  
    draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;  
    Strike them to Immanuel's name :  
    All on earth, and all in heaven,  
    Join the triumph to proclaim,  
“ It is finish'd ! ” Glory to the bleeding Lamb !
- 5 Ye on earth who humbly call Him  
    Your Beloved, and your Friend,  
    Highest raise your grateful voices,—  
    Yours these blessings without end.  
“ It is finish'd ! ” On his grace and power depend.

## HYMN CLI.

Double 7s.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King;  
Glory in the highest heaven,  
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem !"
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd ;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord—  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb !
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity !  
Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,  
Jesus our Immanuel.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace !  
Hail the Sun of righteousness !  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild, He lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die ;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, "Desire of Nations," come,  
Fix in us thy humble home ;  
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head.



- 8 Sing we then, with angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King !  
Glory in the highest heaven !  
Peace on earth, and sins forgiven !

## HYMN CLII.

8s. 7s.

- 1 HAST Thou, holy Lord, Redeemer,  
Left for man this pledge of love,  
Thee to honour, to remember,  
When enthron'd in light above ?
- 2 Didst Thou, pierc'd with keenest anguish,  
Close the great, the gracious plan,  
Guiltless suffer, guiltless languish,  
To deliver guilty man ?
- 3 And shall the redeem'd, ungrateful,  
Hostile to a Saviour's views,  
Sunk in sin and pleasures hateful,  
This thy dearest pledge refuse ?
- 4 Search, O Lord ! and cleanse and save us ;  
Heal us by thy power divine ;  
Burst the bonds that here enslave us,  
That we may be wholly thine.
- 5 Thus may we, secur'd from sadness,  
All with joy and peace believe,  
Feed on Thee with faith and gladness,  
And thy cup of grace receive.

## HYMN CLIII.

C. M.

- 1 HEAL us, Emmanuel ; here we are,  
Waiting thy power to feel ;  
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,  
That Thou their wounds may'st heal.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ;  
We faintly trust thy word ;  
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?  
Be that far from Thee, Lord.
- 3 Remember him who once applied,  
With trembling, for relief ;  
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears, he cried,  
“ Help Thou mine unbelief.”
- 4 She, too, who touch'd Thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answer'd, “ Daughter, go in peace,  
“ Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come  
To touch Thee if we may :  
Oh ! send us not despairing home ;  
Send none unheal'd away.

## HYMN CLIV.

8s. 7s.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,  
“ O my people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes I build for you :  
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
You shall name your walls Salvation,  
And your gates shall all be Praise.

- 2 " There, like streams that feed the garden,  
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;  
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
 All his bounty shall bestow :  
 Still, in undisturb'd possession,  
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
 Never shall you feel oppression,  
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 " Ye, no more your suns descending,  
 Waning moons no more shall see ;  
 But, your griefs for ever ending,  
 Find eternal noon in me :  
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,  
 Change to day the gloom of night ;  
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory ;  
 God, your everlasting light."

## HYMN CLV.

L. M.

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin ;  
 But all, who hope to enter there,  
 Must here that holy course begin,  
 Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God ! in us create,  
 Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;  
 Commence we now that higher state,  
 Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 A life in heaven ! oh what is this ?  
 The sum of all that faith believ'd,  
 Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,  
 Unseen, unfathom'd, unconceiv'd !

- 4 While thrones, dominions, principedoms, pow'rs,  
And saints made perfect, triumph thus ;  
A goodly heritage is ours,  
There is a heaven on earth for us.
- 5 The Church of Christ, the means of grace,  
The Spirit teaching through the word ;  
In *those* our Saviour's steps we trace,  
By *this* his living voice is heard.
- 6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,  
Learn ev'ry lesson of his love ;  
And be from grace to glory led,  
From heaven below to heaven above.

## HYMN CLVI.

L. M.

- 1 HE reigns ! the Lord, the Saviour reigns !  
Praise Him, in loud angelic strains !  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown,  
But grace and truth support his throne ;  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo ! He comes,  
Shakes the wide earth, and rends the tombs ;  
Before Him burns devouring fire,  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day :  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

## HYMN CLVII.

C. M.

- 1 HE who on earth as man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains,  
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,  
The Lord of glory reigns.
- 2 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,  
Wrought out for guilty worms,  
Affords a hiding-place and shield  
From enemies and storms.
- 3 When troubles, like a burning sun,  
Their fainting souls invade,  
To this eternal Rock they run,  
And find a welcome shade.
- 4 How glorious He ! how happy they,  
In their Almighty Friend !  
His love secures them all the way,  
And crowns them at the end.

## HYMN CLVIII.

C. M.

- 1 HELP us, O Lord ! with grateful minds  
To bow before thy throne,  
And, with united thanks to Thee,  
Thy tender mercies own.
- 2 May we, from fear'd destruction sav'd,  
Our Ebenezer raise ;  
And, with our hearts, and lives, and tongues,  
Proclaim thy wondrous praise.
- 3 Hasten the glorious time, foretold  
In thine unerring word,  
When, from the greatest to the least,  
All men shall serve the Lord.

- 4 No more let nations, learning war,  
     In hostile rage appear ;  
 But into ploughshares beat their swords,  
     To pruning-hooks the spear.
- 5 From Satan's long-usurp'd domain  
     A sinful world release ;  
 Then with each other all shall dwell  
     In universal peace.

## HYMN CLIX.

C. M.

- 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
     And join th'angelic throng ;  
 For angels no such love have known  
     To wake their grateful song.
- 2 Good-will to sinful man is shewn,  
     And peace on earth is given ;  
 For, lo ! th'incarnate Saviour comes  
     With light and life from heaven.
- 3 Justice and grace, in sweet accord,  
     His rising beams adorn ;  
 Let heaven and earth in concert sing—  
     “The promis'd Child is born.”
- 4 Oh may we reach those blissful realms,  
     Where Christ exalted reigns ;  
 And learn of the celestial choir  
     Their own immortal strains !

## HYMN CLX.

C. M.

- 1 HOLY and good I own the law,  
     And all its precepts right ;  
 The sinner's soul it fills with awe,  
     The saint's with pure delight.

- 2 Its holiness my soul desires ;  
My failings I bemoan ;  
But the perfection it requires  
I find in Christ alone.
- 3 For this He liv'd, for this He died,  
And took the curse away ;  
And thus the law He magnified,  
And taught us to obey.
- 4 Jesus the holy law fulfill'd,  
To be our righteousness ;  
And we to Him obedience yield,  
Who is our life and peace.
- 5 His bright example shews the way ;  
His grace the power imparts ;  
His love constrains us to obey ;  
His law is in our hearts.

## HYMN CLXI.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the cloud of Nature's night :  
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,  
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.  
Raise us sinners from the pow'r of sin and death.
- 2 Hear, oh ! hear, our supplication,  
Blessed Spirit, God of peace ;  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Great Distributor of grace :  
May we ever feel and own thy heav'nly sway.

- 3 Author of our new creation,  
Bid us all thine influence prove ;  
Make our souls thy habitation,  
Shed abroad the Saviour's love :  
Heav'nly Teacher, guide and bless us all our days.

## HYMN CLXII.

6, 7s.

- 1 HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare  
For the solemn work of pray'r :  
Grant that, when we bend the knee,  
All our thoughts may turn to Thee ;  
And thy presence may be found,  
Breathing peace and joy around.
- 2 Lord, when we approach thy throne,  
Make thy pow'r and glory known ;  
Thus may we be taught to call  
Humbly on the Lord of all,  
And with reverence and fear  
At thy footstool to appear.
- 3 Teach us, as we breathe our woes,  
On thy promise to repose ;  
All thy tender love to trace  
In the Saviour's work of grace ;  
And with confidence depend  
On a gracious God and Friend.

## HYMN CLXIII.

8, 7, 7.

- 1 HOPE in Christ our Lord possessing,  
Let us raise to Him a psalm :  
Glory, honour, pow'r, and blessing,  
Be for ever to the Lamb.  
In the midst of yonder throne,  
Lo ! He stands ; He reigns alone.



- 2 Praise the Lamb ; his love unbounded  
     Is the theme of praise in heav'n :  
 On his death our hopes are founded ;  
     For our sins his life was giv'n :  
 His the sceptre ; his the crown ;  
 His yon bright eternal throne.
- 3 Praise the Lamb ; repeat his praises ;  
     'Tis a theme, ye saints, for you :  
 When our Lord to heav'n shall raise us,  
     There the subject we 'll renew ;  
 And, in yonder glorious place,  
 We shall see the Saviour's face.
- 4 There, with all who liv'd as strangers  
     While on earth, we hope to be ;  
 Free from toil, from fear, from dangers ;  
     Happy through eternity :  
 There we hope to see the Lamb,  
 And for ever praise his Name.

## HYMN CLXIV.

S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet  
     Who stand on Zion's hill ;  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
     And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How blessed are our ears  
     That hear this joyful sound,  
 Which kings and prophets wish'd to hear,  
     And sought, but never found !
- 3 How blessed are our eyes  
     That see this heav'nly light,  
 Which kings and prophets wish'd to see,  
     But died without the sight !

- 4 Make bare thine arm, O Lord !  
Send forth thy truth abroad ;  
Let sinners everywhere behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

## HYMN CLXV.

L. M.

- 1 How bless'd the state of saints above,  
Perfect in righteousness and love ;  
Where all is purity and peace,  
And holy joys which never cease !
- 2 There reigns the Lord whom we adore,  
Glorious in holiness and pow'r ;  
Array'd in majesty so bright,  
No mortal eye could bear the sight.
- 3 Know, O my soul ! that blissful scene  
Can ne'er admit a soul unclean ;  
None but the holy shall appear,  
And see the Lord with comfort there.
- 4 Our Saviour by a heav'nly birth  
Calls us to holiness on earth ;  
Bids us our former follies hate,  
And from the wicked separate.
- 5 We must have holy hearts and hands,  
And feet that go where He commands ;  
A holy will to keep his ways,  
And holy lips to speak his praise.
- 6 Then let our first, our chief pursuit,  
Be holiness in all its fruit :  
Oh ! seek it in the Saviour's grace,  
And thus prepare to see his face.

## HYMN CLXVI.

C. M.

- 1 How bright those glorious spirits shine !  
    Whence all their white array ?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
    Of everlasting day ?
- 2 Lo ! these are they, from suff'rings great,  
    Who came to realms of light ;  
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd  
    Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand  
    Before the throne on high ;  
And serve the God they love amidst  
    The glories of the sky.
- 4 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne  
    Shall o'er them still preside ;  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
    And all their footsteps guide.
- 5 The Saviour still will feed his flock,  
    Where living streams appear ;  
And God, himself, from ev'ry eye  
    Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

## HYMN CLXVII.

L. M.

- 1 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,  
    That Thou should'st man to glory bring ;  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
    And give them an immortal crown ?
- 2 O Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought  
    To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues, to tell  
    Thy love immense, unsearchable.

- 3 First-born of many brethren Thou,  
 To Thee both earth and heav'n must bow ;  
 Help us to Thee our all to give ;  
 Thine may we die, thine may we live !

## HYMN CLXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 How condescending and how kind  
 Was God's eternal Son !  
 Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,  
 And pity brought Him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,  
 That, when the Saviour knew  
 The price of pardon was his blood,  
 His pity ne'er withdrew !
- 3 Now, though He reigns exalted high,  
 His love is still as great ;  
 Well He remembers Calvary,  
 Nor lets his saints forget.
- 4 Here let our hearts begin to melt  
 While we his death record,  
 And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## HYMN CLXIX.

L. M.

- 1 How great the wonders of the cross  
 Where our Redeemer bled and died !  
 Its noblest life our spirit draws  
 From his deep wounds and pierced side.
- 2 Let this world's joys be all forgot ;  
 Its gain be loss in our esteem ;  
 Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
 And faith and hope be fix'd on Him.

## HYMN CLXX.

C. M.

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,  
    To Abraham and his seed !  
    “ I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
    “ Supplying all their need.”
- 2 The words of this extensive love  
    From age to age endure ;  
    The Saviour, coming from above,  
    Seals all the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,  
    To our great fathers given ;  
    He takes young children in his arms,  
    And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !  
    His love endures the same ;  
    Nor from the promise of his grace  
    Blots out the children's name.

## HYMN CLXXI.

L. M.

- 1 How many kindred souls are fled  
    To the vast regions of the dead,  
    Since from this day the changing sun  
    Through his last yearly course has run !
- 2 We yet survive ;—but who can say,  
    Or through this year, or month, or day,  
    I will retain this vital breath,  
    Thus far, at least, in league with death ?
- 3 That breath is thine, eternal God ;  
    ' Tis thine to fix the soul's abode ;  
    It holds its life from Thee alone,  
    On earth, or in the worlds unknown.

- 4 To Thee our spirits we resign ;  
Make them and own them still as thine :  
So shall they rest secure from fear,  
Though death should blight the rising year.

## HYMN CLXXII.

C. M.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is ;  
Our sin, how deep it stains !  
And Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
Sounds from God's sacred word ;  
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 Oh may we hear th' Almighty call,  
And run to this relief ;  
We would believe thy promise, Lord,  
Oh help our unbelief !
- 4 To the bless'd fountain of thy blood,  
Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;  
There may we wash our spotted souls  
From crimes of deepest die.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
Our reigning sins subdue ;  
Chase every idol from my heart,  
And form my will anew.
- 6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,  
Into thy hands we fall ;  
Be Thou our strength and righteousness,  
Our Jesus and our all !

## HYMN CLXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build ;  
My shield, and hiding-place ;  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace !
- 4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,  
My prophet, priest, and king,  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;  
And may the mem'ry of thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

## HYMN CLXXIV.

C. M.

- 1 " I am [saith Christ, our glorious Head,  
May we attention give,]  
The Resurrection of the dead,  
The Life of all that live.

- 2 " By faith in me the soul receives  
New life, though dead before ;  
And he, that in my Name believes,  
Shall live, to die no more."
- 3 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,  
On us assembled here ;  
Put forth thy Spirit, with the word,  
And cause the dead to hear.
- 4 Preserve the power of faith alive  
In those who love thy Name ;  
For sin and Satan daily strive  
To quench the sacred flame.
- 5 Thy power and mercy first prevail'd,  
From death to set us free ;  
And, often since, our life had fail'd,  
If not renew'd by Thee.
- 6 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow ;  
To Thee for help we call ;  
Our Life and Resurrection Thou,  
Our Hope, our Joy, our All !

## HYMN CLXXV.

L. M.

- 1 I fain would love the day of rest,  
Would still esteem this day the best :  
But oft, alas ! I've need to say,  
" How barren is my soul to-day !"
- 2 True, I frequent the house of prayer ;  
I go and sit with others there ;  
I hear, and sing, and seem to pray ;  
But oft my mind is call'd away.



- 3 I fain would see the Saviour near,  
Of Him would think, and speak, and hear ;  
But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,  
And draw my soul from what is good.
- 4 Redeem'd from earth by Jesu's blood,  
I fain would give the day to God :  
But, seldom to my purpose true,  
'Tis mine to plan, but not to do.
- 5 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief :  
Oh bring thy worthless worm relief !  
Revive thy work within my soul,  
And all my thoughts and pow'rs control.

## HYMN CLXXVI.

L. M.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives ;  
Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives !  
He lives, He lives, who once was dead ;  
He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,  
And still He pleads for me above ;  
He lives to raise me from the grave,  
And me eternally to save.
- 3 He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend,  
Who still will keep me to the end ;  
He lives, and, while He lives, I 'll sing,  
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 4 He lives, that He may in me dwell,  
And save me from the pow'r of hell ;  
To comfort me whene'er I faint,  
And soothe my heaviest complaint.

- 5 He lives, my mansion to prepare,  
And He will bring me safely there ;  
He lives, all glory to his Name,  
Jesus, unchangeably the same.

## HYMN CLXXVII.

7s.

- 1 I my Ebenezer raise  
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;  
With a grateful heart I own,  
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot  
Well I know concerns me not :  
This should set my heart at rest,  
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r ;  
Guard me in each trying hour :  
Let thine unremitted care  
Save me from each lurking snare.
- 4 May thy dealings only prove  
Fruits of thy paternal love :  
So I all to Thee resign ;  
Father, let thy will be mine.

## HYMN CLXXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 I sing the almighty pow'r of God,  
That made the mountains rise ;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food ;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 There 's not a plant or flow'r below  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.
- 5 His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He keeps me with his eye ;  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?

## HYMN CLXXIX.

L. M.

- 1 IN sacred fellowship we meet  
To celebrate our Saviour's death :  
His blood we drink, his flesh we eat ;  
His people feed on Him by faith.
- 2 We worship Him who bore the cross ;  
We glory in his death alone :  
The world itself appears but loss  
To those to whom his Name is known.
- 3 The blood He sheds supplies a stream  
That washes all our guilt away ;  
How precious, then, the Lord should seem,  
Whose death we celebrate to-day !
- 4 On earth his dying love shall be  
Our spring of hope, our theme of joy ;  
And, when in heav'n our Lord we see,  
His praise shall all our pow'rs employ.

## HYMN CLXXX.

7s.

- 1 In thy presence we appear ;  
Lord, we love to worship here,  
When, within the veil, we meet  
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou through Christ art reconcil'd ;  
Each in Him is own'd thy child :  
Abba, Father, give us grace  
In thy courts to seek thy face.
- 3 While thy glorious Name is sung,  
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue ;  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Thee, " the Lord our Righteousness."
- 4 While to Thee our pray'rs ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend :  
Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While thy word is heard with awe,  
And we tremble at thy Law,  
Let thy Gospel's wondrous love  
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.
- 6 While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon through thy Name,  
In their voices let us own  
Jesus speaking from the throne.
- 7 From thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn,  
That at ev'ning we may say,  
" We have walk'd with God to-day."

## HYMN CLXXXI.

L. M.

- 1 IN vain men talk of living faith  
When all their works exhibit death,  
When they indulge some sinful view  
In all they say and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,  
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word ;  
Commits his works to God alone,  
And seeks God's will before his own.
- 3 Never did men by faith divine  
To selfishness or sloth incline :  
The Christian works with all his pow'r,  
And grieves that he can work no more.

## HYMN CLXXXII.

C. M.

- 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death—  
The glories that surround the saint  
When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;  
We scarce can say, " he 's gone,"  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Its mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
To trace her heav'nward flight ;  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
They are supremely bless'd ;  
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
And with their Saviour rest.

- 5 On harps of gold his Name they praise,  
     His presence always view ;  
 And, if we *here* their footsteps trace,  
     *There* we shall praise Him too.

## HYMN CLXXXIII.

148th M.

- 1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,  
     Not only had a view  
     Of Sinai in a blaze,  
     But learn'd the Gospel too :  
 The types and figures were a glass,  
 In which they saw a Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,  
     And blood-besprinkled door,  
     Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
     And once applied with power,  
 Would teach the need of other blood  
 To reconcile a holy God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth  
     His perfect innocence,  
     Whose blood of matchless worth  
     Should be the soul's defence ;  
 For he, who can for sin atone,  
 Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head  
     The people's trespass bore,  
     And, to the desert led,  
     Was to be seen no more :  
 In him our Surety seem'd to say,  
 " Behold, I bear your sins away."

- 5      Dipp'd in his fellow's blood,  
           The living bird went free :  
           The type, well understood,  
           Express'd the sinner's plea,—  
     Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,  
     And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.
- 6      Jesus, I love to trace,  
           Throughout the sacred page,  
           The footsteps of thy grace,  
           The same in every age :  
     Oh grant that I may faithful be  
     To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me !

## HYMN CLXXXIV.

8s. 7s.

- 1 ISRAEL's Shepherd, guide me, feed me,  
           Through my pilgrimage below ;  
     And beside the waters lead me,  
           Where thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lest I err, thine aid disdaining,  
           And forsake thy shelt'ring fold,  
     Heedless of thy grace constraining,  
           In the strength of nature bold,—
- 3 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,  
           Meckly kneeling, I implore :  
     Now thy grace hath found me, never  
           Would I wander from Thee more.
- 4 Oh how sweet, how comfortable,  
           In the wilderness to see  
     Rich provisions, and a table  
           Spread for sinners, spread for me

- 5 Here, thy bounty still partaking,  
In these signs of bread and wine,  
Freely all things else forsaking,  
I behold the Saviour mine.
- 6 In his bruised body broken,  
In the shedding of his blood,  
See, my soul, a gracious token,  
Sure and full for ev'ry good.
- 7 To his cross for refuge flying,  
Arm thee for the strife within ;  
There, from thy Redeemer dying,  
Learn the sinfulness of sin.
- 8 Cleans'd, and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,  
By his matchless love and power,  
Hear Him say (no longer harden'd),  
"Go in peace, and sin no more."

## HYMN CLXXXV.

L. M.

- 1 "It is the Lord:" behold his hand,  
Outstretch'd with an afflictive rod ;  
And, hark ! a voice goes through the land—  
"Be still, and know that I am God."
- 2 Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide  
In darkest shades our darker fears ?  
For who his coming may abide ?  
Or who shall stand when He appears ?
- 3 No, let us throng around his seat ;  
No, let us meet Him face to face ;  
Prostrate our spirits at his feet,  
Confess our sins, and sue for grace.



- 4 Who knows but God will hear our cries,  
Turn swift destruction from our path,  
Restrain his judgments, or chastise  
In tender mercy, not in wrath ?
- 5 He will, He will ; for Jesus pleads ;  
Let heaven and earth such love record ;  
For us, for us, He intercedes ;  
Our help is nigh—"It is the Lord."

## HYMN CLXXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 "It is the Lord," my covenant God—  
Thrice blessed be his Name !—  
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,  
Must ever be the same.
- 2 "It is the Lord ;" shall I distrust  
Or contradict his will,  
Who cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still ?
- 3 "It is the Lord," who gives me all  
My wealth, my friends, my ease ;  
And of his bounty may recal  
Whatever part He please.
- 4 "It is the Lord," who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load,  
From whom assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 "It is the Lord," whose matchless skill  
Can from afflictions raise  
Blessings, eternity to fill  
With ever-glowing praise.

- 6 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,  
Be sullen, or repine ?  
No, gracious Lord ; take what Thou wilt ;  
To Thee I all resign.
- 7 Let not my will but thine be done,  
For all that will is love ;  
Thy purposes, though here unknown,  
Shall be reveal'd above.

## HYMN CLXXXVII.

C. M.

- 1 I 'VE found the pearl of greatest price,  
My heart doth sing for joy ;  
And sing I must, a Christ I have,  
All gold without alloy.
- 2 Christ is a prophet, priest, and king—  
A prophet full of light ;  
A priest who stands 'twixt God and me ;  
A king who rules with might.
- 3 This Christ he is the Lord of lords ;  
He is the King of kings ;  
He is the Sun of righteousness,  
With healing in his wings.
- 4 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,  
My med'cine and my health,  
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,  
My glory, and my wealth.
- 5 Christ is my Saviour and my friend ;  
My brother, yet my Lord ;  
My head, my hope, my counsellor,  
My advocate with God.

- 6 My Saviour is the Heaven of heaven,  
 And what shall I him call ?  
 My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
 My Christ is all in all.

## HYMN CLXXXVIII.

7s.

- 1 I will praise Thee ev'ry day  
 Now thine anger's turn'd away ;  
 Comfortable thoughts arise  
 From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Jesus is become at length  
 My salvation and my strength ;  
 And his praises shall prolong,  
 While I live, my pleasant song,
- 3 Priase ye then his glorious Name,  
 Publish his exalted fame ;  
 Still his worth your praise exceeds,  
 Excellent are all his deeds.
- 4 Raise again the joyful sound,  
 Let the nations roll it round ;  
 Zion, shout, for this is He,  
 God the Saviour dwells in Thee.

## HYMN CLXXXIX.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man asham'd of Thee ?  
 Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus, that dear Friend  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
 No ; when I blush, be this my shame—  
 That I no more revere his Name.

- 3 Asham'd of Jesus!—Yes I may  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
 And oh may this my glory be,  
 That Saviour's not ashamed of me!

## HYMN CXI.

7s.

*Hal.*

- 1 JESUS Christ is ris'n to-day,  
 Our triumphant holy day:  
 He endur'd the cross and grave,  
 Sinners to redeem and save.
- 2 Lo! He rises, mighty King;  
 Where, O Death! is now thy sting?  
 Lo! He claims his native sky;  
 Grave, where is thy victory?
- 3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,  
 Peace with God for ever made:  
 With your risen Saviour rise;  
 Claim with Him the purchas'd skies.
- 4 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,  
 Our triumphant holy day:  
 Loud the song of vict'ry raise;  
 Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

## HYMN CXCI.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, exalted far on high,  
 To whom a name is given—  
 A name surpassing every name  
 That's known in earth and heaven;—

- 2 Jesus, who, in the form of God,  
Didst equal honour claim ;  
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,  
Didst stoop to death and shame ;—
- 3 Oh ! may that mind in us be form'd  
Which shone so bright in Thee—  
A humble, meek, and lowly mind,  
From pride and envy free.
- 4 May we to others stoop, and learn  
To emulate thy love ;  
So shall we bear thine image here,  
And share thy throne above.

## HYMN CXCI.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy saving Name,  
'Tis music to mine ear,  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust ;  
Jewels to Thee are vanity,  
And gold but sordid dust.
- 3 All that my largest thoughts can wish  
In Thee doth richly meet ;  
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy Name  
With my last lab'ring breath ;  
And, dying, glory in thy love,  
The antidote of death.

## HYMN CXCIIL.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, immortal King, arise !  
Assume, assert, thy sway ;  
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,  
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqu'ror, ride,  
Till all my foes submit ;  
And all the powers of hell resign  
Their trophies at thy feet.
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly  
This spacious earth around ;  
Till ev'ry soul beneath the sun  
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 Oh may the great Redeemer's name  
Through ev'ry clime be known !  
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,  
And Jesus reign alone.
- 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
May Jesus be ador'd ;  
And earth, with all her millions, shout  
Hosannas to the Lord.

## HYMN CXCIIV.

S. M.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardon'd sinners meet, and hold  
Communion with their Lord.

- 2 Here we survey that love  
Which spoke in ev'ry breath,  
Which crown'd each action of his life,  
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Here let our powers unite  
His glorious Name to raise :  
And holy joy fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.

## HYMN CXCV.

7s.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee:  
Let us in thy Name agree ;  
Each to each unite, endear ;  
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;  
Lowly, both in thought and word ;  
Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear ;  
To thy Church the pattern give,  
Shew how true believers live.
- 4 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us still in God abide :  
May our daily life express  
Constant love and holiness.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above :  
On the wings of angels fly ;  
Shew how true believers die.

## HYMN CXCVI.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, my highest good,  
Who hast redeem'd me with thy blood,  
When confidence in Thee I place,  
My soul is fill'd with joy and peace.
- 2 Where should I turn, or how Thee leave ?  
Jesus, to Thee my mind doth cleave ;  
With Thee my heart hath always found  
True counsel, comfort, help, abound.
- 3 All who possess true faith and love,  
This daily, by experience, prove,—  
That they, who simply put their trust  
In Jesus Christ, can ne'er be lost.
- 4 None can be so o'erwhelm'd with grief,  
But he, in Christ, may find relief ;  
All misery, however great,  
His comforts can alleviate.
- 5 O Lord, preserve me sound in faith ;  
Thine let me be in life and death :  
May nothing pluck me from thy hand ;  
Lead me in safety to the end.

## HYMN CXCVII.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, with Him in view.



- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief and burden long have been  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbl'd but the more ;  
Till Jesus did his grace display,  
Himself revealing as "the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and Thou, bless'd Lamb,  
Dost take me guilty as I am :  
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 And henceforth I'll to sinners round  
Proclaim the Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God !"

## HYMN CXCVIII. Double s. m.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care ;  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hear'st my pray'r :  
Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do—  
On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill :  
A soul inur'd to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Bold to take up, firm to maintain,  
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly :  
A spirit still prepar'd,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto pray'r.
- 4 I rest upon thy word,  
Thy promise is for me ;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee.  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my waiting soul shalt guide  
Unto thy perfect love.

## HYMN CXCI.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace !  
Thy bounties how complete !  
Ne'er shall we count the matchless sum ;  
Ne'er pay the mighty debt.

- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost Thou exalted shine ;  
What can our poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But Thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace ;  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them Thou may'st be cloth'd, and fed,  
And visited, and cheer'd ;  
And in their accents of distress  
The Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,  
We in thy poor would see ;  
And by true charity would prove  
That we are own'd of Thee.

## HYMN CC.

Double 7s.

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,  
Till the storm of life be pass'd ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;  
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find :  
Raise the fall'n, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy Name ;  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
Vile and full of sin I am ;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

## HYMN CCI.

7s.

- 1 JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,  
Pow'rful is thine arm to keep  
All thy flocks with safest care,  
Fed in pastures large and fair.
- 2 Thee their Guide and Guard they own ;  
Thee they love, and Thee alone ;  
Thee they follow day by day,  
Fearful lest their feet should stray.

- 3 Lord, thy helpless sheep behold ;  
Gather all into thy fold ;  
Gently lead the wand'ers home ;  
Watch them, lest again they roam.
- 4 Bring thy sheep, now far astray,  
Lost in Satan's evil way ;  
Then (the fold and Shepherd one)  
We shall praise Thee round the throne.

## HYMN CCII.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Thy "little flock" in safety keep—  
The flock for which Thou cam'st from heav'n ;  
The flock for which thy life was giv'n.
- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from Thee,  
Secure, as if from danger free ;  
Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,  
And bring them to "a wealthy place."
- 3 Oh ! guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,  
And keep them, that they never stray :  
Cherish the young, sustain the old ;  
Let none be feeble in thy fold.
- 4 Secure them from the scorching beam,  
And lead them to the living stream ;  
In verdant pastures let them lie,  
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
- 5 Oh ! may the sheep discern thy voice,  
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;  
From strangers may they ever flee,  
And know no other guide but Thee.

- 6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,  
And let the number be complete ;  
Then let thy flock from earth remove,  
And occupy the fold above.

## HYMN CCIII.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To take my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;  
For who aught to my charge shall lay,  
While through thy blood absolv'd I am  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim—  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin'd Nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue ;  
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 Oh let the dead now hear thy voice !  
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice ;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

## HYMN CCIV.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, we lift our souls to Thee ;  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,  
And let these little infants be  
Baptiz'd into thy death.
- 2 Oh let thine unction on them rest ;  
Thy grace their souls renew ;  
And write within their tender breast  
Thy Name and nature too.
- 3 Lord, if Thou lengthen out their race,  
Continue still thy care ;  
And, shouldst Thou quickly end their days,  
Their place with Thee prepare.
- 4 Thy faithful servants let them prove,  
Begirt with truth divine ;  
And sharers in thy dying love,  
And followers of thine.
- 5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,  
That we thy life may prove ;  
Partakers of thy cross beneath,  
And of thy crown above.

## HYMN CCV.

7s.

- 1 JESUS, we thy promise claim ;  
We are gather'd in thy Name ;  
In the midst do 'Thou appear,  
Manifest thy presence here.
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;  
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace ;  
Come, and dwell within each heart ;  
Light, and life, and joy, impart.

- 3 Make us all in Thee complete ;  
Make us all for glory meet ;  
Meet t' appear before thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light.

## HYMN CCVI.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,  
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground :  
2 For Thou, within no walls confin'd,  
Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And, going, take Thee to their home.  
3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The glories of thy saving Name.  
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.  
5 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;  
Oh ! rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make the sinner's heart thine own.

## HYMN CCVII.

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end ?  
Thy joys when shall I see ?



- 2 When shall these eyes thy glorious walls,  
And gates of pearl, behold ;  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of purest gold ?
- 3 Oh ! when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths never end ?
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,  
Or feel at death dismay ?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein,  
In glorious majesty ;  
And Him, through ev'ry stormy scene,  
I onward press to see.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And all I love in Christ below  
Shall join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee ;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When once thy joys I see.

## HYMN CCVIII.—PART 1. 148th M.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That ever angels bore—  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

- 2      But, oh ! what gentle terms,  
            What condescending ways,  
            Doth our Redeemer use,  
            To teach his heavenly grace !  
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love He bears for me.
- 3      Array'd in mortal flesh,  
            The Cov'nant Angel stands,  
            And holds the promises  
            And pardons in his hands ;  
Commission'd from his Father's throne  
To make his grace to mortals known.
- 4      Great Prophet of my God,  
            My tongue would bless thy Name ;  
            By Thee the joyful news  
            Of our salvation came—  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

## PART 2.

- 1      BE Thou my Counsellor,  
            My Pattern, and my Guide ;  
            And through this desert land  
            Still keep me near thy side :  
Oh let my feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way !
- 2      I love my Shepherd's voice ;  
            His watchful eyes shall keep  
            My wandering soul among  
            The thousands of his sheep :  
He feeds his flock, He calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

- 3     To this dear Surety's hand  
        Will I commit my cause ;  
        He answers and fulfils  
        His Father's broken laws :  
        Behold my soul at freedom set !  
        My Surety paid the dreadful debt.
- 4     Jesus, my great High Priest,  
        Offer'd his blood and died ;  
        My guilty conscience seeks  
        No sacrifice beside :  
        His powerful blood did once atone,  
        And now it pleads before the Throne.

## PART 3.

- 1     MY Advocate appears  
        For my defence on high ;  
        His plea the Father hears,  
        And lays his thunder by :  
        Not all that Death or Hell can say  
        Shall turn his heart, his love, away.
- 2     Divine, Almighty Lord,  
        My Conq'ror and my King,  
        Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
        Thy reigning grace, I sing :  
        Thine is the power : behold, I sit  
        In willing bonds beneath thy feet !
- 3     Should all the hosts of death,  
        And powers of hell unknown,  
        Put their most dreadful forms  
        Of rage and mischief on,  
        I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
        Superior power and guardian grace.

- 4      Now let my soul arise,  
            And tread the tempter down ;  
            My Captain leads me forth  
            To conquest and a crown :  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

## HYMN CCIX.

C. M.

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow  
    In nature's barren soil ;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
    Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
    And made his glories known,  
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace  
    Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
    A sense of pard'ning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
    Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,—  
    To know that God is mine,—  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
    Unspeakable, divine.
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy  
    And sanctify the mind,  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
    And leave the world behind.

## HYMN CCX.—PART 1.

8s. 7s.

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before Thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy cross :  
That alone be all our glory ;  
All things else we count but loss.
- 2 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
Only source of all that's good :  
Every grace and every favour  
Comes to us through Jesu's blood.
- 3 Jesus gives us true repentance,  
By his Spirit sent from heaven ;  
He pronounces the sweet sentence,  
" Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
- 4 Faith He gives us, to believe it ;  
Grateful hearts, his love to prize ;  
Want we wisdom ? He will give it—  
Hearing ears and seeing eyes.

## PART 2.

- 1 JESUS gives us pure affections,  
Wills to do what He requires,  
Makes us follow his directions,  
And what He commands inspires.
- 2 All our prayers and all our praises,  
Humbly offer'd in his Name—  
He that dictates them is Jesus ;  
He that answers is the same.
- 3 When we live on Jesu's merit,  
Then we worship God aright ;  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Then we savingly unite.

- 4 Every grace and every favour,  
Great or good whate'er we call,  
Have we only in the Saviour—  
Jesus Christ is all in all.

## HYMN CCXI.

7s.

- 1 LAMB of God, who Thee receive,  
And in Thee begin to live,  
Day and night will cry to Thee,  
“As Thou art, so let us be.”
- 2 Fix, oh ! fix each wav'ring mind ;  
To thy sway our spirits bind ;  
Earthly passions far remove ;  
Fill our hearts with fervent love.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of guilt and misery,  
Thine we are, thou Son of God,—  
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 May we in thy Name believe,  
Of thy fulness now receive,  
Die to sin and live to Thee ;  
Then we shall indeed be free.
- 5 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending man,  
Endless praise to Thee be given,  
By thy saints, in earth and heaven.

## HYMN CCXII.

P. M.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose dying love  
Thus thy saints recal to mind,  
Hear us, bless us from above ;  
Let us all thy mercy find :

Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
Ev'ry sinner's pardon seal;  
All in Thee be justified;  
Every soul thy comfort feel!

- 2 By thine agony of pain,  
By thy precious blood, we pray,  
Cleanse our hearts from ev'ry stain,  
Take our load of guilt away:  
Burst our bonds, and set us free;  
Bid our fear and sorrow cease;  
Oh, remember Calvary!  
Saviour! bid us go in peace.

## HYMN CCXIII.

L. M.

- 1 LED by a Father's gentle hand  
Through this dark wilderness of woe,  
We long to reach that peaceful land  
Where streams of lasting comfort flow.
- 2 Oh! may our meetings here be bless'd,  
To fit us for that holy place;  
May faith and love inflame each breast  
With zeal to run the heavenly race!
- 3 Here may the Spirit shed the light  
Of truth, to guide us in our way,  
God's word upon our conscience write,  
And teach us how to watch and pray!
- 4 We would dismiss each worldly thought,  
When thus we commune with our God;  
Our theme shall be the love that brought  
A Saviour from his bless'd abode.

- 5 We'll think how Jesus liv'd and died,  
 The pains and sorrows that He bore,  
 The blessing which his love supplied,  
 The home to which He's gone before.
- 6 There we will hope to rest ere long,  
 And gladly change, before his throne,  
 The pilgrim's for the conq'ror's song,  
 Sav'd by redeeming grace alone.

## HYMN CCXIV.

C. M.

- 1 LET Christians all, with one accord,  
 Their loud Hosannas sing  
 To Him who on this day was born,  
 Their Saviour and their King.
- 2 In lowest state, the Lord of heav'n  
 His pilgrimage began—  
 Fit lesson of humility  
 To his proud creature, man.
- 3 Behold the Child, the holy Child,  
 Born to atone for sin;  
 And let each ransom'd sinner's song  
 In gratitude begin.
- 4 Glory to God on high, on earth  
 Peace and good-will to men;  
 And let the angels round the Throne  
 Join in a loud Amen!

## HYMN CCXV.

S. M.

- 1 LET hearts and tongues unite,  
 And loud thanksgivings raise;  
 'Tis duty mingled with delight  
 To sing the Saviour's praise.



- 2 Now through another year,  
 Supported by his care,  
 We raise our Ebenezer here—  
 “The Lord hath help’d thus far.”
- 3 Our state in future years  
 Since we cannot foresee,  
 He kindly, to prevent our fears,  
 Says, “Leave it all to me.”
- 4 Oh! may we all then cast  
 Our care upon the Lord,  
 Praise Him for all his mercies past,  
 And trust his promis’d word.

## HYMN CCXVI.

148th M.

- 1 LET heaven and earth unite,  
 Angels and men be join’d,  
 To celebrate with us  
 The Saviour of mankind,—  
 To fall before th’ atoning Lamb,  
 And praise the blessed Jesus’ name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound!  
 The joy of earth and heaven;  
 No other help is found,  
 No other Name is given,  
 By which we can salvation have:  
 But Thou didst come the world to save.
- 3 Thy Name the sinner hears,  
 And is from sin set free;  
 ’Tis music in his ears,  
 ’Tis life and victory:  
 New songs of praise his lips employ,  
 And leaps his heart with holy joy.

- 4      Oh, unexampled love !  
           Oh, rich redeeming grace !  
       How swiftly didst Thou move  
           To save a fallen race !  
       How shall we make the tidings known  
       Of what thy love, thy grace, has done ?
- 5      Oh for a trumpet's voice,  
           On the whole world to call,  
       To bid their hearts rejoice  
           In Him who "died for all !"  
       Let each the joyful news proclaim,  
       Till ev'ry sinner hears his Name.

## HYMN CCXVII.

8. 7. 7.

- 1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,  
       Let us praise the Saviour's Name ;  
       He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder ;  
       He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame ;  
       He has wash'd us with his blood ;  
       He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us ;  
       Pitied us when enemies ;  
       Call'd us by his grace, and taught us ;  
       Gave us ears, and gave us eyes.  
       He has wash'd us with his blood ;  
       He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation  
       Threaten hard to bear us down ;  
       For the Lord, our strong salvation,  
       Holds in view the conq'ror's crown :  
       He that wash'd us with his blood  
       Soon will bring us home to God.

- 4 Let us wonder ! Grace and justice  
Join, and point to mercy's store :  
When, through grace, in Christ our trust is,  
Justice smiles, and asks no more ;  
He that wash'd us with his blood  
Has secur'd our way to God.

## HYMN CCXVIII.

7s.

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,  
Fill'd the new-made world with light :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living He doth feed ;  
His full hand supplies their need :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless,  
In the wasteful wilderness :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Look'd upon our misery :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

## HYMN CCXIX.

C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give ;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands ;  
It occupies the Saviour's heart,  
It fills angelic minds.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego—  
For souls, which must for ever live  
In happiness or woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus whom they preach  
Their own Redeemer see ;  
And watch Thou daily for their souls,  
That they may watch for Thee.

## HYMN CCXX.

L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to win the great reward ;  
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour which God has given,  
To flee from hell and seek for heaven ;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.

- 3 Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground ;  
My soul, in strength divine pursue  
The prize thy Lord holds out to view.

## HYMN CCXXI. Double 8s. 7s.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come, and, all thy love revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath :  
The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise ;  
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,  
Pouring day upon our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;  
Life and joy thy beams impart ;  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every meek and contrite heart.  
Come, and manifest the favour  
Thou hast for thy ransom'd race ;  
Come, thou kind and tender Saviour,  
Manifest thy gospel grace.
- 3 Help us, in thy great compassion,  
O thou Prince of peace and love ;  
Shew us all thy great salvation,  
Raise our hearts to things above !  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Ev'ry burden'd soul release ;  
By the influence of thy Spirit,  
Guide us into perfect peace.

## HYMN CCXXII.

8. 7. 4.

1 Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;  
Thousand thousand saints, attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train :  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty :  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth, shall flee away ;  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;  
Come to judgment—come to judgment—come  
away.

4 Now redemption, long expected,  
See, in solemn pomp, appear !  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air :  
Hallelujah ! See the day of God appear !

5 Yea, Amen ; let all adore Thee,  
High on thine eternal throne :  
Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
Claim the kingdom for thine own.  
Oh ! come quickly ; Hallelujah ! Come, Lord,  
come !

## HYMN CCXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 Lo ! Israel's gracious Shepherd stands,  
With all-engaging charms :  
Behold, He calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them to his arms.
- 2 " Permit them to approach," He cries,  
" Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of glory came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,  
And yield them up to Thee ;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.

## HYMN CCXXIV.

L. M.

- 1 Lo ! round the throne, at God's right hand,  
The saints, in countless myriads, stand ;  
Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,  
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came ;  
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame :  
From all their labours now they rest,  
In God's eternal glory bless'd.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;  
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore :  
The tears are wip'd from every eye,  
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of his grace :  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
To Him their loud hosannas raise—

- 5 “ Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign :  
Thou hast redeem’d us by thy blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God ! ”

## HYMN CCXXV.

L. M.

- 1 Look down, O Lord ! and on our youth  
Bestow thy gifts of heavenly grace ;  
And let the seed of sacred truth  
Find in each mind a fruitful place.
- 2 Soon to appear before thy sight,  
Their vow and promise to renew,  
Prepare them for the solemn rite,  
Bid each his heart and life review.
- 3 The cross, that mark’d their infant brow,  
May it a faithful emblem prove,  
That they shall keep that sacred vow,  
And walk as children of thy love.
- 4 Lord ! teach them to remember Thee,  
Their great Creator, from their youth ;  
Advancing to maturity,  
In years, in knowledge, grace, and truth.
- 5 Now, in the strength of pow’r divine,  
Oh may they all, with glad accord,  
In holy covenant combine,  
And join themselves to Christ, the Lord !
- 6 Thy sons and daughters may they be,  
Confirm’d and strengthen’d by thy grace ;  
And, safe through life preserv’d by Thee,  
In heaven behold Thee face to face.



## HYMN CCXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, at thy table we behold  
The wonders of thy grace ;  
How great the love, that even we  
Should find a welcome place !
- 2 What strange surprising grace is this,  
That those so lost have room !  
Jesus our weary souls invites,  
And freely bids us come.
- 3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
Join all your praising powers ;  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.

## HYMN CCXXVII.

P. M.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Bread of life in Thee possessing,  
Let our faith and love increase.  
Oh refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For the gospel's joyful sound :  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound :  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal given  
Calls us from the earth away,  
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

## HYMN CCXXXVIII. Double s. m.

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all thy power :  
We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,—  
The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind ;  
One soul, one feeling breathe :  
The young, the old, inspire  
With wisdom from above ;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,  
To pray, and praise, and live.
- 3 Spirit of light ! explore,  
And chase our gloom away ;  
With lustre, shining more and more,  
Unto the perfect day :  
Spirit of truth, be Thou  
In life and death our guide ;  
O Spirit of adoption ! now  
May we be sanctified.

## HYMN CCXXIX.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, grant a principle within  
Of jealous godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.

- 2 Grant me the first approach to feel  
 Of pride, or vain desire ;  
 To catch the wand'ring of my will,  
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From Thee, that I no more depart,  
 No more thy goodness grieve,  
 The filial awe, the contrite heart,  
 The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God ! my conscience make ;  
 Waken my soul, when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray,  
 That moment, Lord, reprove ;  
 Restore me to thy narrow way,  
 Uphold me with thy love.

## HYMN CCXXX.

8. 8. 6.

- 1 LORD, I have sinn'd ! the whole I own ;  
 Nor can a thousand deaths atone  
 For one—the lightest sin ;  
 But the dear blood which Thou hast spilt  
 Avails to wash out all my guilt,  
 And make me clean within.
- 2 For in thy word I hear Thee say,  
 “ I've freely put thy sin away ;  
 Myself the burden bore,  
 When bleeding on the cross I died : —  
 Come, view my wounded hands and side !  
 Now go, and sin no more.”

- 3 Amazing grace ! unequall'd love !  
 Unheard, unknown in realms above,  
 Nor ever hop'd in hell.  
 Oh for a seraph's tongue of fire,  
 For Jubal's hand and David's lyre,  
 The wondrous tale to tell !

## HYMN CCXXXI.

7s.

- 1 LORD, if Thou thy grace impart,  
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
 I shall as my Master be,  
 "Clothed with humility."
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
 Chang'd into a little child ;  
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,  
 Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee,  
 Every evil let me flee ;  
 Nothing seek but things above,  
 Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 Oh that all may seek and find  
 Every good in Jesus join'd !  
 Him let Israel still adore ;  
 Trust Him, praise Him, evermore.

## HYMN CCXXXII.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, look on all assembled here,  
 Who in thy presence stand,  
 To offer up united prayer  
 For this our sinful land.

- 2 Great God, be thy deliv'rance seen;  
    Guide those who rule the helm;  
Support the state, preserve the queen,  
    And spare the guilty realm.
- 3 But should the dread decree be pass'd,  
    And we must feel thy rod,  
May steadfast faith still hold us fast  
    To our offended God.
- 4 Whatever be our destin'd case,  
    Accept us in thy Son;  
Give us thy gospel and thy grace,  
    And then thy will be done.

## HYMN CCXXXIII.

8. 7.

- 1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,  
    Hear us from thy bright abode,  
While our hearts, with deep devotion,  
    Own their great and gracious God:  
Now with joy we come before Thee,  
    Seek thy face—thy mercies sing:  
Lord of life, and light, and glory,  
    Guard thy Church, and guide our queen.
- 2 Health and ev'ry needful blessing  
    Are thy bounteous gifts alone;  
Comforts undeserv'd possessing,  
    Here we bend before thy throne:  
Young and old do now before Thee  
    Their united tribute bring;  
Lord of life, and light, and glory,  
    Shield our isle, and save our queen.

- 3 Thee, with humble adoration,  
     Lord, we praise, for mercies past ;  
 Still to this most favour'd nation  
     May those mercies ever last :  
 Britons, then, shall still before Thee  
     Songs of ceaseless praises sing ;  
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,  
     Bless thy people—bless our queen.

## HYMN CCXXXIV.

7s.

- 1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise  
     Here a house of prayer and praise ;  
 Thou thy people's hearts prepare  
     Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed  
     With thy word—the heavenly bread ;  
 Here, in hope of glory bless'd,  
     May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,  
     While the sea shall gird the land ;  
 Here reveal thy mercy sure,  
     While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah ! earth and sky,  
     To the joyful sound reply,  
 Hallelujah : hence ascend  
     Prayer and praise, till time shall end.

## HYMN CCXXXV.

L. M.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,  
     In this thy house, on this thy day ;  
 Accept, as grateful sacrifice,  
     The songs which from thy temple rise.

- 2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy Name  
Whose mercies flow each day the same,  
Whose kind compassions never cease,  
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 3 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
Oh that we might that rest attain  
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !
- 4 In thy bless'd kingdom we shall be  
From ev'ry mortal trouble free ;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues,—
- 5 No rude alarm of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 6 Oh ! long-expected day, begin ;  
Dawn on this world of woe and sin :  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

## HYMN CCXXXVI.

L. M.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, 'tis thy day :  
Now, at its close, thy grace display ;  
Assembled in thy sacred Name,  
Lo ! two or three thy promise claim.
- 2 Thanks for thy house of prayer, O Lord !  
Thanks for thy day, and for thy word ;  
For all the means which Thou hast given  
Of knowing Thee, and gaining heaven.

- 3 The sabbath ended, now we seek  
Thy blessing on us through the week ;  
Let all its days with Thee begin,  
That each may prove a rest from sin.
- 4 Lord of the sabbath, 'tis thy day:  
Let sinners feel and own thy sway ;  
The banner of the cross unfurl'd,  
Spread Thou thine empire through the world.

## HYMN CCXXXVII.

L. M.

- 1 LORD, shed a beam of heavenly day,  
Remove all unbelief away ;  
And thaw, with rays of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,  
The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;  
Of feeling all things shew some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt  
Might cause the very stones to melt ;  
But I can read each wondrous line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too, unmov'd, I hear  
(Amazing thought !), which devils fear ;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To change this harden'd heart of mine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit ! mighty God,  
Do Thou apply the Saviour's blood !  
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,  
Can move and melt this heart of stone.



## HYMN CCXXXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults ;  
How great our guilt has been !  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, oh my soul ! for ever praise,  
For ever love His Name  
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways  
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done,  
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace  
Abounding through the Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin ;  
'Tis by the water, and the blood,  
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of His death  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew ;  
And, justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

## HYMN CCXXXIX.

8s. 7s.

- 1 LORD, what blessed consolation  
Do thy promises supply !  
In the season of temptation  
Is not thy assistance nigh ?

- 2 Art Thou not a strong Defender  
Of thy Church from all her foes ?  
Shall the citadel surrender,  
Though assail'd by rudest blows ?
- 3 No ! the Rock on which she's founded  
Stands immovably secure :  
Though by enemies surrounded,  
She shall flourish and endure.
- 4 Vain are all their boasted numbers,  
Marshall'd forth in stern array ;  
For thine eye, that never slumbers,  
Keepeth her by night and day.
- 5 Lord, our resolution's taken ;  
Let us share the lot of those  
Who, though by the world forsaken,  
On thy constant love repose.
- 6 May thy Spirit safely guide us  
Through the dangers of our road,  
And in happier realms provide us  
With a peaceable abode.

## HYMN CCXL.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, when our off'rings we present  
Before thy gracious throne,  
We but return what Thou hast lent,  
And give Thee of thine own.
- 2 Ourselves, our all, to Thee we owe ;  
To us Thou'rt ever kind ;  
And, while we of thy gifts bestow,  
Give Thou the willing mind.

- 3 The power and willingness to give  
Alike proceed from Thee ;  
Debtors we are, and, while we live,  
Debtors shall ever be.
- 4 O Lord ! our contributions bless,  
For their appointed end,  
And crown with happiest success  
The Cause that we befriend.

## HYMN CCXLI.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our fallen spirits pitying see,  
True penitence impart ;  
And let a healing ray from Thee  
Beam hope upon our heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful songs to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And rise to Thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign ;  
And not a thought our bosoms share  
Which is not wholly thine.
- 5 Let faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

## HYMN CCXLII. Double Ss. 7s.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown :  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love Thou art ;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter ev'ry waiting heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh ! breathe, thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast ;  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find thy promis'd rest :  
Take away the love of sinning ;  
Alpha and Omega be ;  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our souls at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive ;  
Suddenly return—and never,  
Never more thy temple leave :  
Thee may we be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as thy hosts above,  
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation ;  
Pure, unspotted may we be ;  
Let us see our full salvation  
Perfectly secur'd in Thee :  
Chang'd from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place ;  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## HYMN CCXLIII.

L. M.

- 1 MAY He by whose kind care we meet  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 2 If unto us by grace 'tis given  
To know the Saviour's precious Name,  
Our souls ere long shall meet in heaven ;  
Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 Oh ! may we then, for his Name's sake,  
Out of his fulness all receive ;  
And in communion now partake  
The joys which only He can give.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians meet together thus ;  
Fix'd be our thoughts and hearts on Him  
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 O Father ! one with Christ thy Son,  
As Thon in Him, and He in Thee,  
So, by thy Spirit, make us one,  
In time and in eternity.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,  
And hasten to the glorious day  
When we shall meet to part no more.

## HYMN CCXLIV.

8s. 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys this earth cannot afford.

## HYMN CCXLV.

P. M.

- 1 MAY the power that brings salvation,  
Now exerted in the word,  
By its quick'ning operation,  
Life impart and joy afford !  
Life to sinners :  
Joy to those who know the Lord !
- 2 Hark ! the voice of love proclaiming  
Mercy through a Saviour's blood !  
Vain the schemes of human framing ;  
This alone is own'd of God.  
'Tis the gospel  
Points to heav'n, and shews the road.

## HYMN CCXLVI.

8s. 7s.

MAY we share the Saviour's blessing,  
And the Father's mercy prove ;  
Let the Spirit be possessing  
Ev'ry heart, in peace and love.  
May we live, O God ! before Thee,  
In true fellowship combin'd :  
May we love Thee, and adore Thee,  
Heart and body, soul and mind.

## HYMN CCXLVII.

7s.

- 1 MEET and right it is to sing  
Glory to our God and King ;  
Meet in ev'ry time and place  
To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye saints, the song around ;  
Angels, help the solemn sound ;  
Publish through the world abroad  
Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to Thee we give ;  
Gracious, Thou our thanks receive ;  
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,  
Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd.

## HYMN CCXLVIII.

C. M.

- 1 MY blessed Saviour, is thy love  
So great, so full, so free ?  
Behold I give my love, my heart,  
My life, my all, to Thee.
- 2 I love Thee for the glorious worth  
Which in thyself I see ;  
I love Thee for that shameful cross  
Thou hast endur'd for me.
- 3 Though in the very form of God,  
With heavenly glory crown'd,  
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh  
Beset with troubles round.
- 4 Thou wouldst like wretched man be made  
In ev'ry thing but sin,  
That we as like Thee might become  
As we unlike had been—

- 5 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,  
In ev'ry beauteous grace ;  
From glory thus to glory chang'd,  
As we behold thy face.
- 6 O Lord ! I'll treasure in my soul  
The mem'ry of thy love,  
And thy dear Name shall still to me  
A grateful odour prove.

## HYMN CCXLIX.

C. M.

- 1 MY God, who makes the sun to know  
His proper hour to rise ;  
And, to give light to all below,  
Doth send him round the skies :
- 2 When, from the chambers of the east,  
His morning race begins,  
He never tires, nor stops to rest,  
But round the world he shines :
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
The business of the day ;  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace ;  
Nor let my soul complain,  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.

## HYMN CCL.

L. M.

- 1 MY God, I now from sleep awake :  
The sole possession of me take ;  
From midnight terrors me secure,  
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.



- 2 Bless'd angels, while we silent lie,  
You hallelujahs sing on high ;  
You joyful hymn the Ever Bless'd  
Before the throne, and never rest.
- 3 My soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in thy arms I will entrust :  
Oh ! make me thy peculiar care,  
Some mansion for my soul prepare.
- 4 Oh ! may I always ready stand,  
With my lamp burning in my hand ;  
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,  
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

## PART 2.

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, in light array'd,  
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made :  
A boundless ocean of bright beams  
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 2 Bless'd Jesus, Thou, on heaven intent,  
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;  
But I, frail creature, soon am tir'd,  
And all my zeal is soon expir'd.
- 3 Shine on me, Lord ; new life impart ;  
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :  
One ray of thy all-quick'ning light  
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.
- 4 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,  
Watch over thy own sacrifice ;  
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,  
And make my very dreams devout.

## HYMN CCLI.

L. M.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and Thee ;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
One sov'reign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity be gone ;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My Saviour and my heaven I find.

## HYMN CCLII.

C. M.

- 1 MY God, the covenant of thy love  
Abides for ever sure ;  
And, in its matchless grace, I feel  
My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with Thee  
As thy command require ;  
That Covenant is all my hope,  
Salvation, and desire.
- 3 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,  
For all that will is love ;  
And, when I know not what Thou dost,  
I wait the light above :

- 4 Since Thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become ;  
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,  
And heav'n my final home.

## HYMN CCLIII.

L. M.

- 1 My God, and is thy table spread,  
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all thy sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes ;  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?  
Was not for you the victim slain ?  
Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 Oh let thy table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests !  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach, with hearts sincere,  
And round thy holy table bend ;  
And, having felt thy presence here,  
Let not the joy nor profit end.
- 6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord ;  
Bid all our drooping graces live ;  
More of that energy afford  
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

## HYMN CCLIV.

L. M.

- 1 My song shall bless the Lord of All ;  
My praise shall climb to his abode :  
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,  
The Great, Supreme, Almighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
Object of faith, and not of sense,  
Eternal ages saw Him shine ;—  
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
Salvation is his dearest claim ;  
That gracious sound well pleas'd He hears,  
And owns Emmanuel for his name.
- 4 A cheerful confidence I feel ;  
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see ;  
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal  
To worship Him who died for me.
- 5 As man, He pities my complaint ;  
His pow'r and truth are all divine ;  
He will not fail, He cannot faint :  
Lord, make thy full salvation mine !

## HYMN CCLV.

L. M.

- 1 My soul, what hast thou learnt this day  
Of Christ, the life, the truth, the way ?  
One Sabbath more thou hast enjoy'd ;  
How have thy thoughts, then, been employ'd ?
- 2 What if this Sabbath-day should be  
The last that thou on earth must see ?  
Art thou prepared now to spend  
A sabbath that shall never end ?

- 3 Hast thou, by grace divine inspir'd,  
    Been with thy Saviour's glory fir'd ?  
Praying to walk while here with God,  
And then to rise to his abode ?
- 4 Has faith been mix'd with what thou'st heard ?  
Has grace applied the saving word ?  
Humbled thee, prov'd thee, and made clear  
Thy death through sin, in Christ thy cure ?
- 5 Lord, I desire Thou thus wouldst teach  
In me the truths thy servants preach ;  
Give me their vital pow'r to own,  
And freely save me through thy Son.

## HYMN CCLVI.

C. M.

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,  
    Great God ! are in thy hand ;  
My sweetest comforts come from Thee,  
    And go at thy command.
- 2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,  
    Oh let me not repine !  
Before they were possess'd by me  
    They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor let me ever love Thee less,  
    Though all the world were gone ;  
But seek enduring happiness  
    In Thee, and Thee alone.
- 4 Here pain our best delight attends ;  
    'Tis honey mix'd with gall :  
Midst changing scenes and dying friends,  
    Be Thou my All in All !

## HYMN CCLVII.

C. M.

- 1 MUST friends and kindred fail and die,  
And helpers be withdrawn ;  
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,  
Counts up our comforts gone ?
- 2 Be Thou our comfort, blessed Lord ;  
Our helper and our friend ;  
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road  
Till all our trials end.
- 3 Oh may our feet pursue the way  
Which Christ before us shew'd !  
Oh may we by his grace obey  
The counsels of his word !
- 4 Let us be wean'd from things below ;  
Let hope our grief expel ;  
Till to our friends above we go,  
With Christ in bliss to dwell.

## HYMN CCLVIII.

C. M.

- 1 No longer far from rest I roam,  
And search in vain for bliss ;  
My soul is satisfied at home,—  
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne  
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,  
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,  
And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love ;  
His blood removes my fear ;  
And, while He pleads for me above,  
His arm preserves me here.

- 4 His word of promise is my food,  
 His Spirit is my guide;  
 Thus daily is my strength renew'd,  
 And all my wants supplied.
- 5 For Him I count as gain each loss;  
 Disgrace, for Him, renown:  
 Well may I glory in his cross,  
 While He prepares my crown.

## HYMN CCLIX.

L. M.

- 1 No more, great God, I boast no more  
 Of all the duties I have done;  
 I quit the hopes I held before,  
 And trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 The best obedience of my hands  
 I dare not bring before thy throne;  
 But faith can answer all demands,  
 By pleading what my Lord hath done.
- 3 Now, for the love I bear his Name,  
 What was my gain I count my loss;  
 My former pride I call my shame,  
 And glory only in his cross.
- 4 Yes; and I must and will esteem  
 All things but loss for Jesu's sake;  
 To win, and to be found in Him,  
 And of his righteousness partake.

## HYMN CCLX.

S. M.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts  
 On Jewish altars slain  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
 Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood, than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

## HYMN CCLXI.

L. M.

- 1 Not all the duties I perform,  
Nor all the suff'rings I endure,  
Can e'er my num'rous crimes atone,  
Or make my sinful nature pure.
- 2 Should only one transgression, Lord,  
Be mark'd by thine all-piercing eye,  
Thy holy law aloud proclaims—  
The soul that sins shall surely die.
- 3 But mercy has a ransom found,—  
Jesus the Lord, our Righteousness :  
From Him my choicest comforts rise ;  
In Him my trembling hope I place.



- 4 'Tis from his cross that I derive  
My light, my life, and all my joy :  
If I at last in Christ am found,  
Millions of foes can ne'er destroy.

## HYMN CCLXII.

7s.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud the Saviour's name :  
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,  
Sing of his redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, refrain your tears ;  
Trembling hearts, dismiss your fears ;  
See the guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Listen to redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd ;  
Welcome all to Jesu's rest,  
Who descended from above,  
Prompted by redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal powers,  
His insulting foes, and ours :  
These He from their empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.

- 7 Hither, then, your tribute bring ;  
Strike aloud each joyful string :  
Saints below, and saints above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

## HYMN CCLXIII.

C. M.

- 1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,  
And make thy glory known :  
Now let us all thy presence feel,  
And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,  
And plead a Saviour's name ;  
For all that we can call our own  
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin  
Let mercy set us free ;  
And let the year we now begin  
Begin and end with Thee.
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above ;  
That saints may love Thee more,  
And sinners now may learn to love  
Who never lov'd before.
- 5 And when before Thee we appear,  
In our eternal home,  
May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise Thee in our room.

## HYMN CCLXIV.

113th M.

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein  
    Sure my soul's anchor may remain,—  
The Lamb of God, for all my sin,  
    Before the world's foundation, slain ;  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 O Saviour ! Refuge ! Hiding-place !  
    My sins are cancell'd all by 'Thee ;  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
    No spot of guilt remains on me :  
Thy blood divine, through earth and skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries !
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
    Though strength, and health, and friends,  
        be gone ;  
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead ;  
    Though every comfort be withdrawn ;  
On this my stedfast hope relies,  
Father ! thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
    Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
    Though earth's foundation melt away :  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

## HYMN CCLXV.

C. M.

- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey  
    Our great High Priest above,  
And celebrate his constant care,  
    And his eternal love.

- 2 Though rais'd to a superior throne,  
Where angels bow around ;  
And high o'er all the shining train,  
With matchless honours crown'd ;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears  
Deep graven on his heart,  
Nor from the meanest of those names  
Will e'er his love depart.
- 4 There will they shine and there abide,  
Our everlasting trust,  
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,  
Are moulder'd down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast  
May thy dear name be worn,  
A sacred ornament and guard,  
To endless ages borne.

## HYMN CCLXVI.

L. M.

- 1 O JESUS ! full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin,  
Yet once again I seek thy face,  
In mercy look and take me in.
- 2 'Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore :  
Oh, for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more !
- 3 The stone to flesh, O Lord ! convert ;  
The veil of sin once more remove :  
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,  
And melt it by thy dying love.

- 4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
And kindle my relentings now ;  
Fill my whole soul with filial fears,  
And to thy yoke my spirit bow.

## HYMN CCLXVII.

C. M.

- 1 O happy soul that lives on high,  
While men lie grov'ling here,  
Whose hopes are fixed above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear !
- 2 His conscience cleans'd from all his sins,  
Love, peace, and joy combine  
To form a life whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God,  
His God in secret sees ;  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 No earthly wealth, nor joy, nor throne,  
Is his ambition here ;  
Content and pleas'd to live unknown,  
Till Christ, his life, appear.
- 5 He looks to heaven's eternal hill,  
To meet that glorious day ;  
But patient waits his Saviour's will,  
To fetch his soul away.

## HYMN CCLXVIII.

L. M.

- 1 O KING of kings ! thy blessing shed  
On our anointed sov'reign's head ;  
And, looking from thy holy heaven,  
Protect the crown thyself hast given.

- 2 Her may we honour and obey ;  
Uphold her right and lawful sway ;  
Rememb'ring that the powers that be  
Are ministers ordain'd of Thee.
- 3 Her with thy choicest mercies bless ;  
To all her counsels give success ;  
In war, in peace, thy succour bring ;  
Thy strength command ;—God save the queen.
- 4 And, oh ! when earthly thrones decay,  
And earthly kingdoms fade away,  
Grant her a throne in worlds on high,  
A crown of immortality.

## HYMN CCLXIX.

L. M.

- 1 O Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,  
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine ;  
My longing heart implores thy grace,  
O make me in thy likeness shine.
- 2 With guileless, even, humble mind,  
Thy will in all things may I see ;  
In love be ev'ry wish resign'd,  
And hallow'd my whole heart to Thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;  
When grief my wounded heart assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's varied current flow ;  
With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,  
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;  
 Alone the wine-press Thou hast trod :  
 In me thy strength'ning grace be shewn ;  
 Oh may I conquer through thy blood !
- 6 So, when on Sion Thou shalt stand,  
 And all heav'n's host adore their King,  
 I shall be found at thy right hand,  
 And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

## HYMN CCLXX.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
 And help me to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,  
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command  
 Whose love forbids my fears ;  
 Or tremble at the gracious hand  
 That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No ! let me rather freely yield  
 What most I prize to Thee,  
 Who never hast a good withheld,  
 Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,  
 Thou art engag'd to grant :  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way :  
 Shall I resist them both,—  
 A poor blind creature of the day,  
 And crush'd before the moth ?

- 6 But, ah ! mine inward spirit cries,  
    “ Still bind me to thy sway,”  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies  
    Drives all these thoughts away.

## HYMN CCLXXI.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, my glorious RIGHTEOUSNESS,  
    In whom I stand complete,  
Assist my song thy Name to bless,  
    Thy praises to repeat.
- 2 Thy blood alone, on Calv'ry spilt,  
    Because 'twas blood divine,  
Avails to wash away my guilt,—  
    My pardon-deed to sign.
- 3 Yet, though from guilt absolv'd and free,—  
    Hell and the curse repeal'd,—  
Still, Saviour, may I look to Thee,  
    For further grace reveal'd ?
- 4 'Twill not suffice my soul's desires  
    From wrath to be redeem'd ;  
Thy love has kindled stronger fires,  
    And brighter hopes have beam'd.
- 5 I long to see thy lovely face,  
    To live beneath thine eye :  
Oh tell me, can thy boundless grace  
    Exalt me to the sky ?
- 6 Yes ! justified by faith I live,  
    My life is hid with Thee ;  
And Thou wilt life eternal give,  
    Most freely give, to me.



- 7 Thy righteousness thus made my own,  
Thy glory shall be mine;  
And, when I see Thee on thy throne,  
A better song be thine.

## HYMN CCLXXII.

6s. 7s.

- 1 O my soul, the ceaseless song  
Still to Jesu's Name prolong.  
He my theme, my hope, my joy,  
Praise my ev'ry hour employ,  
All my breath be spent in praise,  
His be all my happy days.
- 2 Join, O earth and heaven ! to bless  
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.  
Wondrous is the way to bliss :  
Our offence was counted his ;  
And his righteousness divine,  
Bless'd believer, all is thine.
- 3 Lo ! in Him complete I shine ;  
All his life, his death, is mine ;  
Hence, through faith, I'm justified ;  
Guiltless, since for me He died ;  
Free from sin, and more than free ;  
Righteous, since He liv'd for me.
- 4 Burden'd with a world of guilt,  
Man to save, his blood He spilt ;  
Bearing sin upon the tree,  
Curs'd He was, to make us free :  
Oh the depth of love divine !  
Praise eternal shall be thine.

## HYMN CCLXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 O Saviour, may we never rest  
Till Thou art form'd within ;  
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,  
And crush'd the power of sin !
- 2 Oh may we gaze upon thy cross,  
Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly pleasures seem but dross,  
And earthly sorrows light !
- 3 Until, releas'd from carnal ties,  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees true peace above the skies,  
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There, as we gaze, may we become  
United, Lord, to Thee ;  
And, in a fairer, happier home,  
Thy perfect beauty see.

## HYMN CCLXXIV.

L. M.

- 1 O Spirit of the living God !  
In all the fulness of thy grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend upon our fallen race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word ;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order, in thy path ;  
Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

- 4 Baptize the nations far and nigh ;  
 The triumphs of the cross record ;  
 The Name of Jesus glorify,  
 Till ev'ry kindred call Him Lord.
- 5 God from eternity hath will'd,  
 " All flesh shall my salvation see :"  
 So be the Father's love fulfill'd,  
 The Saviour's suff'rings crown'd by Thee !

## HYMN CCLXXV.

C. M.

- 1 O Sun of Righteousness, arise  
 With healing in thy wings ;  
 To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,  
 Thy light salvation brings.
- 2 The clouds of pride and sin dispel  
 By thine all-piercing beam ;  
 Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart  
 With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by thine all-quick'ning pow'r,  
 From base desires set free ;  
 Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix  
 My love alone on Thee.
- 4 FATHER, thy long-lost son receive !  
 SAVIOUR, thy purchase own ;  
 Bless'd COMFORTER, with peace and joy  
 Thy new-made creature crown.

## HYMN CCLXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 O Thou from whom all goodness flows !  
 I lift my soul to Thee ;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 Jesus, remember me.

- 2 When on my aching burden'd heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart,  
In love remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
Oh! let my strength be as my day,  
For good remember me.
- 4 If, for thy sake, upon my name  
Shame and reproach shall be,  
All hail, reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me.
- 5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble body see;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,  
And, Lord, remember me.
- 6 When, in the solemn hour of death,  
I wait thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
O Lord, remember me!
- 7 And when before thy throne I stand,  
And lift my soul to Thee,  
Then, with the saints, at thy right hand,  
Still, Lord, remember me.

## HYMN CCLXXVII.

L. M.

- 1 O Thou great Fountain! full and free,  
Communicate thy grace to me;  
To me that sacred treasure give  
Which makes the dying sinner live.

- 2 To my poor thirsty, barren heart  
Thy sanctifying grace impart ;  
Diffuse thy plenteous streams around,  
To water all the parched ground.
- 3 To Thee, oh let my soul aspire,  
As on the wings of pure desire ;  
Let love within my bosom glow,  
And steady faith with vigour grow.
- 4 Let fervent zeal, and lively hope,  
And patience, bear my courage up :  
Let sacred peace and joy divine  
Sweetly prevail and reign within.
- 5 Thus shall my graces ne'er decay,  
But flourish to eternal day ;  
Till heavenly love complete the plan,  
And glory crown what grace began.

## HYMN CCLXXVIII.

L. M.

- 1 O Thou to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Try us, and prove our treach'rous heart,  
And bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 As through the wilderness we stray,  
Be Thou our light, be Thou our stay ;  
Mark out the pilgrim's heavenly road,  
That leads unto the mount of God.
- 3 If storms and tempests cloud our way,  
Our strength proportion to our day ;  
Nor storms nor tempests need we fear,  
If God, our Sun and Shield, be near.

- 4 Guide and uphold us with thy hand,  
Till we arrive at Canaan's land—  
The land where sin and death shall cease,  
The land of rest, and joy, and peace.

## HYMN CCLXXIX.

L. M.

- 1 O Thou, who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire t' impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze;  
And, rising to its source, return  
In humble pray'r and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,  
To work, and speak, and think, for Thee;  
Still do Thou guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Teach me to do thy perfect will,  
And acts of faith and love repeat;  
Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make my happiness complete.

## HYMN CCLXXX.

C. M.

- 1 O Thou, whose care our footsteps guides,  
Whose arm is all our stay;  
Whose goodness for our want provides,  
And wipes our tears away;—
- 2 To Thee, O Lord, in all distress,  
For help and peace we flee;  
O teach us rightly to express  
Our gratitude to Thee.

- 3 To beds of pain and scenes of wo  
 Thy bounty we will bear ;  
 And sympathy and help bestow  
 To soothe the sufferers there.
- 4 Freely to us thy love imparts  
 The gifts we could not claim ;  
 Then, Lord, incline our thankful hearts  
 To own a brother's name.

## HYMN CCLXXXI.

8. 8. 6.

- 1 O Truth divine ! incarnate light !  
 Shine forth, full-orb'd, upon my sight ;  
 Thy word—thyself reveal :  
 Fill with assuring truth my soul,  
 Aid me to grasp the mighty whole,  
 And all I know to feel.
- 2 I would believe, and doubt no more ;  
 And, while I scan the ample store  
 Of thy unmeasur'd grace,  
 Thy proffer'd love, thy strength'ning pow'r,  
 Thy promise for life's ev'ry hour,  
 Assist me to embrace.
- 3 Then lift me on hope's soaring wing,  
 To Pisgah's highest summit bring,  
 And spread the prospect wide :  
 Assure me all I see is mine,  
 A Canaan where no suns decline,  
 Beyond death's swelling tide.

## HYMN CCLXXXII.

L. M.

- 1 O come, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
Wash us in thine atoning blood :  
Oh let us know thy dying love,  
Then welcome life or death will prove.
- 2 How can it be, O heav'nly King,  
That Thou shouldst man to glory bring ;  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?
- 3 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought  
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;  
And our enfeebled pow'rs extend,  
Thy wondrous grace to comprehend.
- 4 Expand our hearts ; but let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but Thee :  
Our souls with thine own Spirit seal,  
And there thy glorious self reveal.

## HYMN CCLXXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 OH could we but awake to see  
The glories of the skies,  
What a mean thing this earth would be,  
How worthless in our eyes !
- 2 Remove, O Lord, the veil away  
That hides Thee from our sight ;  
Shed on our hearts a quick'ning ray,  
And make our darkness light.
- 3 Give us the eye of faith, to see  
The wonders of thy love ;  
And let our souls, renew'd by Thee,  
Be fix'd on things above.



- 4 So shall a treach'rous world no more  
Our wayward hearts ensnare ;  
Above its follies we shall soar,  
And breathe a purer air.
- 5 Pressing to reach the heav'nly prize,  
We will pursue thy way ;  
Till the last cloud that dims our eyes  
Melts at the op'ning day.

## HYMN CCLXXXIV.

C. M.

- 1 OH for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heav'nly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !  
How sweet their mem'ry still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## HYMN CCLXXXV.

C. M.

- 1 OH ! for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though press'd by many a foe ;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of poverty or woe ;—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chast'ning rod ;  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without ;  
That, when in danger, knows no fear ;  
In darkness, feels no doubt ;—
- 4 That bears unmov'd the world's dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;  
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,  
Nor its soft arts beguile :
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last spark is fled,  
And with a pure and heav'nly ray  
Lights up a dying bed :
- 6 Lord, give me such a faith as this ;  
And then, whate'er may come,  
I'll taste e'en here the hallow'd bliss  
Of an eternal home.

## HYMN CCLXXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 OH ! for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free ;  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me :
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne ;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart ;  
Believing, true, and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within :
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,  
And fill'd with love divine ;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good ;  
A copy, Lord, of thine !
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,—  
Thy new, best name of love.

## HYMN CCLXXXVII.

C. M.

- 1 OH for a single heart for God !  
To follow Him alone :  
Wholly and fully Him to serve  
Who did for sin atone.
- 2 Why should my heart divided be ?  
'Thou art my only Lord,  
Who did'st create me, hast redeem'd,  
And wilt thy aid afford.

- 3 I cannot serve the Lord and sin ;  
I must decided be :  
Though shame, reproach, and loss attend,  
By grace I will serve Thee.
- 4 Unite my heart to fear thy Name,  
Let all its pow'rs be one ;  
Let love and hope, desire and joy,  
Be fix'd for Christ alone.

## HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing  
The great Redeemer's praise ;  
The glories of our God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 Jesus ! the Name that soothes our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,  
And sets the pris'ners free :  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks ; and, list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The broken contrite hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear Him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

- 6 Look unto Him, ye nations ; own  
 Your God, ye fallen race ;  
 Be justified through faith alone ;  
 Be sav'd by sov'reign grace.

## HYMN CCLXXXIX.

C. M.

- 1 OH for an overcoming faith,  
 To cheer my dying hours,  
 To triumph o'er the monster, Death,  
 And all his frightful powers !
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
 My quiv'ring lips shall sing,  
 Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave ?  
 And where the monster's sting ?
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,  
 Death hath no sting beside ;  
 To sin the law gives all its power,  
 But Christ my ransom died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory  
 Immortal thanks be paid ;  
 Who makes us conq'rors, while we die,  
 Through Christ, our living Head.

## HYMN CCXC.

8s.

- 1 OH had I the wings of a dove,  
 I'd make my escape and be gone ;  
 I'd mix with the spirits above,  
 Who encompass yon heavenly throne :
- 2 I'd fly from all labour and toil,  
 To the place where the weary have rest ;  
 I'd haste, from contention and broil,  
 To the peaceful abode of the bless'd.

- 3 How happy are they who no more  
Have to fear the assaults of the foe !  
Arrived on the heavenly shore,  
They have left all their conflicts below :
- 4 They are far from all danger and fear ;  
While remembrance enhances their joys :  
As the storm, when escaped, will endear  
The retreat that the haven supplies.
- 5 Around that magnificent throne,  
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,  
United for ever in one,  
His people are singing his praise.

## HYMN CCXCI.

L. M.

- 1 OH ! may the Spirit from on high  
Kindle the fire of Christian love ;  
And may the saints' united cry  
Speed swiftly to the Throne above.
- 2 Now do we lift imploring hearts  
To Thee, our Father and our God ;  
Bless with thy truth earth's darkest parts,  
And send thy gospel all abroad.
- 3 Expectant wait thy people, Lord,  
Messiah's triumphs now to see ;  
Speak but thy light-imparting word,  
And error's blackest night shall flee.
- 4 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince,  
And ride in prosp'rous majesty ;  
Thy piercing truths shall soon convince,  
And bend the people's hearts to Thee.

- 5 Ascend, O King of saints ! thy throne,  
And let thy banners be unfurl'd ;  
Demand the nations for thine own ;  
Arise, and bless a waiting world.

## HYMN CCXCII.

L. M.

- 1 OH may we with a steady faith  
Believe whate'er Jehovah saith !  
Then shall we glorify Him more,  
And his unbounded love adore.
- 2 Did we but trust our heav'nly Friend,  
And on his faithful word depend,  
Then should we fearless view the grave,  
And death itself no sting would have.
- 3 This faith would cheer our gloomiest way,  
And turn our darkness into day ;  
While still our constant aim would be,  
O God ! to live or die for Thee.

## HYMN CCXCIII.

L. M.

- 1 OH ! send God's holy book where'er  
Or winds can waft, or waters bear ;  
Let India's sons its page revere,  
Let Afric's land the blessing share.
- 2 Send it to where, expanded wide,  
The South Sea rolls its farthest tide ;  
To ev'ry island's distant shore  
Make known the Saviour's grace and power.
- 3 Though scatter'd now from Sion's hill,  
And Jordan's bank, and Siloa's rill,  
To Israel be repaid their Book,  
And pray that they to Christ may look.

- 4 Send it to ev'ry dungeon's gloom,  
Send it to ev'ry poor man's room ;  
Nor cease the woe-worn to befriend,  
Nor cease the heavenly gift to send.
- 5 May ev'ry suff'ring child of woe  
Its truths believe, its comforts know ;  
May ev'ry hand the treasure hold,  
And error's cloud away be roll'd.
- 6 O Holy Ghost ! who gave the word,  
With thine own truth thy light afford,  
Give Thou the quick'ning, saving power,  
On all the earth thy blessings shower.
- 7 Let grace thus turn each wand'rer's eye  
To Him who did for sinners die,  
And sin and sorrow hence be driven,  
And earth be chang'd from earth to heaven.

## HYMN CCXCIV.

C. M.

- 1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !  
Oh that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !
- 2 Oh send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart !  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes :  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires, arise  
Within this soul of mine.



- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere :  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip ;  
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands—  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
Offend against my God.

## HYMN CCXCV.

C. M.

- 1 OH what amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found !  
The gospel meets the sinner's case ;  
It is the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls  
Are freely welcome here ;  
Salvation, like a river, rolls,  
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your ev'ry burden bring ;  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will, (oh gracious word !)  
May of this stream partake ;  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink, for Jesu's sake.

- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
 Have here found life and peace ;  
 Come then, and prove its virtues too,—  
 Oh taste, adore, and bless !

## HYMN CCXCVI.

L. M.

- 1 OH ! why should Israel's sons, once bless'd,  
 Still roam the scorning world around ;  
 Disown'd of Heaven, by man oppress'd,  
 Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground ?
- 2 O God of Israel ! view their race ;  
 Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring ;  
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,  
 To hail, in Christ, their promis'd King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain  
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;  
 The sever'd olive-branch again  
 Back to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birth-right gone,  
 With contrite shame his bosom move,  
 The Saviour he denied, to own,  
 The Lord he crucified, to love.
- 5 Haste, glorious day, expected long,  
 When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,  
 With eager feet one temple throng,  
 One God with grateful rapture praise.

## HYMN CCXCVII.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness  
 Look, my soul ; be still, and gaze ;  
 All the promises do travail  
 With a glorious day of grace.  
 Blessed jubilee ! Let thy glorious morning dawn.

- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
Let the rude barbarian, see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtain'd on Calvary :  
Let the gospel loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light ;  
And, from eastern coast to western,  
Let the morning chase the night :  
Chase the darkness from their long-benighted eyes.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease :  
So Immanuel's fair dominions  
Shall extend, and still increase,  
Till the kingdoms of the world are all his own.

## HYMN CCXCVIII.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness  
Let the eye of pity gaze ;  
See the kindreds of the people,  
Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze :  
Darkness brooding on the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them who sit in error,  
Rise and shine ; thy blessings bring :  
Light to lighten all the gentiles,  
Rise with healing in thy wing :  
To thy brightness let all kings and nations come.
- 3 Let the heathen, now adoring  
Idol-gods of wood and stone,  
Come, and, worshipping before Thee,  
Serve the living God alone :  
Let thy glory fill the earth, as floods the sea.

- 4 Thou to whom all power is given,  
    Speak the word ; at thy command,  
    Let the company of preachers  
        Spread thy Name from land to land :  
Lord, be with them, always, till time's latest end.

## HYMN CCXCIX.

L. M.

- 1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,  
    Speaks the departure of a soul,  
    Let each one ask himself, " Am I  
    Prepar'd should I be call'd to die ? "
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
    Preserves me from the jaws of death ;  
    Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
    And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,  
    To God's tribunal I must go,—  
    Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
    And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,  
    And seek my hope alone in Thee :  
    Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,  
    Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,  
    If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;  
    Nor would the thought distressing be,  
    " Perhaps it next may toll for me."

## HYMN CCC.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 ON the mountain tops appearing,  
 Lo ! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,—  
 Zion long in hostile lands :  
 Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
 All thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?  
 Cease thy mourning ; Zion still is well lov'd.
- 3 Lo ! thy sun is ris'n in glory :  
 God himself appears thy Friend ;  
 All thy foes shall flee before Thee,  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end ;  
 Great deliv'rance Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;  
 All thy warfare now is pass'd ;  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double ;  
 Days of peace are come at last :  
 All thy conflicts end in everlasting rest.

## HYMN CCCI.

C. M.

- 1 ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,  
 Pierces all nature through ;  
 Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell, afford  
 A shelter from thy view.
- 2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,  
 At once before Thee lies ;  
 And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart  
 Is open to thine eyes.

- 3 Though greatly from myself conceal'd,  
Thou seest my inward frame ;  
To Thee I always stand reveal'd,  
Exactly as I am.
- 4 Since, therefore, I can hardly bear  
What in myself I see ;  
How vile and base must I appear,  
Most holy God, to Thee !
- 5 But, since my Saviour stands between,  
In garments dy'd in blood,  
'Tis He, instead of me, is seen,  
When I approach to God.
- 6 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;  
He pleads before the Throne  
His life and death in my behalf,  
And calls *my* sins *his own*.
- 7 What wondrous love, what mysteries,  
In this appointment shine—  
My breaches of the law are his,  
And his obedience mine !

## HYMN CCCII.

8, 7, 7.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end :  
They who once his kindness prove  
Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
    Could or would have shed his blood ?  
But our Jesus died, to have us  
    Reconcil'd, in Him, to God :  
This was boundless love indeed !  
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,  
    " Friend of Sinners " was his name ;  
Now, above all glory raised,  
    He rejoices in the same :  
Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Could we bear from one another  
    What He daily bears from us ?  
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother  
    Loves us, though we treat Him thus :  
Though for good we render ill,  
He accounts us brethren still.
- 5 Oh for grace our hearts to soften ;  
    Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often  
    What a Friend we have above :  
But, when home our souls are brought,  
We will love Thee as we ought.

## HYMN CCCIII.

L. M.

- 1 ONCE more our condescending God  
Has sent a harvest rich and good ;  
No cank'ring worm, nor hostile band,  
Has spoil'd the produce of the land.

- 2 We bless thy Name for sun and showers,  
And all the good that nature pours ;  
But thy enriching stores of grace  
Transcend our highest notes of praise.
- 3 Pour out thy Holy Spirit, Lord !  
To clothe with power thy quick'ning word ;  
Till saints a richer harvest rise,  
And fill the garner of the skies.

## HYMN CCCIV.

C. M.

- 1 OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer,  
We now devote to Thee ;  
Let them thy cov'nant mercies share,  
And thy salvation see.
- 2 Such helpless babes Thou didst embrace,  
While dwelling here below :  
To us, and ours, O God of grace !  
The same compassion show.
- 3 In early days their hearts secure  
From worldly snares, we pray ;  
And let them to the end endure  
In ev'ry righteous way.
- 4 Grant us before them, Lord, to live  
In holy faith and fear ;  
And then to heaven our souls remove,  
And bring our children there.

## HYMN CCCV.

C. M.

- 1 OUR God is love ; and all his saints  
His image bear below :  
The heart with love to God inspir'd  
With love to man will glow.



- 2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,  
As we are lov'd of Thee ;  
For none who 're truly born of God  
Can live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
Our hopes and fears the same,  
With bonds of love our hearts unite,  
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the vain contentious world  
See how true Christians love ;  
And glorify our Saviour's grace,  
And seek that grace to prove.

## HYMN CCCVI.

C. M.

- 1 OUR Saviour Christ will quickly come,  
As lightning shines on high ;  
In clouds, with power and glory great,  
Be seen by ev'ry eye.
- 2 While sudden terrors seize his foes,  
His wrath they can't escape ;  
The saints' redemption then appears ;  
They realize their hope.
- 3 The dead are rais'd, the living chang'd ;  
From ev'ry land they come ;  
His Church's number all complete,  
Th' elect are gather'd home.
- 4 O glorious hope! if Jesus be  
Our Saviour and our Friend ;  
For we shall then be with our Lord,  
In joys that never end.

- 5 Oh ! may we wait, and watch, and pray,  
Look up, and, free from fear,  
Our life be all devotedness,  
Till He our Lord appear.

## HYMN CCCVII.

L. M.

- 1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord ;  
In Him our spirit shall rejoice :  
Assembled here with one accord,  
Our hearts shall praise Him, with our voice.
- 2 God of our hope, to Thee we bow ;  
Thou art our refuge in distress :  
The Husband of the widow Thou ;  
The Father of the fatherless.
- 3 May we the law of love fulfil—  
Lighten each other's burthens here,  
Suffer and do thy righteous will,  
And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 4 Then grant our union, here begun,  
May last for ever, firm and free :  
Around thy throne may we be one,  
And dwell for evermore with Thee.

## HYMN CCCVIII.

7s.

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light ;  
Priests, and kings, and conqu'rors they.
- 2 Yet the conqu'rors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne ;  
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,  
Vict'ry through his cross alone.

- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords."
- 4 Round the altar, priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,  
And his blood, that made them so.
- 5 Who were these ? On earth they dwelt :  
Sinners once of Adam's race ;  
Guilt, and fear, and suff'ring felt ;  
But were sav'd by sov'reign grace.
- 6 They were mortal, too, like us :  
Ah ! when we like them shall die,  
May our souls, translated thus,  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

## HYMN CCCIX.

L. M.

- 1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,  
Who would believe thy gracious word ;  
But own my heart, with shame and grief,  
The hold of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I hear there's room ;  
And, vent'ring hard, behold, I come :  
But can there, tell me, can there be,  
Amongst thy children, room for me ?
- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine :  
But, oh ! my soul wants more than sign ;  
I faint unless I feed on Thee,  
And drink thy blood as shed for me.

- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed ;  
 And I'm a sinner vile indeed :  
 Lord, I believe thy grace is free ;  
 Oh magnify that grace in me !

## HYMN CCCX.

C. M.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,  
 We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace  
 Beheld our helpless grief ;  
 He came, and (oh amazing love !)  
 He died for our relief.
- 3 Oh ! for this love let rocks and hills  
 Their lasting silence break,  
 And all harmonious human tongues  
 The Saviour's praises speak.
- 4 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
 Strike all your harps of gold ;  
 But, when you raise your highest notes,  
 His love can ne'er be told.

## HYMN CCCXI.

L. M.

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,  
 I have a rich Almighty Friend ;  
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name :  
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,  
 And by his power my foes controll'd ;  
 He found me wand'ring far from God,  
 And brought me to his chosen fold.

- 3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with Him above the skies :  
Oh what a friend is Christ to me !
- 4 But, ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,  
And well my eyes with tears may swim,  
To think of my perverse returns ;  
I've been a faithless friend to Him.
- 5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,  
Neglect, distrust, and disobey ;  
And often Satan's lies believe,  
Sooner than all my Lord can say.
- 6 Sure, were I not most vile and base,  
I could not thus my Friend requite ;  
And, were not He the God of grace,  
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

## HYMN CCCXII.

L. M.

- 1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high ;  
Lord, thine assembled servants bless ;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple when we stand,  
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand  
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith, impart ;  
Firmness with meekness, from above,  
To bear thy people on our heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love :

- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint ;  
     By day and night on guard to keep ;  
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint ;  
     Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finish'd here,  
     Let us, in hope, our charge resign,  
 When the good Shepherd shall appear,  
     That they and we may all be thine.

## HYMN CCCXIII.

C. M.

- 1 PRAISE to the God of light and love,  
     Who gives the blind their sight,  
 And scatters round their wond'ring eyes  
     A flood of sacred light.
- 2 In paths unknown He leads them on  
     To his divine abode,  
 And shews new miracles of grace  
     Through all the heav'nly road.
- 3 And in his paths we'll sing his Name,  
     Till we the mount ascend,  
 Where toils and storms are known no more,  
     And praise shall never end.

## HYMN CCCXIV.

L. M.

- 1 PRAYER was appointed to convey  
     The blessings God designs to give ;  
 Long as they live should Christians pray,  
     For only while they pray they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his pray'r indites,  
     He speaks as prompted from within ;  
 The Spirit his petition writes,  
     And Christ receives and takes it in.

- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,  
    When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r?  
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;  
    Arise, and try thy int'rest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;  
    If cares distract, or fears dismay;  
If guilt deject, if sin distress;  
    'The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 5 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak:  
    Though thought be broken, language lame,  
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak;  
    But pray with faith in Jesu's Name.
- 6 Depend on Him—thou canst not fail;  
    Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
Fear not, his merits must prevail;  
    Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

## HYMN CCCXV.

S. M.

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song  
    To the Redeemer's Name;  
His praises should employ each tongue,  
    And ev'ry heart inflame.
- 2 He laid his glories by,  
    And shame and death endur'd,  
That guilty rebels, doom'd to die,  
    From wrath might be secur'd.
- 3 And now He pleading stands  
    Before his Father's throne,  
And satisfies the law's demands  
    With what himself hath done.

- 4 The Holy Ghost He sends,  
Our stubborn wills to move ;  
To make his enemies his friends,  
And conquer them by love.
- 5 Oh may we not refuse  
Such rich unbounded grace !  
Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,  
But seek the Saviour's face.

## HYMN CCCXVI.

L. M.

- 1 REDEEMER of my soul, impart  
Grace to surrender all my heart ;  
Grace in thy gospel to believe ;  
Grace all thy mercy to receive.
- 2 In vain thy Son came down from heav'n ;  
In vain to us thy word was giv'n ;  
In vain we learn, and read, and hear ;  
Without thy Spirit's presence here.
- 3 Then let the Spirit's pow'r be felt,  
Till souls of millstone hardness melt,  
And flow, like waters from their course,  
Beneath his all-subduing force.
- 4 Convinc'd and humbled in the dust,  
We own thy law's dread sentence just ;  
We feel the burden of our guilt,  
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.
- 5 Oh let the Spirit, with the blood,  
Bear witness we are born of God ;  
And all our hallow'd powers apply,  
The Saviour's Name to glorify.



## HYMN CCCXVII.

C. M.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
    Who makes your cause his own ;  
The hope that 's built upon his word  
    Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
    And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
    Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
    Or, fainting, shall not die ;  
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,  
    Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,  
    Faith sees Him always near ;  
A guide, a glory, a defence :  
    Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,  
    And triumph'd once, for you,  
So surely you that love his Name  
    Shall triumph in Him too.

## HYMN CCCXVIII.

S. M.

- 1 REJOICE in Jesu's birth :  
    To us a Son is giv'n ;  
To us a Child is born on earth  
    Who made both earth and heav'n.
- 2 He reigns above the sky,  
    This universe sustains ;  
The God supreme, the Lord most high,  
    The King, Messiah, reigns.

- 3 Our Counsellor we praise,  
Our Advocate above;  
Who daily in his Church displays  
His miracles of love.
- 4 Th' Almighty God is He,  
Author of heav'nly bliss;  
The Father of eternity,  
The glorious Prince of Peace.
- 5 Wider and wider still  
He will his sway extend;  
With peace divine his people fill,  
And joys that never end.
- 6 His government shall grow,  
From strength to strength proceed;  
His righteousness the Church o'erflow,  
And all the earth o'erspread.
- 7 Now, for thy promise' sake,  
O'er earth exalted be;  
The kingdom, pow'r, and glory take,  
Which all belong to Thee.
- 8 In zeal for God and man  
Thy full salvation bring;  
The universal Monarch reign,  
The saints' eternal King.

## HYMN CCCXIX.

148th M.

- 1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!  
Your Lord and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;  
"Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!"

- 2     The mighty Saviour reigns,  
        The God of truth and love ;  
    When He had purg'd our stains,  
        He took his seat above.

Lift up &c.

- 3     His kingdom cannot fail,  
        He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
    The keys of death and hell  
        Are to our Saviour given.

Lift up &c.

- 4     He sits at God's right hand,  
        Till all his foes submit,  
    And bow to his command,  
        And fall beneath his feet.

Lift up &c.

- 5     Rejoice in glorious hope,  
        Jesus the Judge shall come,  
    And take his servants up  
        To their eternal home.

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;  
The trump of God shall sound, " Rejoice !"

### HYMN CCCXX.

C. M.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
    Of the revolving year !  
How swift the weeks complete their rounds,  
    How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
    And that important day,  
When all that mortal hand has done  
    God's judgment shall survey.

- 3 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,  
Its great concern to see ;  
Thy Spirit to my soul impart,  
To give myself to Thee.
- 4 So shall their course more fruitful roll,  
If future years arise ;  
Or this shall bear my happy soul  
To joy that never dies.

## HYMN CCCXXI.

6-7s.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,—  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands :  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling :  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on thy judgment-throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## HYMN CCCXXII.

6-7s.

- 1 SAFELY through another week  
God has brought us on our way ;  
Let us now a blessing seek  
On th'approaching sabbath day :  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest !
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour  
Through the week our praise demand :  
Guarded by almighty power,  
Fed and guided by his hand ;  
Though ungrateful we have been,  
Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,  
Shew thy reconciled face,  
Shine away our sin and shame :  
From our worldly care set free,  
May we rest this night with Thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,  
May we feel thy presence near ;  
May thy glory meet our eyes  
When we in thy house appear :  
There afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

- 5 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
Make the fruits of grace abound ;  
Bring relief for all complaints :  
Such may all our sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above.

## HYMN CCCXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 SALVATION ! oh the joyful sound !  
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;  
A sov'reign balm to every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
In death's dark gloom we lay ;  
But we arise, by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !  
To Thee the praise belongs :  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.
- 5 Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever :  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
Hallelujah ! Praise ye the Lord !

## HYMN CCCXXIV.

7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, at thy feet we bow ;  
Oh vouchsafe to meet us now !  
At thy people's earnest cry,  
Bring thy loving mercies nigh.
- 2 Thou hast said, where two or three  
In thy worship shall agree,  
That Thou wilt be present there,  
Answering their faithful prayer.
- 3 Lord, we plead thy promise here :  
Let thy presence now appear ;  
On our souls thy Spirit pour ;  
Light, and life, and peace, restore.
- 4 Raise our thoughts from things below,  
Faith's discerning eye bestow ;  
Let our hearts, from sin made free,  
Hold sweet intercourse with Thee.
- 5 With a beam of living fire  
Purify each low desire ;  
Be Thou, Lord, our aim and end,  
Our best hope, and dearest friend.

## HYMN CCCXXV.

C. M.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,  
With beams of heavenly grace ;  
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,  
And shew thy gracious face.
- 2 Amid our isle, exalted high,  
Do Thou our glory stand,  
And, like a wall of guardian fire,  
Surround our favour'd land.

- 3 May God our Saviour scatter round  
His choicest favours here ;  
And let creation's utmost bound  
Behold, adore, and fear.
- 4 So let thy Name, from shore to shore,  
Sound all the earth abroad,  
And distant nations know and love  
Their Saviour and their God.

## HYMN CCCXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord in joyful strains ;  
His glorious praise resound,  
Ye, who upon the ocean dwell,  
And fill the isles around.
- 2 O City of the Lord, begin  
The universal song !  
And let the distant tribes of earth  
The cheerful notes prolong.
- 3 Let the rude wilderness afar  
Lift up its lonely voice ;  
Behold the Dayspring from on high,  
And in its light rejoice.
- 4 Let ev'ry land, and tribe, and tongue,  
Jehovah's glory raise ;  
Till all the earth, with one accord,  
Unite to sing his praise.

## HYMN CCCXXVII.

S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on ;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through his eternal Son.



- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power ;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,  
With all his strength endued ;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The armour of your God,—
- 4 That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may behold your vict'ry won,  
And stand complete at last.

## HYMN CCCXXVIII.

7s.

- 1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,  
Still supply my every want ;  
Tree of Life, thine influence shed,  
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas ! am I ;  
Wither without Thee, and die ;  
Weak as helpless infancy—  
Oh confirm my soul in Thee !
- 3 Unsustain'd by Thee, I fall ;  
Send the strength for which I call :  
Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I every moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on Thee depend :  
Love me, save me, to the end ;  
Give me the continuing grace—  
Thine the everlasting praise.

## HYMN CCCXXIX.

7s.

- 1 Sons of men, behold from far ;  
Hail the long-expected star:  
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,  
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death ;  
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night ;  
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste, to see your God appear ;  
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare ;  
Meet Him manifested there.
- 4 Sing, ye morning stars, again :  
God descends to dwell with men ;  
Deigns for man his life t'employ ;  
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy !

## HYMN CCCXXX.

7s.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

- 4 And shall man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No : the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

## HYMN CCCXXXI.

- 1 SOUNDS of mercy, sent from heav'n,  
In the gospel strike our ears ;  
Happy he to whom 'tis giv'n  
To believe the truth he hears !  
Then the Saviour  
Precious in his sight appears.
- 2 O our God ! let thousands, hearing  
Of thy love in ev'ry place,  
Though till now as foes appearing,  
Foes to Thee, the God of grace,  
Turning to Thee,  
Now begin to seek thy face.
- 3 Lord, remove the sinner's blindness,  
Give him eyes that he may see ;  
And let many, won by kindness,  
Leave the world to follow Thee !  
Mighty Saviour,  
Set the captive sinner free !

## HYMN CCCXXXII.

7s.

- 1 SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise !  
All my times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.
- 2 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Times of penury and wealth,  
Times of trial and of grief,  
Times of triumph and relief ;
- 3 Times the tempter's power to prove,  
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 4 Plagues and death around me fly ;  
Till He bids I cannot die ;  
Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 5 Thee at all times will I bless ;  
Having Thee, I all possess :  
How can I bereaved be,  
Since I cannot part with Thee ?

## HYMN CCCXXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 SOV'REIGN of all, whose will ordains  
The powers on earth that be,  
By whom our rightful monarch reigns,  
The minister to Thee,—
- 2 Stir up thy power, appear, appear,  
And give thy servant grace  
Ever to seek thy glory here,  
And walk in all thy ways.

- 3 Guard her from all who dare oppose  
Thy delegate and 'Thee—  
From open and from secret foes,  
From force and perfidy.
- 4 Let all for conscience' sake revere  
Th' appointment of thy hand ;  
Honour and love thine image here,  
And yield to her command.
- 5 Her people, bound in unity,  
With ev'ry mercy bless ;  
Make us a nation fearing Thee,  
And working righteousness.

## HYMN CCCXXXIV.

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,  
Our fainting hearts to cheer ;  
And, when we tremble at thy frown,  
Oh bring thy comforts near !
- 2 The fear which thy convictions wrought  
Oh let thy grace remove !  
And may the souls which Thou hast taught  
To weep, now learn to love.
- 3 Now let thy saving mercy heal  
The wounds it made before ;  
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,  
That we may doubt no more.
- 4 Complete the work Thou hast begun,  
And make our darkness light ;  
That we a glorious race may run,  
Till faith be lost in sight.

## HYMN CCCXXXV.

L. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,  
Shed thy sweet influence from above,  
And still from age to age convey  
The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,  
Be God's amazing glory sung ;  
Through all the list'ning earth be taught  
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comforter, bless'd Guide,  
Still o'er thy favour'd Church preside :  
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,  
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love !

## HYMN CCCXXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,  
Encircling nature round ;  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crown'd !
- 2 The sun withdraws his cheering beams,  
And light and warmth depart ;  
And winter, cold and lifeless, seems  
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and bring  
Thine own reviving ray ;  
Turn the soul's winter into spring,  
Make darkness cheerful day.
- 4 Great source of light, and warmth, and love,  
Our drooping joys restore ;  
And guide us to those seats above  
Where winter frowns no more.

- 5 Oh ! happy state, divine abode,  
 Region of endless bliss ;  
 Thy beams enlighten it, O God !  
 The Lamb its glory is.

## HYMN CCCXXXVII.

7s.

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows  
 Charm me in Emmanuel's name :  
 All her hopes my spirit owes  
 To his birth, his cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angels sung,  
 " Glory be to God on high."  
 Lord, unloose my falt'ring tongue ;  
 Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,  
 That He might the law fulfil,  
 Bleed and suffer in my room ;  
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No : I must my praises bring,  
 Worthless though they are, and weak ;  
 For, should I refuse to sing,  
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 Oh ! my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,  
 Lord and Master, Brother, Friend,—  
 Ev'ry precious name in one,—  
 May I love Thee to the end.

## HYMN CCCXXXVIII.

8s. 7s.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend ;  
 Life, and health, and peace, possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
     Low before his cross to lie;  
 While I see divine compassion  
     Floating in his languid eye.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
     With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
     Life deriving from his death.
- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
     Still to my Redeemer go,  
 Prove his death each day more healing,  
     And Himself more fully know.

## HYMN CCCXXXIX.

L. M.

- 1 TEACH us, O Lord! with cheerful hearts,  
     As Thou hast bless'd our various store,  
 From our abundance to impart  
     A lib'ral portion to the poor.
- 2 To Thee our all devoted be,  
     In whom we breathe, and move, and live:  
 Freely we have receiv'd from Thee;  
     Freely may we rejoice to give.
- 3 And while we thus obey thy word,  
     And ev'ry call of want relieve,  
 Oh may we find it, gracious Lord!  
     More bless'd to give than to receive.

## HYMN CCCXL.

148th M.

- 1 TH' atoning work is done,  
     The Victim's blood is shed;  
 And Jesus now is gone,  
     His people's cause to plead:  
 He stands in heav'n, their great High Priest,  
 And bears their names upon his breast.



- 2 And, though awhile He be  
 Hid from the eyes of men,  
 His people look to see  
 Their great High Priest again :  
 In brightest glory He will come,  
 And take his waiting people home.

## HYMN CCCXLI.

L. M.

- 1 THE fast, which God the Lord will own,  
 Is to confess before his throne,  
 And there renounce our deadliest foe—  
 Sin, the dire source of all our woe.
- 2 Hence discord, strife, and war, arise ;  
 Famine, disease, and dying cries :  
 Hence men disclaim their brotherhood,  
 And burn to shed each other's blood.
- 3 When will these deeds of horror cease,  
 And Christians walk in love and peace ?  
 Almighty Lord, our hearts are thine ;  
 Oh ! turn us by thy pow'r divine.
- 4 The God of love will scatter far  
 The people who delight in war ;  
 But all who walk in righteousness  
 He loves, and will exalt and bless.

## HYMN CCCXLII.

8. 8. 6.

- 1 " THE first-begotten from the dead,"  
 Lo ! Jesus ris'n, his people's Head,  
 To make their life secure :  
 They, too, like Him, shall yield their breath ;  
 Like Him, shall burst the bands of death,—  
 Their resurrection sure.

- 2 Why should his people now be sad ?  
 None have such reason to be glad,  
     As reconcil'd to God :  
 Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives ;  
 To them eternal life he gives,—  
     The purchase of his blood.
- 3 Why should his people fear the grave,  
 Since Jesus will their spirits save,  
     And raise their bodies too ?  
 What though this earthly house shall fail ;  
 Almighty pow'r will yet prevail,  
     And build it up anew.
- 4 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound ;  
 And in your Master's work abound,  
     Steadfast, immovable :  
 Be sure your labour's not in vain ;  
 Your bodies shall be rais'd again,  
     No more corruptible.

## HYMN CCCXLIII.

6. 8. 4.

- 1 THE God of Abram praise,  
     Who reigns, enthron'd, above ;  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
     And God of love.  
 Jehovah, great I AM,  
     By earth and heav'n confess'd,  
 I bow, and bless thy sacred Name,—  
     For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abram praise,  
     At whose supreme command  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
     At his right hand.

- I'd all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r ;  
And Him my only portion make,  
My shield and tow'r.
- 3 The God of Abram praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me, all my happy days,  
In all his ways.  
He calls a worm his friend ;  
He calls Himself my God ;  
And He shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesu's blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn,—  
I on his oath depend,—  
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,  
To heav'n ascend :  
I shall behold his face ;  
I shall his pow'r adore ;  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.

## HYMN CCCXLIV.

L. M.

- 1 THE God of truth his Church has bless'd,  
And lov'd with an eternal love ;  
Hence we are drawn to Christ our rest,  
And from his grace shall ne'er remove.
- 2 The heav'ns and earth shall pass away,  
And be to dissolution brought ;  
But Zion's strength shall ne'er decay,  
For her Redeemer changeth not.

- 3 This love, in ev'ry trying hour,  
     O Lord ! will cheer the trembling saint ;  
 Oh ! draw us with increasing pow'r,  
     That we may run and never faint.
- 4 Here would I dwell, and ne'er remove ;  
     Here I am safe from all alarms :  
 My rest is everlasting love ;  
     My refuge, everlasting arms.

## HYMN CCCXLV.

C. M.

- 1 THE Gospel comes with welcome news  
     To sinners lost like me ;  
 Their various schemes while others choose,  
     Saviour, I come to Thee.
- 2 Of merit now I cannot speak,  
     For merit I have none :  
 I 'm justified for Jesus' sake ;  
     I 'm sav'd by grace alone.
- 3 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won ;  
     'Tis grace that holds me fast :  
 Grace will complete the work begun,  
     And save me to the last.
- 4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
     What God hath done for me,  
 And celebrate redeeming grace  
     Throughout eternity.

## HYMN CCCXLVI.

148th M.

- 1 THE happy morn is come ;  
     Triumphant o'er the grave,  
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,  
     Omnipotent to save :  
 Captivity is captive led ;  
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

- 2      Who now accuses them  
          For whom their Surety died ?  
      Who now shall those condemn  
          Whom God hath justified ?  
Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead,
- 3      Christ hath the ransom paid ;  
          The glorious work is done ;  
      On Him our help is laid ;  
          By Him our vict'ry won :  
Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

## HYMN CCCXLVII.

148th M.

- 1      THE long-expected morn  
          Has dawn'd upon the earth ;  
      The Saviour Christ is born,  
          And angels sing his birth :  
We'll join the bright seraphic throng ;  
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.
- 2      Oh ! 'tis a lofty theme,  
          Supplied by angels' tongues !  
      All other subjects seem  
          Unworthy of our songs.  
This sacred theme has boundless charms ;  
It fills, it captivates, it warms.
- 3      Now sing of peace divine,  
          Of grace to guilty man ;  
      No wisdom, Lord, but thine  
          Could form the wondrous plan,  
Where peace and righteousness embrace,  
And justice goes along with grace.

- 4 Give praise to God on high,  
 With angels round his throne ;  
 Give praise to God with joy ;  
 Give praise to God alone :  
 'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,  
 And give the Saviour endless praise.

## HYMN CCCXLVIII.

C. M.

- 1 THE saints on earth, and those above,  
 But one communion make ;  
 Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,  
 All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him :  
 One church, above, beneath ;  
 Though now divided by the stream—  
 The narrow stream—of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
 To his command we bow ;  
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home  
 Are swiftly borne away ;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide ;  
 Then, when the word is giv'n,  
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
 And land us safe in heav'n.

## HYMN CCCXLIX.

7s.

- 1 THE Saviour's blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Shews my sin in all its guilt :  
 Ah ! my soul, He bore thy load ;  
 Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

- 2 Hark ! his dying word, " Forgive ;  
Father, let the sinner live :  
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,  
I thy ransom freely pay."
- 3 Farewell, world ; thy gold is dross,  
Now I see the bleeding cross ;  
Jesus died to set me free  
From the law, and sin, and thee.
- 4 He has dearly bought my soul :  
Lord, accept and claim the whole ;  
To thy will I all resign,  
Now no more my own, but thine.

## CCCL.

C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour lives ! our hearts revive,  
Let all our tears be dry ;  
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief  
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the arm of conq'ring death  
Does God's own house invade ;  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be number'd with the dead :
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The faithful pastor's gone,  
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
And mute th' instructive tongue :
- 4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart ;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.

- 5 "Lo ! I am with you," saith the Lord ;  
 " My Church shall safe abide ;  
 For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
 Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,  
 Thy promise is our trust ;  
 And it shall be our children's song,  
 When we are laid in dust.

## HYMN CCCLI.

C. M.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
 And brings the truth to sight ;  
 Precepts and promises afford  
 A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
 Majestic as the sun ;  
 It gives a light to ev'ry age ;—  
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The Hand that gave it still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat ;  
 His truths upon the nations rise ;—  
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Eternal thanks, O Lord ! be thine,  
 For such a bright display,  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 Oh may our souls with joy pursue  
 The paths of truth and love,  
 Till glory break upon our view  
 In brighter worlds above !



## CCCLII.

C. M.

- 1 THE world can neither give nor take,  
Nor even comprehend,  
That peace of God which Christ hath bought,  
That peace which knows no end.
- 2 God's furnace doth in Zion stand,  
But Zion's God is by ;  
As the refiner views his gold  
With an observant eye.
- 3 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,  
His wounds a cure intend ;  
And, though He doth not always smile,  
He loves unto the end.
- 4 His love is constant as the sun,  
Though clouds oft come between ;  
And, could our faith but pierce those clouds,  
It might be always seen.
- 5 Then shall I ever, ever sing,  
And Thou for ever shine ;  
I have thine own dear pledge for this,  
Lord, Thou art ever mine.

## HYMN CCCLIII.

113th M.

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all thy works, and Thee alone ;  
Thee will I love till the pure fire  
Fill my whole soul with strong desire.

- 2 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;  
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown  
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod :  
What though my flesh and heart decay ;  
Thee will I love in endless day.

## HYMN CCCLIV.

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign :  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 Lo ! rising from the swelling flood,  
Th' eternal hills are seen :  
So Canaan's promis'd land was view'd,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 3 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink  
To cross the narrow sea,  
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,  
Afraid to launch away.
- 4 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumin'd eyes ;—
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's waves, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## HYMN CCCLV.

C. M.

- 1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood  
    Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
    Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
    This fountain in his day ;  
And there would I, defiled as he,  
    Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood  
    Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
    Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
    Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
    And shall be till I die :
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
    I'll sing thy power to save ;  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring, tongue  
    Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepar'd  
    (Unworthy though I be)  
For me a blood-bought, free reward,  
    A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,  
    And form'd by power divine,  
To sound, in God the Father's ears,  
    No saving name but thine.

## HYMN CCCLVI.

8s.

THIS God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,  
 Whose love is as great as his power,  
 And neither knows measure nor end.  
 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;  
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
 And trust Him for all that's to come.

## HYMN CCCLVII.

C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;  
 He calls the hours his own :  
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround the Throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  
 And Satan's empire fell ;  
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th'anointed King,  
 To David's holy Son ;  
 Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring  
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men  
 With messages of grace—  
 Who comes in God his Father's name,  
 To save a sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
 The Church on earth can raise ;  
 The highest heavens, in which He reigns,  
 Shall give him nobler praise.

## HYMN CCCLVIII.

L. M.

- 1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay ;  
This temple, Lord, to Thee we build :  
Thy pow'r and goodness here display,  
And be it with thy presence fill'd !
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear Thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
And, when Thou hearest, oh ! forgive !
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed gospel of thy Son,  
Still, by the power of his great Name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done !

## HYMN CCCLIX.

C. M.

- 1 THOU art the WAY—to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek  
Must see Him, Lord, in Thee.
- 2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart :  
Thou only canst instruct the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm ;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life—  
Grant us to know that way,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Which lead to endless day.

- 4 Hosanna to their heavenly King !  
When children's voices raise that song,  
Hosanna let their angels sing,  
And heaven with earth the strain prolong !
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
Here to abide,—no transient guest ?  
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?  
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart !  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;  
Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart,  
In ev'ry bosom fix thy throne.

## HYMN CCCLX.

C. M.

- 1 THOU boundless Source of ev'ry good,  
Our best desires fulfil ;  
And help us to adore thy grace,  
And mark thy sov'reign will.
- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls  
Thy bounteous goodness see ;  
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts  
Estrange our hearts from Thee.
- 3 In ev'ry changing scene of life,  
Whate'er that scene may be,  
Give us a meek and humble mind,—  
A mind at peace with Thee.
- 4 Do Thou direct our steps aright ;  
Help us thy Name to fear ;  
And give us grace to watch and pray,  
And strength to persevere.

- 5 Then may we close our eyes in death,  
Free from distracting care ;  
For death is life, and labour rest,  
If Thou art with us there.

## HYMN CCCLXI.

C. M.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of Thee ;  
No music like thy saving Name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Oh ! may we ever hear thy voice  
In mercy to us speak ;  
And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedec !
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme  
While in the world we stay ;  
We'll sing our Saviour's precious Name  
When all things else decay :
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all his favour'd throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Jesus be our song.

## HYMN CCCLXII.

113th M.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,  
I see from far the beauteous light,  
And inly sigh for thy repose :  
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?  
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone  
The Lord of every motion there.  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it has found its all in Thee.
- 3 Oh ! crucify this self, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;  
Bid all my vile affections die,  
Nor let one hateful lust survive :  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Or aught desire, or seek, but Thee.
- 4 Lord, draw my heart from earth away,  
And make it only know thy call ;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
I am thy Saviour, God, thine all :  
Oh ! dwell in me, fill all my soul ;  
And all my powers by grace control.

## HYMN CCCLXIII.

S. M.

- 1 THOU very paschal Lamb  
Whose blood for us was shed,  
Through whom we out of Egypt came,  
Thy ransom'd people lead :
- 2 Angel of gospel-grace,  
Fulfil thy character ;  
To guard and feed thy chosen race,  
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way  
Conduct us by thy light ;  
Be Thou a cooling cloud by day,  
A cheering fire by night.



- 4 Our fainting souls sustain  
With blessings from above ;  
And ever on thy people rain  
The manna of thy love.

## HYMN CCCLXIV.

C. M.

- 1 THOUGH Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,  
Seraph to seraph sings ;  
And angel-choirs, with one accord,  
Worship with veiled wings ;—
- 2 Though earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,  
Thy way amidst the sea,  
Thy path deep floods, thy steps unknown,  
Thy counsels mystery :—
- 3 Yet wilt Thou look on him who lies  
A suppliant at thy feet,  
And listen to the feeblest cries  
That reach thy mercy-seat.
- 4 Between the cherubim of old  
Thy glory was express'd ;  
But God, through Christ, we now behold,  
In flesh made manifest.
- 5 Through Him who all our sickness felt,  
Who all our sorrows bare,  
Through Him in whom thy fulness dwelt,  
We offer up our prayer.
- 6 Touch'd with a feeling of our woes,  
Jesus our High Priest stands :  
All our infirmities He knows ;  
Our souls are in his hands.

## HYMN CCCLXV.

C. M.

- 1 THOUGH oft we hear the joyful sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
How weak in faith we still are found !  
How slow to learn thy word !
- 2 Though we frequent thy holy place,  
We seem to come in vain ;  
So small a portion of thy grace  
Our careless hearts retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !  
How negligent our fear !  
How low our hopes of joys above !  
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy Sov'reign pow'r impart,  
To give thy word success ;  
Write thy salvation on our heart,  
And make us learn thy grace.
- 5 Show our forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high :  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

## HYMN CCCLXVI.

C. M.

- 1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts ! to-day  
Within thy temple meet ;  
And tens of thousands throng to pay  
Their homage at thy feet.
- 2 They see thy pow'r and glory there,  
Where I have seen Thee too ;  
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,  
As I was wont to do.

- 3 They sing thy deeds as I have sung,  
In sweet and solemn lays ;  
Were I among them, my glad tongue  
Might learn new themes of praise.
- 4 For Thou art in their midst to teach,  
While they look up to Thee ;  
And Thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,  
And blessings too for me.
- 5 The dew lies thick on all the ground,  
Shall my poor fleece be dry ?  
The manna rains from heaven around,  
Shall I of hunger die ?
- 6 Behold thy pris'ner, loose my bands,  
If 'tis thy gracious will :  
If not, contented in thy hands,  
Behold thy pris'ner still.
- 7 I may not to thy courts repair,  
Yet here Thou surely art ;  
Oh ! give me here a house of prayer,  
Here sabbath joys impart.
- 8 To faith reveal the things unseen ;  
To hope, the joys untold ;  
Let love, without a veil between,  
Thy glory now behold.

## HYMN CCCLXVII. 8. 7. 7.

- 1 THROUGH the day thy love has spar'd us ;  
Now we lay us down to rest :  
Through the silent watches guard us ;  
Let no foe our peace molest :  
Jesus, now our guardian be ;  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers:  
In thine arms may we repose;  
And, when life's short day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

## HYMN CCCLXVIII.

L. M.

- 1 THUS far my God hath led me on,  
And made his truth and mercy known;  
My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Temptations everywhere annoy,  
And sins and snares my peace destroy:  
My earthly joys are from me torn,  
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 3 Is this, dear Lord, the thorny road  
Which leads me to the mount of God?  
Are these the toils thy people know,  
While in the wilderness below?
- 4 'Tis even so—thy faithful love  
Doth all thy children's graces prove;  
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be all in all.

## HYMN CCCLXIX.

L. M.

- 1 THY love, O Lord! is great and free,  
Else it had never reach'd to me;  
Had there been limits to thy grace,  
I never could behold thy face.

- 2 Thy mercy found me as I stray'd  
In error's deep and deadly shade,  
And led me till the glorious light  
Of truth was open'd to my sight.
- 3 I struggled long my sins to keep ;  
My conscience wish'd to be asleep ;  
But still renew'd convictions rose,  
And broke my dangerous repose.
- 4 Yet, though I could not ease my grief,  
I scorn'd thy offers of relief,  
And thought that with increasing care  
My errors I might yet repair.
- 5 But all my efforts were in vain,  
Nor rest nor comfort could I gain ;  
Thy love destroy'd the schemes I plann'd,  
And marr'd the labours of my hand.
- 6 By frequent disappointments cross'd,  
At length my confidence was lost ;  
And, 'reft of every selfish plea,  
I saw that Christ had died for me.
- 7 Bless'd be thy Name, for ever bless'd,  
Whose grace hath sooth'd my fears to rest ;  
Oh ! let me find in Jesus' love  
My hope on earth, my heaven above.

## HYMN CCCLXX.

C. M.

- 1 THY promises surpass my thought,  
But faithful is my Lord ;  
In unbelief I stagger not,  
For God hath spoke the word.

- 2 Faith lends her realizing light,  
And clouds and shadows fly ;  
Th' Invisible appears in sight,  
Distinct to mortal eye.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone,  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And says, " It shall be done."

## HYMN CCCLXXI.

Double 7s.

- 1 TIME by moments steals away,  
First the hour and then the day ;  
Small the daily loss appears,  
Yet it soon amounts to years.  
Thus another year is flown,  
And is now no more our own  
( 'Though it brought or promis'd good )  
Than the years beyond the Flood.
- 2 But each year, let none forget,  
Finds and leaves us deep in debt.  
Favours from the Lord receiv'd,  
Sins that have the Spirit griev'd,  
Mark'd by God's unerring hand,  
In his book recorded stand :  
Who can tell the vast amount  
Plac'd to each of our account ?
- 3 We have nothing, Lord, to pay ;  
Take, oh ! take our guilt away :  
Self-condemn'd, on Thee we call,  
Freely, Lord, forgive us all.

If we see another year,  
May we spend it in thy fear ;  
All its days devote to Thee,  
Living for eternity.

## HYMN CCCLXXII.

S. M.

- 1 'Tis God the Spirit leads,  
In paths before unknown ;  
The work to be perform'd is ours,  
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,  
We still pursue our way,  
And hope at last to reach the prize,  
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis He that works to will,  
'Tis He that works to do ;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

## HYMN CCCLXXIII.

7s.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross ;  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
But, with humble faith to see  
Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.
- 3 God in Israel sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
These spring up and choke the weeds,  
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
     Trials give new life to prayer ;  
 Trials bring me to his feet,  
     Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 5 Did I meet no trials here,  
     No correction by the way,  
 Might I not, with reason, fear  
     I should prove a cast-away ?
- 6 Others may escape the rod,  
     Sunk in earthly, vain, delight ;  
 But the true-born child of God  
     Must not, would not, if he might.

## HYMN CCCLXXIV.

C. M.

- 1 TO-DAY the Lord of hosts invites  
     Unto a costly feast ;  
 Oh what a privilege is this,  
     To be my Saviour's guest !
- 2 Worldly distractions, stay behind,  
     Below the mount abide,  
 Be no disturbance to my mind,  
     Nor make my Saviour chide.
- 3 While Thou dost at thy table sit,  
     Thy Spirit send from heaven,  
 To breathe on me, and summon forth  
     The graces Thou hast given.
- 4 Awake, repentance, faith, and love,  
     Awake, oh ! ev'ry grace ;  
 Come, come, attend this glorious King,  
     And bring me near his face.



## HYMN CCCLXXV. 148th M.

- 1 To God the Father yield  
Immortal praise and love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And all our hopes above:  
He sent his own eternal Son,  
To die for sins which man hath done.
- 2 To God th' eternal Son  
Let praise immortal flow,  
Who bought us with his blood,  
Who saves from endless woe:  
And now on high He lives and reigns,  
And sees the fruits of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Holy Ghost  
Immortal honours give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Can make the dead to live:  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Immortal praise to Thee,  
O Father, Spirit, Son,  
The undivided Three,  
The great mysterious One:  
Where reason fails, with all her powers,  
There faith prevails, and love adores.

## HYMN CCCLXXVI.

S. M.

- 1 To God, the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

- 2 'Tis his Almighty love,  
 His counsel and his care,  
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,  
 Unblemish'd and complete,  
 Before the glory of his face,  
 With joy divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
 Shall meet around the Throne ;  
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
 And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,  
 Wisdom and power belongs ;  
 Immortal crowns of majesty,  
 And everlasting songs.

HYMN CCCLXXVII. 148th M.

- 1 To Him that chose us first,  
 Before the world began,—  
 To Him who bore the curse  
 To save rebellious man,—  
 To Him that form'd our hearts anew,  
 Are endless praise and glory due.
- 2 Let ev'ry saint above,  
 And angels round the Throne,  
 For ever bless and love  
 The sacred Three in One ;  
 The heavens shall raise his honours high ;  
 Him all shall praise eternally.

## HYMN CCCLXXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 To Him that lov'd the souls of men,  
And wash'd us in his blood,  
To royal honours rais'd our head,  
And made us priests to God,—
- 2 To Him let ev'ry tongue be praise,  
And ev'ry heart be love,  
All grateful honours paid on earth,  
And nobler songs above.
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds He comes !  
His saints shall bless the day ;  
While they that pierc'd Him sadly mourn,  
In anguish and dismay.
- 4 " I am the First, and I the Last ;  
Time centres all in Me ;  
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,  
And evermore shall be."

## HYMN CCCLXXIX.

S. M.

- 1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine !  
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand ;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
Oh make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day !
- 3 Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Awaken, by thy mighty power,  
The aged and the young.

- 4 One thing demands our care—  
     Be that one thing pursued ;  
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
     Should never be renew'd.

## HYMN CCCLXXX.

C. M.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious Name  
     Awake the sacred song,  
 Oh ! may his love (immortal flame !)  
     Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 He left his radiant throne on high,  
     Forsook the realms of bliss,  
 And came as man to bleed and die :  
     Was ever love like this ?
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,  
     And suffer'd in his stead  
 For man (O miracle of grace !),  
     For sinful man He bled.
- 4 Oh ! may the sweet, the blissful theme  
     Inspire each heart and tongue,  
 All nations know thy saving Name,  
     And join the sacred song.

## HYMN CCCLXXXI.

L. M.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT here let Jesus reign,  
     And bow all hearts to his command ;  
 While all the graces of his train  
     Adorn our church, adorn our land.
- 2 On all our souls let grace descend,  
     Like heav'nly dew, in copious show'rs ;  
 That we may call our God our Friend,  
     And hail thy great salvation ours.

- 3 Then shall each age and rank agree  
United shouts of joy to raise,  
And Zion, made a praise by Thee,  
To Thee shall render back the praise.

## HYMN CCCLXXXII.

C. M.

- 1 TRY us, O God ! and search the ground  
Of ev'ry evil heart :  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
Oh ! bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Pity thy helpless sheep ;  
Bring back our feet into the way,  
And there thy wand'ers keep.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord ;  
Each other's burdens bear :  
Let each his friendly aid afford  
To soothe his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up ;  
Help us ourselves to prove ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Complete at length thy work of grace,  
And take us to thy rest,  
Among the saints, who see thy face,  
To be for ever bless'd.

## HYMN CCCLXXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 WALK with thy God ;—a sinner walk  
With the Almighty God !  
Yes, this may be my happy state,—  
Brought nigh by Jesu's blood.

- 2 Walk, then, with God ;—in Christ He's mine,  
And I his own dear child ;  
By faith I see this Father near,  
Holy, yet reconcil'd.
- 3 Walk, then, with God ;—be this each hour  
My privileg'd employ ;  
O Holy Ghost, within me dwell,  
And ever give this joy.
- 4 Walk, then, with God, and from the world  
And sinners' ways depart ;  
Which hide from Him who grace bestows,  
And says, " Give me thy heart."
- 5 Walk, then, with God, whose word and works  
His truth and love bring near ;  
His providence shall guide my ways,  
His grace makes all things clear.
- 6 Walk, then, with God ;—when danger's near,  
And troubles gather round,  
Cling closer still ; all works for good,  
And mercies shall abound.
- 7 Walk, then, with God ;—when foes withstand,  
My Leader still is nigh ;  
Strong in the Lord and in his might,  
My foes shall, vanquish'd, fly.
- 8 Walk, then, with God ;—though Lord of All,  
My nearest friend He is ;  
On Him I lean and cast my cares :  
Oh what a friendship this !

- 9 Walk, then, with God, and patient wait,  
 Till faith be chang'd for sight ;  
 Then shall I see God face to face,  
 My portion, praise, delight !

## HYMN CCCLXXXIV.

7s.

- 1 WALKING on the winged wind,  
 Fear before Him, Death behind,  
 When the Lord came down in wrath,  
 Clouds and darkness girt his path.
- 2 Thence abroad his arrows flew,  
 Thick and fast they smote and slew ;  
 We in dust and ashes lay,  
 None could help, but all could pray.
- 3 Pray'r prevail'd amidst despair,—  
 God delights to honour pray'r ;  
 Judgment laid its terrors by ;  
 Mercy beam'd on earth and sky.
- 4 Now be sorrow turn'd to song ;  
 Let the bruised reed grow strong ;  
 Smoking flax break forth and blaze ;  
 Pray'r transform itself to praise.
- 5 Let the living now record  
 All the goodness of the Lord ;  
 Him let those He heal'd adore,  
 “ Go in peace, and sin no more.”

## HYMN CCCLXXXV.

L. M.

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the Name  
 Of Jesus, our exalted Head :  
 Come as a servant ; so He came,  
 And we receive thee in his stead.

- 2 Come as a shepherd ;—watch, and keep  
His fold from error and from sin ;  
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep ;  
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a teacher sent by God,  
Charg'd his whole counsel to declare ;  
Feeding the Church He bought with blood,  
While we uphold thy hands with pray'r.
- 4 Come as a messenger of peace,  
Fill'd with the Spirit, fir'd with love ;  
Live to behold our large increase,  
And die to meet us all above.

## HYMN CCCLXXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 WE covenant, with hand and heart,  
To follow Christ our Lord ;  
Satan, the world, and flesh, resist,  
And to obey the word.
- 2 We'll love each other heartily,  
And bear the cross and shame ;  
We will confess Christ openly,  
And glorify his Name.
- 3 O Lord ! thy strength in us renew,  
Keep us from ev'ry fall ;  
Nothing without Thee can we do,  
By Thee we can do all.

## HYMN CCCLXXXVII.

C. M.

- 1 WEARIED by toil and torn by care,  
I hail the day of rest ;  
And seek, in lowly praise and pray'r,  
A portion with the bless'd.



- 2 Thy day, O Lord, shall hallow'd be ;  
 Nor let the world intrude,  
 To steal away one thought from Thee,  
 Or break my solitude.
- 3 My soul shall tread the verge of heav'n  
 With Thee, in converse sweet ;  
 And taste a gracious earnest giv'n  
 Of sweeter when we meet.
- 4 As signs between my God and me  
 Of faith and mutual love,  
 These seasons shall the pledges be  
 Of endless rest above.

## HYMN CCCLXXXVIII.

L. M.

- 1 WE 'VE no abiding city here :  
 This may distress the worldling's mind ;  
 But should not cost the saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 " We 've no abiding city here :"  
 Sad truth, were this to be our home ;  
 But let this thought our spirits cheer—  
 " We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 " We 've no abiding city here :"  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
 Let not this world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 " We 've no abiding city here :"  
 We seek a city out of sight ;  
 Zion its name—" The Lord is there ;"  
 It shines with everlasting light.

- 5 Zion, Jehovah is her strength ;  
Secure, she's freed from all her foes ;  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 Thither our course with joy we bend,  
In hope the sacred place to gain  
Where sin, and pain, and sorrow end,  
And peace and love for ever reign.
- 7 Oh ! sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd,  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 8 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;  
The time my God appoints is best :  
While here, to do His will be mine ;  
And His, to fix my time of rest.

## HYMN CCCLXXXIX.

L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the Mercy-Seat !  
Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,  
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;  
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;  
Gives exercise to faith and love ;  
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;  
Pray'r keeps the Christian's armour bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

- 4 Have we no words ? ah ! think again :  
 Words flow apace when we complain,  
 And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
 With the sad tale of all our care.
- 5 Were half the breath that 's vainly spent  
 To Heav'n in supplication sent,  
 Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be—  
 " Hear what the Lord has done for me !"

## HYMN CCCXC.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN Christ, victorious from the grave,  
 Ascended up on high,  
 He gave to all his saints a pledge  
 That they should never die.
- 2 Though for a time they sleep in dust,  
 Each resting in his bed,  
 Soon the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 And call them from the dead.
- 3 United to their risen Lord  
 By true and living faith,  
 They that are Christ's will persevere,  
 Obedient, unto death.
- 4 For them, unworthy as they are,  
 Against that joyful day  
 A crown of glory is reserv'd  
 That fadeth not away.

## HYMN CCCXCI.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall,  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heaven, my all !
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heav'nly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast. •

## HYMN CCCXCII. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 WHEN I can trust my all with God  
 In trial's fearful hour,  
 Bow all resign'd beneath his rod,  
 And bless his sparing pow'r ;  
 A joy springs up amid distress,  
 A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 Oh to be brought to Jesu's feet,  
 Though sorrows fix me there,  
 Is still a privilege ; and sweet  
 The energies of pray'r,  
 Though sighs and tears its language be,  
 If Christ be nigh and smile on me.
- 3 Oh blessed be the hand that gave !  
 Still blessed when it takes ;  
 Blessed be He who smites to save,  
 Who heals the heart He breaks.  
 Perfect and true are all his ways,  
 Whom heav'n adores and death obeys..

## HYMN CCCXCIII.

L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow, mingled, down :  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an off'ring far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## HYMN CCCXCIV.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away :
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above :
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own :

- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
    My sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
    My debt of suff'ring paid :
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
    Which saves from second death ;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
    His Spirit's quick'ning breath :
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
    Whose love can never end ;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace  
    For all things to depend :
- 7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
    To trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
    And know no will but his :
- 8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope  
    That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
    And waft my spirit home.
- 9 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
    What must the fountain be !  
There saints and angels draw their bliss  
    Immediately from Thee.

## HYMN CCCXCV.

L. M.

- 1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,  
The lowly Jesus wander'd here,  
Where'er He went, affliction fled,  
And sickness rear'd her fainting head.

- 2 The eye that roll'd in irksome night  
Beheld his face ; for God is light :  
The op'ning ear, the loosen'd tongue,  
His precepts heard, his praises sung.
- 3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame,  
To hail their great Deliverer, came :  
O'er the cold grave He bow'd his head ;  
He spake the word, and rais'd the dead.
- 4 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,  
In his inspiring presence smil'd ;  
The storm of horror ceas'd to roll,  
And reason lighten'd through the soul.
- 5 Through paths of lovingkindness led,  
Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread ;  
And, where He gives the power, dispense  
The gifts of true benevolence.
- 6 His love constrains our willing mind  
A refuge for distress to find,  
Where helpless poverty and woe  
May friends, and home, and comfort, know.
- 7 And Thou, great God, whose sov'reign breath  
Is health or sickness, life or death,  
This favour'd mansion deign to bless ;  
The cause is thine—send Thou success.

## HYMN CCCXCVI.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN most we need his helping hand,  
The Lord is always near ;  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
He waits to answer prayer.

- 2 His love no bound nor measure knows,  
 Time cannot turn its course ;  
 Unchangeably the same, it flows  
 From one eternal source.
- 3 When darkness seems to veil his face,  
 And clouds surround his throne,  
 He hides the purpose of his grace,  
 To make it better known.
- 4 And, when our dearest comforts fall  
 Before his sov'reign will,  
 He still to us is all in all ;  
 Himself He gives us still.

## HYMN CCCXCVII.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
 And mourns the present pain ;  
 How sweet to think of peace at last,  
 And feel that death is gain !
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
 And dread a Father's will ;  
 'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
 And would not suffer still :
- 3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys  
 The paths to realms of light ;  
 And longs her eagle plume to raise,  
 And lose herself in sight :
- 4 It is that hope with ardour glows  
 To see Him face to face  
 Whose dying love no language knows  
 Sufficient art to trace :



- 5 It is that harass'd conscience feels  
 The pangs of struggling sin ;  
 Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,  
 And ends her war within.
- 6 Oh ! let me wing my hallow'd flight  
 From earth-born woe and care ;  
 And soar beyond the realms of night,  
 My Saviour's bliss to share.

## HYMN CCCXCVIII.

8s.

- 1 WHEN truly a sinner believes,  
 And trusts in his crucified God,  
 His pardon at once he receives,—  
 Redemption through Jesus's blood.  
 The faith that unites to the Lamb,  
 And brings a salvation like this,  
 Is more than a notion or name,  
 The work of the Spirit it is.
- 2 It treads on the world and on hell ;  
 It vanquishes death and despair ;  
 And, oh ! let us wonder to tell !  
 It overcomes Heaven by prayer ;  
 Permits a vile worm of the dust  
 To commune with God as a Friend,  
 To hope his forgiveness as just,  
 And look for his love to the end.
- 3 It says to the mountains, *Depart*,  
 That stand between God and the soul :  
 It binds up the broken in heart,  
 And makes wounded consciences whole ;

Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
 Be transient as snow, and as white ;  
 And raises poor sinners on high,  
 To dwell with the angels in light.

## HYMN CCCXCIX.

C. M.

- 1 WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,  
 Whose sound through heaven rings ?  
 They welcome Jesus to the sky,  
 And crown Him—King of kings.
- 2 At sight of Him, yon seraphs bright  
 Exulting clap their wings ;  
 They hail their Lord with new delight,  
 And crown Him—King of kings.
- 3 Look up, ye saints, and, while ye gaze,  
 Forget all earthly things ;  
 Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,  
 And crown Him—King of kings.
- 4 While here, He bore our sin and shame ;  
 From this our comfort springs ;  
 'Tis meet we should exalt his Name,  
 And crown Him—King of kings.
- 5 We hope, ere long, beyond those clouds  
 To tune celestial strings,  
 And join with heaven's exulting crowds  
 To crown Him—King of kings.

## HYMN CCCC.

L. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
 Obedient to their Sov'reign Lord,  
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
 And offer solemn prayer and praise,—

- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,  
Amid this little company,  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word :  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

## HYMN CCCC I.

C. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three together meet,  
To seek the Lord by prayer,  
The Lord is in the midst of these,  
And He will surely hear.
- 2 Shine, Lord, on ev'ry soul that comes  
By prayer to seek thy face ;  
Thou know'st our hope, our only hope,  
Is grounded on thy grace.
- 3 Help us, O Lord ! to ask in faith ;  
Take unbelief away,  
And for the blessings that we need  
Give us a heart to pray.

## HYMN CCCC II.

L. M.

- 1 WHILE Britain, favour'd of the skies,  
Recals the wonders God hath wrought,  
Let grateful joy adoring rise,  
And warm to rapture ev'ry thought.
- 2 When wicked men combin'd their power,  
And doom'd these isles their certain prey,  
Thy hand forbad the fatal hour ;  
Their evil plots in ruin lay.

- 3 Again our restless cruel foes  
    Resum'd, avow'd, a fresh design ;  
    Again to save us God arose,  
    And Britain owns the hand divine.
- 4 Such great deliv'rance God has wrought ;  
    And still the gracious care of Heaven  
    Has down to us salvation brought :  
    All praise to God, our God, be giv'n !

## HYMN CCCCIII.

L. M.

- 1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,  
    And view the scene on either hand,  
    My spirit struggles with its clay,  
    And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Earth, twine no more about my heart,  
    For 'tis far better to depart ;  
    Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be,  
    It pants my much-lov'd Lord to see.
- 3 That blessed interview how sweet !  
    To fall transported at his feet,  
    Rais'd in his arms, to see his face,  
    Through the full beamings of his grace !
- 4 To view heaven's shining angels round,  
    All with celestial glories crown'd ;  
    And, while his form in each I trace,  
    Belov'd and loving, all t' embrace.
- 5 Then with a seraph's voice I'll sing,  
    And fly, as on a cherub's wing,  
    Fulfilling, with those glorious bands,  
    The present Saviour's high commands.

## HYMN CCCCIV.

L. M.

- 1 WHILE passing through the wilderness,  
Full of temptations and distress;  
What comfort does the thought afford,  
“Our steps are order’d by the Lord!”
- 2 Though disappointments oft abound,  
And sorrows may our souls surround,  
We gain relief from this sweet word,  
“Our steps are order’d by the Lord.”
- 3 Though Jesus sometimes hides his face,  
And darkness overspreads our ways;  
Oh! ’tis a soul-reviving word,  
“Our steps are order’d by the Lord.”
- 4 Soon shall we reach that land of joy,  
Where pleasures are without alloy;  
And there, with gratitude, record,  
“Our steps were order’d by the Lord.”

## HYMN CCCC.V.

C. M.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watch’d their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 “Fear not,” said he (for mighty dread  
Had seiz’d their troubled mind),  
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind:
- 3 To you in David’s town this day  
Is born, of David’s line,  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign,—

- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find,  
 To human view display'd,  
 All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
 Appear'd a shining throng  
 Of angels, praising God, and thus  
 Address'd their joyful song :
- 6 " All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace !  
 Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men  
 Begin, and never cease !"

## HYMN CCCCVI. Double 7s.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here :  
 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below ;  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :  
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies pass'd receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live,  
 With eternity in view :  
 Bless thy word to young and old ;  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And, when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with Thee above.

## HYMN CCCCVII.

L. M.

- 1 WHO are the friends of Jesus here,  
 And make their love to Him appear ?  
 They who with cheerful hearts and hands  
 Will do whate'er the Lord commands.
- 2 The Lord's commands are just and good,  
 And sweet, to souls by grace renew'd :  
 'Tis their obedience to his laws  
 That shews them friendly to his cause.
- 3 Helpless themselves, their gracious Lord  
 Will ev'ry needful aid afford ;  
 And, when in Jesus' strength they go,  
 All duties they with ease can do.
- 4 Then let us rise in Jesus' Name ;  
 His arm our stay, his praise our aim :  
 Let unreserv'd obedience prove  
 The truth and ardour of our love.

## HYMN CCCCVIII. Double 7s.

- 1 WHO are these in bright array,  
 This innumerable throng  
 Round the altar, night and day,  
 Tuning their triumphant song—

- “ Worthy is the Lamb once slain  
 Blessing, honour, glory, pow’r,  
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain;  
 New dominion ev’ry hour”?
- 2 These through fiery trials trod’;  
 These from great affliction came;  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Seal’d with his almighty Name,  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor-palms in ev’ry hand,  
 Through their dear Redeemer’s might  
 More than conquerors, they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed;  
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
 Shall to living fountains lead:  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
 Perfect love dispels all fears,  
 And for ever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away the tears.

## HYMN CCCCIX.

L. M.

- 1 WHO can describe the joys which rise  
 Through all the courts of Paradise  
 To see a prodigal return!  
 To see an heir of glory born!
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve  
 The fruit of his own grace and love;  
 With joy the Son looks down and sees  
 The purchase of his agonies.



- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
 The soul which He has form'd anew ;  
 And saints and angels join to sing  
 The growing empire of their King.

## HYMN CCCCX.

8s. 7s.

- 1 WHO can tell how good and pleasant  
 'Tis when brethren all agree ?  
 Then it is the Lord is present ;  
 Then He meets his family.
- 2 Let the world dispute and cavil,  
 Brethren should abide in peace :  
 While to Jesus still they travel,  
 From contention let them cease.
- 3 Love is more than mere appearance,—  
 Let us learn to love indeed :  
 Patience, kindness, and forbearance,  
 Well become our state and need.

## HYMN CCCCXI.

C. M.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms ?  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb ?  
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
 And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all the saints He bless'd,  
 And soften'd ev'ry bed :  
 Where should the dying members rest,  
 But with their dying Head ?

- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,  
 And shew'd our feet the way ;  
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
 At the great rising day.

## HYMN CCCCXII.

L. M.

- 1 WHY, gracious God, is Britain sav'd ?  
 Why bless'd with liberty and light ?  
 Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd ;  
 Nor lost in superstition's night ?
- 2 Not for our sakes, we conscious own,—  
 A sinful, vile, ungrateful race :  
 'Tis done to make thy glory known ;  
 To shew the wonders of thy grace.
- 3 The wonders of that grace complete ;  
 Reform this wretched, guilty land ;  
 Let thankful love beneath thy feet  
 Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand.

## HYMN CCCCXIII.

L. M.

- 1 WHY is my heart with grief oppress'd ?  
 Can all the pains I feel or fear  
 Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest,—  
 Forget that God, thy God, is near ?
- 2 Hast thou not often call'd the Lord  
 Thy Refuge, thy almighty Friend ?  
 And canst thou fear to trust that word,  
 On which thy hopes of heav'n depend ?
- 3 Lord, form my temper to thy will :  
 If Thou my faith and patience prove,  
 May ev'ry painful stroke fulfil  
 Thy purposes of faithful love.

- 4 Oh may this weak, this fainting mind  
 A Father's hand adoring see !  
 Confess Thee just, and wise, and kind,  
 And trust thy word and cleave to Thee !

## HYMN CCCCXIV.

C. M.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King  
 Go mourning all their days ?  
 Great Comforter ! descend, and bring  
 Some token of thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,  
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?  
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,  
 And shew my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
 In the Redeemer's blood ;  
 And bear thy witness with my heart,  
 That I am born of God.

## HYMN CCCCXV.

8. 7. 4.

- 1 WHY those fears ?—Behold, 'tis Jesus  
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship :  
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
 Sent to waft us through the deep  
 To the regions where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean ;  
 Led by Him, the storm defy ;  
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh :  
 Waves obey Him, and the storms before Him fly.

- 3 Render'd safe by his protection,  
     We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;  
     Trusting to his wise direction,  
     We shall gain the port at last ;  
 And with wonder think on toils and dangers pass'd.
- 4 Oh what pleasures there await us !  
     There the tempests cease to roar ;  
     There it is that those who hate us  
     Shall molest our peace no more ;  
 Trouble ceases on that tranquil, happy shore.

## HYMN CCCCXVI.

C. M

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
     Of our High Priest above ;  
     His heart o'erflows with tenderness,  
     And patient, faithful love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
     He knows our feeble frame ;  
     He knows what sore temptations mean,  
     For He has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
     Pour'd out strong cries and tears ;  
     And still, in glory, feels afresh  
     What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
     But raise it to a flame ;  
     The bruised reed he never breaks,  
     Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
     His mercy and his power ;  
     We shall obtain delivering grace  
     In each distressing hour.

## HYMN CCCCXVII.

L. M.

- 1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,  
In earth or heav'n the Lord of all ;  
Ye mortals, angels, pow'rs, obey,  
And low before his footstool fall.
- 2 The deed is done, the Lamb is slain ;  
The trembling earth his anguish bore :  
He rose, He lives, He lives to reign ;  
Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.
- 3 Riches, and all that decks the great,  
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring ;  
The tribute pour before his seat,  
And hail the triumphs of your King.
- 4 Wisdom and strength are his alone ;  
Stupendous, rich, and sov'reign grace :  
Honour has rais'd his lofty throne,  
And glory shines upon his face.
- 5 Higher, still higher swell the strain ;  
Creation's voice the note prolong ;  
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign,  
And ever, ever crown our song.

## HYMN CCCCXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
In eager crowds draw near,  
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you ;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue—

- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face  
 Is sure my love to gain;  
 And those that early seek my grace  
 Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
 If once compar'd with Thee?  
 What beauty should command my love,  
 Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
 Vain tempters of the mind;  
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
 And here true bliss I find.

## HYMN CCCCXIX.

C. M.

- 1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,  
 Chase all your fears away,  
 And bow with pleasure down to see  
 The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,  
 Such wonders love can do;  
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
 Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 Then raise your eyes and tune your songs,  
 The Saviour lives again;  
 Not all the bolts and bars of death  
 The Conq'ror could detain.
- 4 High o'er th'angelic band He rears  
 His once dishonour'd head;  
 And through unnumber'd years He reigns,  
 Who dwelt among the dead.

- 5 With joy like his shall ev'ry saint  
     His empty tomb survey,  
 Then rise with his ascending Lord  
     Through all his shining way.

## HYMN CCCCXX.

S. M.

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,  
     His sov'reign voice obey ;  
 Arise, and follow where He leads,  
     And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve  
     Will needful strength bestow ;  
 Depending on his promis'd aid,  
     With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
     And Hell in vain oppose ;  
 The cause is God's, and will prevail,  
     In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's love,  
     And tell his matchless grace  
 To the most guilty and deprav'd  
     Of Adam's num'rous race.
- 5 We wish you in his Name  
     In all your work success ;  
 We pray that He who sends you forth  
     May all your labours bless.

## HYMN CCCCXXI.

104th M.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
 And publish abroad his wonderful Name :  
 The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol,  
 His kingdom is glorious and reigns over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,  
And still He is nigh ; his presence we have :  
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son ;  
The praises of Jesus all angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him his right ;  
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might ;  
All honour and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

## HYMN CCCCXXII.

C. M.

- 1 YE servants of the living God,  
Let praise your hearts employ ;  
And, as you tread salvation's road,  
Lift up the voice of joy.
- 2 Have they not reason to rejoice  
Whose sins have been forgiven,  
Call'd by a gracious Father's choice  
To be the heirs of heaven ?
- 3 How do the captive's transports flow  
When rescued from his chains !  
And how must sinners joy to know,  
Their own Messiah reigns !
- 4 Oh ! grant us, Lord, to feel and own  
The power of love divine,  
The blood which doth for sin atone,  
The grace which makes us thine.



- 5 The Spirit of adoption give ;  
Teach us, with ev'ry breath,  
To sing thy mercies while we live,  
And praise thy Name in death.

## HYMN CCCCXXIII.

C. M.

- 1 YE sons of men, prepare the plough,  
Break up your fallow ground ;  
The sower is gone forth to sow,  
And scatter blessings round.
- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil  
Shoots forth a hasty blade,  
But ill repays the sower's toil,  
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.
- 3 The thorny ground is sure to balk  
All hopes of harvest there :  
We find a tall and sickly stalk,  
But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and highway-side  
Receive the trust in vain ;  
The watchful birds the spoil divide,  
And pick up all the grain.
- 5 But, where the Lord of grace and power  
Has bless'd the happy field,  
How plenteous is the golden store  
The deep-wrought furrows yield !
- 6 Father of mercies, we have need  
Of thy preparing grace ;  
Let the same hand that gives the seed  
Provide a fruitful place.

## HYMN CCCCXXIV.

C. M.

- 1 YE souls that trust in Christ, rejoice,  
Your sins are all forgiven;  
Let ev'ry Christian lift his voice,  
And sing the joys of heaven.
- 2 Heaven is that holy, happy place,  
Where sin no more defiles;  
Where God our Saviour shews his face,  
In endless love and smiles,—
- 3 Where saints are free from ev'ry load  
Of passions or of pains;  
God dwells in them, and they in God,  
And love for ever reigns.
- 4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor can the heart conceive,  
All that the blood of Christ procur'd,  
Or all that God can give.
- 5 Lord, as Thou shew'st thy glory there,  
Make known thy grace to us;  
And heaven will not be wanting here,  
While we can praise Thee thus.

## HYMN CCCCXXV.

L. M.

- 1 YES, the bless'd Comforter is nigh;  
'Tis He sustains each fainting heart,  
Else would our hopes for ever die,  
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.
- 2 What less than thine almighty word  
Can raise our souls from earth and dust;  
And bid us cleave to Thee, our Lord,  
Our life, our treasure, and our trust?

- 3 And when our cheerful hope can say,  
 "We love our God, and taste his grace,"  
 Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,  
 That brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 4 Oh let thy Spirit in our heart  
 For ever dwell, thou God of love,  
 And light and heav'nly peace impart,—  
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

## HYMN CCCCXXVI.

C. M.

- 1 YES, we will bless Thee, O our God,  
 Through all our mortal days;  
 And to eternity prolong  
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In ev'ry smiling, happy hour,  
 Be this our sweet employ:  
 Thy praise refines our earthly bliss,  
 And doubles all our joy.
- 3 When gloomy cares and keen distress  
 Weigh down and pain our breast,  
 E'en then we'll learn to sing thy praise,  
 And take Thee for our rest.

## PART 2.

- 1 Not death itself shall stop our song,  
 Though death will close our eyes;  
 Our thoughts shall then to nobler heights,  
 And sweeter raptures rise.
- 2 How will our happy spirits mount,  
 Confin'd in flesh no more,  
 Up to thy courts, where kindred minds  
 In countless ranks adore!

- 3 Then shall our lips in endless praise  
    Their grateful tribute pay ;  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
    And an eternal day.

## HYMN CCCCXXVII.

148th M.

- 1 YE waiting souls, arise,  
    And with the dead awake ;  
Unto salvation wise,  
    Oil in your vessels take :  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
Behold, the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes ! He comes to call  
    The nations to his bar,  
And raise to glory all  
    Who meet for glory are :  
Make ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go, meet Him in the sky,  
    Your everlasting Friend ;  
Your Head to glorify,  
    With all his saints ascend :  
The pure in heart obtain the grace  
To see without a veil his face.
- 4 Ye saints, rejoice in hope  
    Of that great day, unknown,  
When you shall be caught up,  
    To stand before his throne :  
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,  
And lean on your Emmanuel's breast.

## HYMN CCCCXXVIII.

S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take;  
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,  
Bid ev'ry string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,  
When we shall clearly see,  
Not only that He shed his blood,  
But each shall say, "For me."
- 5 Tarry his leisure, then,  
Wait the appointed hour;  
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls  
Reveal his love with power.
- 6 Bless'd is the man, O God!  
That stays himself on Thee:  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

## HYMN CCCCXXIX.

8s. 7s.

- 1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious;  
All the earth shall own his sway;  
He will make his kingdom glorious;  
He shall reign in endless day.

- 2 Nations, now from God estranged,  
Then shall see a glorious light;  
Night to day shall then be changed;  
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.
- 3 Then shall Israel, long dispersed,  
Mourning seek their Lord and God,  
Look on Him whom once they pierced,  
Own and kiss the chast'ning rod.
- 4 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,  
Now thy glorious cause maintain;  
Bring the nations help and healing,  
Make them subject to thy reign.

THE END.









